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THE POEMS

OF

ROBERT GREENE,

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE,

AND

BEN JONSON.

EDITED, WITH CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES, AND SEPARATE MEMOIRS OF THE THREE WRITERS,

BY

ROBERT BELL.

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a.c.

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ROBERT GREENE.

1560—1592.

ROBERT GREENE was born at Norwich in 1560; or, as some of his biographers state, 1550, which is scarcely reconcilable with the probable date of his matriculation at the University. We learn upon his own authority that his parents were persons well-known and respected amongst their neighbours for 'their gravity and honest life;' and it may be presumed that they were in good circumstances, as they not only placed their son at Cambridge, where he took his degree of A.B. at St. John's College in 1578, but afterwards sent him to travel through Spain and Italy and other parts of the continent—a costly undertaking in the sixteenth century. The grand tour, fruitful of advantages to those who knew how to profit by it, was productive only of evil to Greene; for it is certain that he brought back with him from his foreign experiences those habits of profligacy which corrupted the remainder of his life. 'At that time,' he tells us, 'whosoever was worst, I knew myself as bad as he; for being new come from Italy (where I learned all the villanies under the heavens), I was drowned in pride, whoredom was my daily exercise, and gluttony with drunkenness was my only delight.'* This is a miserable opening to the life of a man of genius; and, unfortunately, the rest of the scanty narrative is of the same character.

According to his own account of this part of his career, Greene seems to have gone back to the University on his

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* *The Repentance of Robert Greene*, published after his death. See *post*, p. 23.

return from his travels, and to have remained there till he took his degree of A.M.; after which he repaired to London, where, having exhausted his means and his friends, and being thrown upon his own resources for support, he became a writer of plays and romances, or, as he calls them, 'love pamphlets.' These particulars, although they are not very coherently related in the strange retrospect of his life from whence they are derived, fix pretty accurately the period when he appeared as an author. He took his degree of A.M. at Clare Hall, Cambridge, in 1583; and the earliest work he is known to have given to the press bears the date of that year. In 1584 he published three prose pieces—*The Myrrour of Modestie; Morando, the Tritameron of Love;* and *Groydonius, the Carde of Fancie.* The passage in his *Repentance,* pointing to these details, speaks of the great popularity he soon acquired by his writings, a fact of which we have abundant proofs in the number of editions through which most of them passed.

At my return into England, I ruffled out in my silks, in the habit of *Malcontent,* and seemed so discontent, that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but after I had by degrees proceeded Master of Arts, I left the University and away to London, when (after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends) I became an author of plays, and a penner of Love Pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who for that had grown so ordinary about London as Robin Greene. Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I became so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry hath in godliness; and as much felicity I took in villany as others had in honesty..

Some allowances must be made for the time and circumstances under which penitent reminiscences like these are collected, and displayed by way of self-abasement and warning to others. At a distance of years, and in a wholly different state of feeling, the mind unconsciously exaggerates the errors of youth, and assigns to small offences the propor-

tions of great crimes. Our poetical history furnishes another, and still more striking example of this accusatory spirit; and although there is no reason to suppose that Greene was moved by such morbid influences as those which disturbed the repose of Cowper, we are justified in concluding, from the imperfect evidence we possess, that he equally magnified the vices of his early life. Dissolute as he subsequently became, there was at all events a time, however brief, in which he preserved some reputable relations with society, and was admitted to the intercourse of people of character and condition. The three pieces he published in the second year of his authorship were respectively dedicated to the Countess of Derby, the Earl of Arundel, and the Earl of Oxford. The young writer who appeared under such auspices, could not yet have utterly sunk into the 'wickedness' and 'villany' with which he afterwards reproached himself.

Whether Greene ever embraced any profession is extremely doubtful. It has been supposed that he entered holy orders soon after his return from the continent, and that he was the same Robert Greene who was presented to the vicarage of Tollesbury, in Essex, on the 19th of June, 1584, which he held only a few months. All the facts that have come down to us respecting the poet tend to negative this conjecture. In 1584, Greene had already embarked in authorship in London, where he had previously, as he tells us, resided some time. We may assume, also, that had he been in holy orders, his detractors would have seized upon the circumstance with avidity as an aggravation of the irregularities of his conduct. Yet none of the scandalous attacks that were made upon him contain any allusion to it; nor does he speak of it himself, although his confessions touch upon most of the prominent incidents of his life. His own silence on the subject may be considered conclusive; especially in such passages as the following, which refer directly to religious topics.

Yet let me confess a truth, that even once, and yet but once,

I felt a fear and horror in my conscience, and then the terror of God's judgments did manifestly teach me that my life was bad, that by sin I deserved damnation, and that such was the greatness of my sin, that I deserved no redemption. And this inward motion I received in Saint Andrew's Church, in the city of Norwich, at a lecture or sermon then preached by a godly, learned man, whose doctrine, and the manner of whose teaching, I liked wonderful well; yea (in my conscience) such was his singleness of heart and zeal in his doctrine, that he might have converted the worst monster of the world.

That Greene contemplated the profession of medicine is indicated by decisive evidence on the title-page of one of his tracts, *Planetomachia*, published in 1585, where he styles himself 'Master of Arts and Student in Physic;' but there is no ground for supposing that he ever advanced any further. It seems, too, that at some time in the course of his career, apparently at a late period, he attempted the stage—an expedient to which most of the dramatists of that age had recourse, especially his friends Peele and Marlowe, and afterwards Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. This conjecture—for it amounts to no more—is founded on an allusion to Greene as a 'player,' in Gabriel Harvey's *Four Letters*, published after Greene's death, in which he speaks of him as 'the king of the paper stage,' and says that he 'had played his last part, and was gone to join Tarleton.' There has also been cited in support of this evidence, a MS. note on a copy of *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599, which affirms that play to have been 'written by . . . . . a minister, who acted the *Pinner's* part himself;' to which is added a memorandum in another hand-writing to this effect:—'Ed. Juby saith it was made by Ro. Greene.' Juby was an actor of that time, and his testimony on such a point would be unexceptionable, if it could be verified. But both note and memorandum assert so much for which there is no other witness whatever, that they should be received with caution. They not only ascribe to Greene the authorship of a play which was published anonymously seven years after his death, but inform us at the same time that he was both a minister and an actor.

These loose particulars seem to have been scribbled on the title-page by some collectors of gossip, who were not very particular about the sources of their information.

In 1588 Greene was incorporated at Oxford, a proof that he enjoyed an honourable reputation as a scholar, and that his conduct up to that time had not brought any public disgrace upon him. His marriage, which appears to have been soon succeeded by that downward course of dissipation from which he never recovered, took place at least two years before. The expiatory relation he has himself given of this event, of his heartless desertion of his wife after he had spent her fortune, and of his subsequent life in the lowest dens of London, conveys forcibly its own painful moral.

Thus although God sent his Holy Spirit to call me, and though I heard him, yet I regarded it no longer than the present time, when, suddenly forsaking it, I went forward obstinately in my ruin. Nevertheless, soon after, I married a gentleman's daughter of good account, with whom I lived for a while: but forasmuch as she would persuade me from my wilful wickedness, after I had a child by her, I cast her off, having spent up all the marriage money which I obtained by her.

Then left I her at six or seven, who went into Lincolnshire, and I to London; where in short space I fell into favour with such as were of honourable and good calling. But here note, that though I knew how to get a friend, yet I had not the gift or reason how to keep a friend; for he that was my dearest friend, I would be sure to behave myself towards him that he should ever after profess to be my utter enemy, or else vow never after to come in my company.

Thus my misdemeanours (too many to be recited) caused the most of those so much to despise me, that in the end I became friendless, except it were in a few alehouses, who commonly for my inordinate expenses would make much of me, until I were on the score, far more than ever I meant to pay by twenty nobles thick. After I had wholly betaken me to the penning of plays (which was my continual exercise), I was so far from calling upon God, that I seldom thought on God, but took such delight in swearing and blaspheming the name of God,* that none could

* He elsewhere admonishes Marlowe on having, in common with himself, denied the existence of a God. See *post*, p. 25.

think otherwise of me, than that I was the child of perdition. These vanities and other trifling pamphlets I penned of love and vain fantasies was my chiefest stay of living, and for those, my vain discourses, I was beloved of the more vainer sort of people, who, being my continual companions, came still to my lodging, and there would continue quaffing, carousing, and surfeiting with me all the day long.

It is upon the close of this passage, and the contrition which Greene expressed on other occasions concerning the frivolity and laxity of his love pamphlets, that his biographers, probably, founded the charge they bring against him, of having prostituted his genius to gratify the tastes of the fashionable profligates of the day. The accusation is in a great degree justified by Greene's own confessions and recantations, in which he speaks of the 'sundry wanton pamphlets,' and the 'axioms of amorous philosophy,' he had published, and especially where he describes his repentance as the reformation of a second Ovid; 'inferior by a thousand degrees to him in wit or learning, but, I fear, half as fond in publishing amorous fancies.' He again compares himself to Ovid in the dedication of his *Notable Discovery of Coosnage*, published in 1591, citing also the examples of Diogenes and Socrates who, renouncing the vices of their youth, became wise and virtuous in their maturity. This address is curious as a piece of autobiography, showing the villainous haunts and associations into which Greene fell in the course of his short career, and the profitable uses to which he afterwards turned the knowledge he had thus acquired, by exposing in his publications the cheats and schemers of the metropolis. The dedication is addressed 'to the young gentlemen, merchants, apprentices, farmers, and plain countrymen:'

Diogenes, gentlemen, from a counterfeit coiner of money, became a current corrector of manners, as absolute in the one as dissolute in the other: time refineth men's affects, and their humours grow different by the distinction of age. Poor Ovid, that amorously writ in his youth the Art of Love, complained in his exile among the Getæ of his wanton follies. And Socrates'

age was virtuous, though his prime was licentious. So, gentlemen, my younger years had uncertain thoughts, but now my ripe days call on to repentant deeds, and I sorrow as much to see others wilful, as I delighted once to be wanton. The odd madcaps I have been mate to, not as a companion, but as a spy to have an insight into their knaveries, that, seeing their trains, I might eschew their snares; those mad fellows I learned at last to loathe, by their own graceless villanies, and what I saw in them to their confusion, I can forewarn in others to my country's commodity. None could decypher tyranny better than Aristippus, not that his nature was cruel, but that he was nurtured with Dionysius; the simple swain that cuts the lapidary's stones, can distinguish a ruby from a diamond only by his labour; though I have not practised their deceits, yet conversing by fortune, and talking upon purpose with such copes-mates, hath given me light into their conceits, and I can decypher their qualities, though I utterly mislike of their practices.

Greene took great credit to himself, evidently with some justice, for the excellent service he rendered to the commonwealth by his fearless exposure of the rogueries of London; and it appears that it was a service of no little danger, for the 'coney-catchers, cooseners, and crosse biters,'* whose infamous practices he laid bare, menaced him repeatedly with threats of vengeance.

Greene drew largely upon his actual experiences in the stories, treatises, and aphorisms he gave to the world. In two of his pamphlets he apparently relates some of the adventures of his own life, but so ingeniously disguised in the details that it is not easy to separate the true from the fictitious. It is obvious enough, however, that the special incidents of these pieces are mere inventions, and that the autobiographical element consists in the general resemblance they bear to his own fortune, and the moral to be deduced from them.

In the first of these pamphlets, called *Never Too Late*, the hero, Francesco, carries off Isabel, a gentleman's daughter, for which he is seized and put into prison. He is afterwards set

* Slang names for the various cheats and sharpers of London. The term 'cross-biter' is said by S. Rowlands to have been invented by one Laurence Crosbiter, or Long Laurence.

at liberty, and the lovers are re-united, and live very happily together, labouring for their livelihood, he as a scholar, and she by her needle. At the end of five years her father forgives them, and takes them home; and in two years more Francesco's affairs oblige him to repair to the capital of the island in which these events are supposed to occur. Separated for the first time from his wife, he falls a prey to the fascinations of a courtesan, who discards him after she has wasted the whole of his substance. During the progress of this fatal liaison, his wife had in vain entreated him to return; and now he is so covered with shame that he dare not venture into her presence. In the extremity of his distress, he falls in with a company of players, who persuade him to try his wit in writing for the stage. He follows their advice, and obtains extraordinary success. His purse being thus once more well lined, the courtesan throws out her lures again; but Francesco is proof against them. In the meanwhile his wife has fallen into distress, and a wealthy burgomaster, attracted by her beauty, tempts her fidelity with rich offers. She contemptuously rejects his proposals, and, out of revenge, he charges her before the judges with incontinence, and suborns a youth to testify against her. On this evidence she is pronounced guilty and condemned to banishment; but before the sentence is executed, the youth confesses his perjury, Isabel is declared innocent, and the burgomaster is heavily fined and degraded from his office. The news of this strange occurrence rapidly spreads, and reaches Francesco one day at an ordinary, where it is related by a gentleman, who highly extols the virtue of Isabel, and describes her husband as an unthrift who had not visited her for six years. Francesco is struck with remorse, and hastens into the country to pour out his repentance at the feet of his injured wife, who readily forgives him all past offences.

Francesco's falling in with the players, his success as a writer, his abandonment of Isabel for six years (the precise period mentioned by Greene himself in his last apostrophe to

his wife),* and his final remorse, are all autobiographical. The second piece, *A Groat's Worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, is pretty nearly a reproduction of the same circumstances, so far as they relate to the actual career of the writer, but with a closer adherence to the reality; for in this narrative Greene avowedly designed to depict some of his personal experiences, and point the moral of his own life.

The story is that of an old usurer who has two sons, Lucanio and Roberto. The latter, married to a 'proper gentlewoman,' is a scholar, and much averse to his father's mode of accumulating a fortune. The consequence is, that when the usurer dies, he leaves the whole of his immense wealth to Lucanio, and cuts off Roberto with a groat. In this extremity, Roberto resolves to have his revenge upon Lucanio, who is simple, and easily imposed upon. In order to effect his purpose he enters into a league with Lamilia, a courtesan, who is to ensnare Lucanio, and to divide her gains with her confederate; but she has no sooner succeeded in captivating her victim, than she reveals the plot, and Roberto is cast out to destitution. This incident brings us to that part of the narrative where Greene's own history is shadowed forth. The turn of events is here identical with the passage in *Never Too Late*, where Francesco is discarded by the courtesan, and the subsequent train of circumstances is similar in both. Roberto, in great distress of mind, bewails aloud his forlorn estate, and is overheard by a player, who, discovering that he is a ripe scholar, advises him to repair his fortune by writing plays. He follows this counsel, and wealth flows in upon him. Two years elapse, during which time Lamilia has brought Lucanio to beggary, and Roberto has undergone the usual vicissitudes of a literary life, 'his purse, like the sea, sometimes swelled,

* 'But oh, my dear wife, whose company and sight I have refrained these six years; I ask God and thee forgiveness for so greatly wronging thee, of whom I seldom or never thought until now: pardon me, I pray thee, wheresoever thou art, and God forgive me all my offences.'—*Repentance of Robert Greene.*

anon, like the same sea, fell to a low ebb; yet seldom he wanted, his labours were so well esteemed.' The whole of the following description may be considered as an actual picture of the latter portion of Greene's life:

Marry this rule he kept, whatever he fingered aforehand, was the certain means to unbind a bargain, and being asked why he so sleightly dealt with them that did him good? it becomes me, sayeth he, to be contrary to the world, for commonly when vulgar men receive earnest, they do perform; when I am paid anything beforehand, I break my promise. He had shift of lodgings, where in every place his hostess writ up the woful remembrance of him, his laundress and his boy, for they were ever his inhoushold, besides retainers in sundry other places. His company were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilfery, perjury, forgery, or any villany. Of these he knew the cast to cog at cards, cozen at dice; by these he learned the leger-demains of nips, foysts, coneycatchers, crosbyters, lifts, high lawyers, and all the rabble of that unclean generation of vipers; and pithily could he point out their whole courses of craft: so cunning he was in all crafts, as nothing rested in him almost but craftiness. How often the gentlewoman, his wife, laboured vainly to recall him is lamentable to note; but as one given over to all lewdness, he communicated her sorrowful lines among his loose skulls, that jested at her bootless laments.

The Roberto of this narrative is manifestly Robert Greene. Towards the conclusion he is represented as having abandoned himself to 'immeasurable drinking,' which 'had made him the perfect image of the dropsy.' Living in extreme poverty, and 'having nothing to pay but chalk,' he is at last reduced to a single groat, over which he moralises in this fashion:—'O now it is too late, too late to buy wit with thee! and therefore will I see if I can sell to careless youth what I negligently forgot to buy.' Having delivered this soliloquy in the character of Roberto, Greene throws off the thin disguise of fiction, and, taking up the relation himself, addresses the reader in his own person:

Here, gentlemen, break I off Roberto's speech, whose life, in most part agreeing with mine, found one self punishment as I have done. Hereafter suppose me the said Roberto, and I will

go on with what he promised; Greene will send you now his groat's worth of wit, that never showed a mite's worth in his life; and though no man now be by to do me good, yet ere I die I will by my repentance endeavour to do all men good.

The courtesan who figures in both these stories is not altogether an imaginary character. Greene formed an unhappy connexion of that kind with the sister of a ruffian named Cutting Ball, with whom he had, probably, become acquainted in the 'boozing kens' he frequented. Ball appears to have made himself useful to Greene by collecting his myrmidons whenever it was necessary to protect him against arrest. Of this man's crimes there is no record; but the character of them may be inferred from the fact that he was ultimately hanged at Tyburn. It is to this circumstance Green alludes in the following passage, speaking of Roberto's companions:—

The shameful end of sundry his consorts, deservedly punished for their amiss, wrought no compunction in his heart; of which one, brother to a brothel he kept, was trust under a tree, as round as a ball.*

The sister of this malefactor bore a son to Greene; and it is something to her credit that she did not desert the poet in the last wretched hours of his life, when he was forsaken by his gay companions, the troops of revellers who used to carouse and surfeit all day long at his lodgings.

* It was a common habit of the writers of the day to pun upon names, even in forms of composition where such fantastical devices might be considered wholly inadmissible. Thus Peele, in his pageant before Web, the Lord Mayor of London, makes the following pun on his lordship's name:—

'A worthy governor, for London's good
To underbear, under his sovereign sway,
Unpartial justice' beam, and weaved a Web
For your content,' &c.

And again in the *Polyhymnia*, where he is describing the appearance of young Essex:—

'That from his armour borrowed such a light,
As boughs of yew receive from shady stream.'

The boughs of *yew*—a pun on the old title of the Earls of Essex and Ewe.

Peele, Nash, and Marlowe, to whom he addressed a parting expostulation, were Greene's most intimate literary associates. Their names were so constantly found in companionship during their lives, that Dekker brings their shades together in the Elysian fields, where, after describing old Chaucer, grave Spenser, and other famous poets seated in the arbours and bowers of the Grove of Bays, he thus introduces the four inseparable poets collected, appropriately enough, under the shadow of a great vine tree:—

In another company sat learned Watson, industrious Kyd, ingenious Atchlow, and (though he had been a player, moulded out of their pens) yet because he had been their lover, and a register to the Muses, inimitable Bentley: these were likewise carousing to one another at the holy well, some of them singing Pæans to Apollo, some of them hymns to the rest of the gods, whilst Marlowe, Greene, and Peele had got under the shades of a large vine, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their college) still haunted with the sharp and satirical spirit that followed him here upon earth; for Nash inveighed bitterly (as he had wont to do) against dry-fisted patrons, accusing them of his untimely death, because if they had given his muse that cherishment which she most worthily deserved, he had fed to his dying day on fat capons, burnt sack and sugar, and not so desperately have ventured his life, and shortened his days by keeping company with pickle herrings.*

Dekker here alludes to an entertainment, consisting of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, at which Nash and Greene were present, some time in August, 1592. Upon that occasion, Greene is said to have eaten and drunk to so great an excess that the surfeit was followed by an illness which, in less than a month, terminated in his death. He appears to have been reduced at this time to the lowest condition of distress and degradation; lodging at the house of a struggling shoemaker in Dowgate, and

* *A Knight's Conjuring Done in Earnest: Discovered in Jest.* By Thomas Dekker. 1607.

indebted to his landlord, who could ill afford such bounty, for the bare necessaries of life. Fortunately the poor people with whom he lodged were persons of a compassionate nature; and his hostess, more than ordinarily touched by the sufferings of a man whose literary reputation presented so strange a contrast to his actual circumstances, was unremitting in her attendance upon him. Gabriel Harvey, in giving an account of his last hours which he professes to have received from the hostess herself, says that she was his only nurse; that none of his old acquaintances came to comfort, or even to visit him, except Mrs. Appleby, and the mother of the boy, whom Harvey calls Infortunatus Greene; that even Nash, although he had been the chief guest at the 'fatal banquet of pickle-herring,' never came to perform the duty of a friend; and that Greene was at last driven to such extremities by sheer poverty that he was obliged to wear his host's shirt while his own was washing, and to sell his doublet, hose, and sword for three shillings. Some of these statements were afterwards contradicted by Nash, who insinuates rather than asserts that Greene was not reduced to such an extremity before his death, and that instead of his apparel being of the value of only three shillings, the doublet he wore at the 'fatal banquet' was so good that a broker would give thirty shillings for it alone, and that Greene had also a 'very fair cloak with sleeves,' of a grave goose green, worth at least ten shillings. There is so much scurrility in the pamphlets of Nash and Harvey that it is difficult to determine the amount of credit due to either; but Harvey's details are probably accurate, as we find the main facts of Greene's penury and friendlessness attested by himself in the affecting letter he addressed to his wife in his last moments. Nash's principal object in replying to Harvey's pamphlet (published immediately after Greene's death)* was not so

* Harvey's pamphlet is entitled *Four Letters and Certain Sonnets. Especially touching Robert Greene and other poets, by him abused. But incidentally of divers excellent persons, and some matters of note. To all*

much to vindicate the memory of his friend, as to relieve himself from the odium of having been one of Greene's intimate companions, although their intercourse was notorious. 'A thousand there be,' he declares, 'that have more reason to speak in his behalf than I, who since I first knew him about town have been two years together, and not seen him.' This mean and false disavowal of the associate whom he left to perish in want, throws discredit upon all other parts of Nash's testimony.

The clearest, and, upon the whole, the most reliable narrative of Greene's death is that which is subjoined to his *Repentance*, the tract written by him during his last illness. It seems to have been compiled by the person to whom the publication of the *Repentance* was intrusted, and forms a very proper sequel to that work.

THE MANNER OF THE DEATH AND LAST END OF ROBERT GREENE, MASTER OF ARTS.

After that he had penned the former discourse, then lying sore sick of a surfeit which he had taken with drinking, he continued most patient and penitent; yea, he did with tears forsake the world, renounced swearing, and desired forgiveness of God and the world for all his offences; so that during all the time of his sickness, which was about a month's space, he was never heard to swear, rave, or blaspheme the name of God as he was accustomed to do before that time, which greatly comforted his well-willers, to see how mightily the grace of God did work in him.

He confessed himself that he was never heart sick, but said that all his pain was in his belly. And although he continually scoured, yet still his belly swelled, and never left swelling upward, until it swelled him at the heart, and in his face.*

During the whole time of his sickness, he continually called upon God, and recited these sentences following:—

O Lord forgive me my manifold offences.

O Lord have mercy upon me.

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courteous mindes that will vouchsafe the reading. 1592.—Nash's pamphlet, *Strange Newes*, in which he replies to Harvey's assertions, appeared soon after.

* This exactly accords with the description which he has himself given of Roberto in the *Groat's Worth of Wit*. See *ante*, p. 16.

O Lord forgive me my secret sins, and in mercy (Lord) pardon them all.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is above thy works.

And with such like godly sentences he passed the time, even till he gave up the ghost.

And this is to be noted, that his sickness did not so greatly weaken him, but that he walked to his chair and back again the night before he departed, and then, being feeble, laying him down on his bed, about nine of the clock at night, a friend of his told him that his wife had sent him commendations, and that she was in good health; whereat he greatly rejoiced, confessed that he had mightily wronged her, and wished that he might see her before he departed. Whereupon, feeling that his time was but short, he took pen and ink, and wrote her a letter to this effect:*

Sweet wife, as ever there was any good will or friendship between thee and me, see this bearer, my host, satisfied of his debt. I owe him ten pounds, and but for him I had perished in the streets. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercy on my soul. Farewell till we meet in heaven, for on earth thou shalt never see me more. This 2 of September, 1592,

Written by thy dying husband,

ROBERT GREENE.†

* Harvey gives another version of this letter, in substance identical with a portion of the above, but omitting (perhaps designedly, for Harvey's malignity was quite capable of doing so great a wrong to the memory of the unfortunate poet) those passages in which Greene expresses contrition, and asks for his wife's forgiveness—the one redeeming grace of his miserable life. Harvey says that Greene was deeply indebted to his host, and that he gave him a bond for ten pounds, underneath which he wrote the following letter: 'Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth, and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid; for if he and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streets.—ROBERT GREENE.' This is not so likely, upon the face of it, to be the true version as that given in the text. It is incredible that, after having abandoned his wife, under circumstances of utter heartlessness, upwards of six years before, he would have written to her on his deathbed to ask her to pay a debt for him without some words of penitence or remorse.

† There is another still more touching letter extant from Greene to his wife, written during his last illness, and published after his death in the *Groat's Worth of Wit*. As most of the incidents of his life, recorded by himself or his contemporaries, reflect discredit on his character, it is only just to present such evidence as has been preserved of

He died on the following day, 3rd of September, 1592, and was buried on the 4th in the New Churchyard, near Bedlam. Harvey tells us that his 'sweet hostess' crowned his dead body with a garland of bays, 'to show that a tenth muse honoured him more being dead than all the nine honoured him alive. I know not whether Skelton, Elverton, or some like flourishing poet were so interred; it were his own request, and his nurse's devotion.'

Shortly after his death appeared that singular confession of his vices and follies which he prepared for the press during his last illness, and to which we are indebted for the chief

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the better qualities of his nature. The following is the letter printed in the *Groat's Worth of Wit*. It is headed—

'A LETTER WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE, FOUND WITH THIS BOOK AFTER HIS DEATH.

'The remembrance of many wrongs offered thee, and thy unreproved virtues, add greater sorrow to my miserable state than I can utter, or thou conceive. Neither is it lessened by consideration of thy absence (though shame would let me hardly behold thy face), but exceedingly aggravated, for that I cannot (as I ought) to thy own self reconcile myself, that thou mightest witness my inward woe at this instant, that have made thee a woeful wife for so long a time. But equal heaven hath denied that comfort, giving at my last need, like succour as I sought all my life: being in this extremity as void of help, as thou hast been of hope. Reason would, that after so long waste, I should not send thee a child to bring thee greater charge: but consider he is the fruit of thy womb, in whose face regard not the father so much, as thy own perfections. He is yet Greene, and may grow straight, if he be carefully tended: otherwise apt enough (I fear me) to follow his father's folly. That I have offended thee highly, I know: that thou canst forget my injuries, I hardly believe; yet persuade I myself, if thou saw my wretched estate, thou wouldest not but lament it; nay, certainly I know thou wouldest. All my wrongs muster themselves about me; every evil at once plagues me. For my contempt of God, I am contemned of men; for my swearing and forswearing, no man will believe me; for my gluttony I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my adultery ulcerous sores. Thus God hath cast me down, that I might be humbled; and punished me for example of others' sins; and although he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet trust I in the world to come to find mercy, by the merits of my Saviour, to whom I commend thee, and commit my soul.

Thy repentant husband,
For his disloyalty,
ROBERT GREENE.'

particulars of his biography.* If we were to judge by the ordinary standard of human actions, we might reasonably doubt the genuineness of this publication. But Greene was as likely to repent openly as to offend publicly. He was a man of a rash and ardent temperament, and had none of that conventional shame which would have induced him either to conceal his misconduct, or to withhold the expression of his remorse. Even if we had not concurrent testimony from others of the errors of his life, and his contrition at the last, his own acknowledged works fully corroborate most of the particulars revealed in his *Repentance*, and one of them, as we shall presently see, contains a very remarkable confirmation of his desire to make known to the world the change which had latterly taken place in his feelings and opinions.

Gabriel Harvey's account of Greene's former way of living may be accepted without much hesitation, as it is upon the main sustained by Greene's own statements. It is also of some value as a picture of the town-life of the roysterers and rufflers of the sixteenth century.

I was altogether unacquainted with the man, and never once saluted him by name; but who, in London, hath not heard of his dissolute and licentious living; his loud disguising of a Master of Art with ruffianly hair, unseemly apparel, and more unseemly company, his vain-glorious and thrasonical braving; his piperly extemporizing and Tarletonizing;† his apish counterfeiting of every ridiculous and absurd toy; his fine cozening of jugglers and finer juggling with cozeners; his villainous cogging and foisting; his monstrous swearing, and horrible forswearing; his

* *The Repentance of Robert Greene, Master of Arts. Wherein by himself is laid open his loose life, with the manner of his death.* At London, printed for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at the middle shop in the Poultry, under Saint Mildred's Church. *1592.*—The authenticity of this pamphlet is in some degree supported by the fact that in the same year the same stationer, Cuthbert Burbie, published, with Greene's name, the Third and Last Part of *Connycatching*.

† Alluding to Tarleton, the clown. It may be hence inferred that if Greene was at any time an actor, it was in Tarleton's line of characters.

impious profaning of sacred texts; his other scandalous and blasphemous raving; his riotous and outrageous surfeiting; his continual shifting of lodgings; his plausible mustering and banqueting of roysterly acquaintance at his first coming; his beggarly departing in every hostess's debt; his infamous resorting to the Bankside, Shoreditch, Southwark, and other filthy haunts; his obscure lurking in basest corners; his pawning of his sword, cloak, and what not, when money came short; his impudent pamphletting, phantastical interluding, and desperate libelling, when other cozening shifts failed; his employing of Ball (surnamed Cutting Ball), till he was intercepted at Tyburn, to levy a crew of his trustiest companions to guard him in danger of arrests; his keeping of the aforesaid Ball's sister, a sorry ragged quean, of whom he had his base son, Infortunatus Greene; his forsaking of his own wife, too honest for such a husband; particulars are infinite; his contemning of superiors, deriding of others, and defying of all good order?

The allusion to Greene's 'ruffianly hair,' indicates one of the peculiarities of his personal appearance which other contemporaries corroborate; but the charge of unseemly apparel is contradicted by Nash and Chettle. With reference to his beard, Nash says that Greene 'cherished continually, without cutting, a jolly long red peak, like the spire of a steeple, whereat a man might hang a jewel, it was so sharp and pendant;' and Chettle describes him as 'a man of indifferent years, of face amiable, of body well-proportioned, his attire after the habit of a scholar-like gentleman, only his hair was somewhat long.'

The blasphemy of which Harvey accuses Greene is the heaviest offence laid to his account, and in the following admonitory address to his former associates and fellow dramatists Greene himself fully admits the truth of the impeachment. This address, in great part autobiographical, was printed at the end of *The Groat's Worth of Wit*, and, independently of its immediate bearing on Greene's life, is of considerable interest in a literary point of view.

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* *Four Letters and Certain Sonnets.*

TO THOSE GENTLEMEN, HIS QUONDAM ACQUAINTANCE, THAT SPEND THEIR WITS IN MAKING PLAYS, R. G. WISHETH A BETTER EXERCISE, AND WISDOM TO PREVENT HIS EXTREMITIES.

If woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard-of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin), thou famous gracer of tragedians,* that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the fool in his heart, There is no God, should now give glory unto his greatness; for penetrating is his power, his hand lies heavy upon me, he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldest give no glory to the Giver? Is it pestilent Machiavelian policy that thou hast studied? O peevish † folly! What are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate, in small time, the generation of mankind. For if *sic volo, sic jubeo,* hold in those that are able to command; and if it be lawful, *fas et nefas,* to do anything that is beneficial; only tyrants should possess the earth, and they, striving to exceed in tyranny, should each to other be a slaughterman, till the mightiest, outliving all, one stroke were left for death, that in one age man's life should end. The brother‡ of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at; but as he began in craft, lived in fear, and ended in despair. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia!* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cain: this betrayer of him that gave his life for him inherited the portion of Judas: this apostate perished as ill as Julian; and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple?§ Look unto me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilful straining against known truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soul. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremity: for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

* Christopher Marlowe. † Mr. Dyce proposes to read 'brutish.'
‡ Mr. Dyce suggests 'broacher.'
§ The person here alluded to, Mr. Malone thinks, was, probably, Francis Kett, Fellow of Benet College, Cambridge, who was burned at Norwich for holding opinions against the Christian religion.

With thee I join young Juvenal,* that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy.† Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well: thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and name none; for one being spoken to, all are offended, none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worm, and it will turn; then blame not scholars who are vexed with sharp and bitter lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

And thou no less deserving than the other two,‡ in some things rarer, in nothing inferior, driven (as myself) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burrs to cleave; those puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart, wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country. Oh, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse: yet whilst you may, seek your better masters: for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against those buckram gentlemen; but let their own works serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other new comers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who, I doubt not, will drive the best-minded to despise them: for the rest, it skills not though they make a jest at them.

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* Thomas Lodge, the dramatist, who wrote one of the earliest English Satires, called *A Fig for Momus*.

† *A Looking Glass for London and England*. ‡ George Peele.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news: and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart: despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts; fly lust, as the deathsman of the soul; and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears, and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember *Robert Greene*, whom they have often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain: these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which drunkenness puts out, which negligence let fall: for man's time of itself is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and the want of wherewith to sustain it, there is no substance for life to feed on. Trust not then, I beseech ye, left to such weak stays; for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forced to leave where I would begin: for a whole book cannot contain their wrongs, which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words.

Dibdin, in his *Reminiscences*, observes that there is not the slightest mention of Shakspeare by any contemporaneous writer. He had overlooked this address, which not only contains a very remarkable reference to Shakspeare, but the earliest intimation we have of Shakspeare's occupation at the theatre. It is from the passage about 'the upstart crow beautified with our feathers,' and 'the only Shake-scene in a country,' that we obtain the first hint of Shakspeare's dramatic apprenticeship as an adaptor to the stage of the writings of others. The impossibility of tracing with accuracy the dates of Shakspeare's plays, renders it doubtful to what particular instances Greene alludes; but there is a sufficient approximation in the supposed dates of the *Second* and *Third Parts of Henry VI.* to the time when this address was written, to justify the assumption that the reference is intended specially to these two plays, which are known to have been founded on two older pieces called *The First Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of York and*

Lancaster, and *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*. Hence, by an obvious inference, the older pieces are supposed to have been written wholly, or in part, by Greene or his friends. The line in italics is a parody on a line taken by Shakspeare from one of the early plays:—

O tyger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide.

Had Greene lived a few years longer he would have had still greater reason to complain, or to be proud, of Shakspeare's appropriation of his labours, Shakspeare having founded the last of his dramas, *The Winter's Tale*, upon one of Greene's novels, *Pandosto, the Triumph of Time*, even to the adoption of his geographical blunder about the coast of Bohemia.

Notwithstanding the dissipation to which he surrendered himself during his brief career of authorship, Greene was a voluminous writer. His industry, at least, was irreproachable, and the versatility of his powers is amply attested by the extraordinary variety and number of his works. Hazlewood enumerates no less than forty-five independent publications, including plays and translations, which are ascribed to him; and the list is certainly imperfect. The great deficiency is in his plays, of which only five have descended to us. So prolific a producer, depending entirely on his writings for support, may be supposed to have contributed more largely to the theatre, which was to him, as to others, a principal source of profit. His plays, contrasted with those of the writers who belong to the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth and the beginning of the reign of James I., are not of much account. But, estimated by comparison with his contemporaries, Greene is entitled to a higher position. He was one of the founders of the English stage. Shakspeare had not yet appeared when Greene made his triumphs; and the 'wit-combats' at the Mermaid, which mark the culminating point of the dramatic poetry of the age, did not take place till many years after his death. Kyd, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele were his immediate contemporaries, and, although inferior to Kyd in breadth of conception, to Marlowe in passion, and to Lodge

in lyrical sweetness, he frequently rivalled them in the exuberance of his fancy, and may be said to have generally excelled them in occasional passages of remarkable elegance and refinement. He was one of the 'University pens' who were accused of overloading the drama with classical lore, an error of taste which was afterwards carried to the last extremity by Marston, and which helped materially, when a more natural style was introduced, to destroy the popularity of their productions. 'They smelt too much of that writer Ovid,' says a droll, in one of the stage satires of the day, 'and that writer 'Metamorphosis,' and talk too much of Proserpine and Jupiter. Why, here's our fellow Shakspeare can put them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too.'

The novels of Robert Greene were even more popular in his own time than his plays, although they have long since gone down into oblivion. Written to secure a temporary success, with an utter indifference to the verdicts of posterity, they were constructed on the fashionable model, and abound in euphuistic affectations of diction and sentiment. The language is generally stilted and pedantic, and the style crude and obscure. But they are not without special merits, which may still be recognised and admired. The plots are ingenious and skilfully conducted, and the conceits, which weary and offend the modern reader, are sometimes relieved by passages of much grace and beauty. They must also be regarded with interest as the medium through which nearly all Greene's poems, not of a dramatic kind, were published.

These pieces are scattered over the stories, in some places taking up the argument of the narrative, in others expressing the emotions and feelings of the characters; sometimes a song, sometimes a remonstrance or panegyric, and everywhere interleaving the action to brighten its progress. In no part of his works is Greene more unequal; and no where else, on the other hand, does he display so much true poetical feeling. Haste and negligence are visible throughout; yet there are few of these snatches of verse that are not worth preserving for some slight trait of excellence, either in the thought or

the expression. His association with Lodge, probably, led him to cultivate pastoral subjects, which he here occasionally touches with a truthfulness and simplicity hardly to be expected from the author of so many meretricious love pamphlets. The poems are entirely free from the ranting extravagance that runs through his plays; and, although he often overlays a passion with artificial images, he sometimes delineates it with reality and tenderness. Greene's versification cannot be included amongst his merits. He wants variety, fulness, and fluency. But his irregular measures are more agreeable than his blank verse, which is, for the most part, flat and monotonous.

In addition to the poems extracted from Greene's novels and the fragments which appeared in the anthology called *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600, the present edition contains a piece of some magnitude and importance not previously included in any collection. *The Maiden's Dream* is the only poem by Greene known to have been published in an independent form, and is by far the longest and most ambitious of his metrical productions. For the recovery of this interesting relic the public are indebted to the researches of Mr. James P. Reardon, who communicated his discovery to the Shakspeare Society in the year 1845.

POEMS

OF

ROBERT GREENE.

FROM MORANDO, THE TRITAMERON OF LOVE.*

THE DESCRIPTION OF SILVESTRO'S LADY.

HER stature like the tall straight cedar trees,
Whose stately bulks do fame th' Arabian groves;
A pace like princely Juno when she braved
The Queen of love 'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and courtesy;
A face like modest Pallas when she blushed
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;
A lip sweet ruby-red, graced with delight;
A cheek wherein for interchange of hue
A wrangling strife 'twixt lily and the rose;
Her eyes two twinkling stars in winter nights,
When chilling frost doth clear the azured sky;
Her hair of golden hue doth dim the beams
That proud Apollo giveth from his coach;
The Gnidian doves, whose white and snowy pens
Do stain the silver-streaming ivory,

* *Morando, the Tritameron of Love.* Wherein certain pleasant conceits, uttered by divers worthy personages, are perfectly discoursed, and three doubtful questions of love most pithily and pleasantly discussed. Showing to the wise how to use love, and to the fond how to eschew lust; and yielding to all both pleasure and profit. By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. 1584.

May not compare with those two moving hills,
Which topped with pretty teats discover down a vale,
Wherein the god of love may deign to sleep;
A foot like Thetis when she tripped the sands
To steal Neptunus' favour with her steps;
A piece despite of beauty framed,
To show what nature's lineage could afford.

LACENA'S RIDDLE.

THE man whose method hangeth by the moon,
And rules his diet by geometry;
Whose restless mind rips up his mother's breast,
To part her bowels for his family;
And fetcheth Pluto's glee in fro the grass
By careless cutting of a goddess' gifts;
That throws his gotten labour to the earth,
As trusting to content for others' shifts:
'Tis he, good sir, that Satan best did please,
When golden world set worldlings all at ease;
His name is Person, and his progeny,
Now tell me, of what ancient pedigree.

VERSES.

UNDER THE PICTURE OF FORTUNE.

THE fickle seat whereon proud Fortune sits,
The restless globe whereon the fury stands,
Bewrays her fond and far inconstant fits;
The fruitful horn she handleth in her hands,
Bids all beware to fear her flattering smiles,
That giveth most when most she meaneth guiles;
The wheel that turning never taketh rest,
The top whereof fond worldlings count their bliss,
Within a minute makes a black exchange,
And then the vile and lowest better is;
Which emblem tells us the inconstant state
Of such as trust to Fortune or to fate.

FROM MENAPHON.*

APOLLO'S ORACLE.

WHEN Neptune riding on the southern seas,
Shall from the bosom of his leman yield
Th' Arcadian wonder, men and gods to please,
Plenty in pride shall march amidst the field,
Dead men shall war, and unborn babes shall frown,
And with their falchions hew their foemen down.

When lambs have lions for their surest guide,
And planets rest upon th' Arcadian hills,
When swelling seas have neither ebb nor tide,
When equal banks the ocean margin fills;
Then look, Arcadians, for a happy time,
And sweet content within your troubled clime.

MENAPHON'S SONG.

SOME say, Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the gods;
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds.

* *Menaphon.* Camilla's alarum to slumbering Euphues, in his melancholic cell at Silexedra. Wherein are decyphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Love, the triumphs of inconstant Time. Displaying in sundry conceited passions, figured in a continuate history, the trophies that virtue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Envy, or the resolution of Fortune. A work worthy the youngest ears for pleasure, or the gravest censurer for principles. Robertus Greene, in Artibus Magister Omne tulit punctum. 1587.—This piece was afterwards printed under the title of *Arcadia*, by which name it is now more generally known.

Some swear Love,
Smooth-faced Love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have:
I say, Love,
Sour Love,
Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave:
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.

Love is sweet:
Wherein sweet?
In fading pleasures that do pain?
Beauty sweet:
Is that sweet,
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
If Love's sweet,
Herein sweet
That minutes' joys are monthly woes:
'Tis not sweet,
That is sweet
Nowhere, but where repentance grows.
Then love who list, if beauty be so sour;
Labour for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY.

WHEN tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,
Upon a tree
The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch;
There resteth he:
A little fly his harbour then did search,
And did presume, though others laughed thereat,
To perch whereas the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frowned, and shook his royal wings,
And charged the fly
From thence to hie:
Afraid, in haste, the little creature flings,
Yet seeks again,
Fearful, to perk him by the eagle's side.
With moody vein,
The speedy post of Ganymede replied,
'Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die;
Is't fit an eagle seat him with a fly?'

The fly craved pity, still the eagle frowned:
The silly fly,
Ready to die,
Disgraced, displaced, fell grovelling to the ground:
The eagle saw,
And with a royal mind said to the fly,
'Be not in awe,
I scorn by me the meanest creature die;
Then seat thee here.' The joyful fly up flings,
And sate safe shadowed with the eagle's wings.

DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF SAMELA.

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela
As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela;

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks, like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony;
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela,
Pallas in wit; all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
Yield to Samela.

DORON'S JIG.

THROUGH the shrubs as I 'gan crack
For my lambs, little ones,
'Mongst many pretty ones,
Nymphs I mean, whose hair was black
As the crow;
Like the snow
Her face and brows shined, I ween;
I saw a little one,
A bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxom, and as sheen,
As was she
On her knee
That lulled the god whose arrow warms
Such merry little ones,
Such fair-faced pretty ones,
As dally in love's chiefest harms:
Such was mine,
Whose grey eyne
Made me love. I 'gan to woo
This sweet little one,
This bonny pretty one;
I wooed hard a day or two,
Till she bade—
'Be not sad,

Woo no more, I am thine own,
Thy dearest little one,
Thy truest pretty one.'
Thus was faith and firm love shown,
As behoves
Shepherds' loves.

MELICERTUS' DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE on, my pipe, the praises of my love,
And midst thy oaten harmony* recount
How fair she is that makes thy music mount,
And every string of thy heart's harp to move.

Shall I compare her form unto the sphere,
Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine?
Ah, more than that by just compare is thine,
Whose crystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear!

How oft have I descending Titan seen
His burning locks couch in the sea-queen's lap,
And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap
In watery robes, as he her lord had been!

Whenas my nymph, impatient of the night,
Bade bright Arcturus with his train give place,
Whiles she led forth the day with her fair face,
And lent each star a more than Delian light.

Not Jove or Nature, should they both agree
To make a woman of the firmament
Of his mixed purity, could not invent
A sky-born form so beautiful as she.

---

* The erroneous employment of this word in the sense of melody is frequent amongst the old writers, who, probably, took their use of it from the French, who still apply it indifferently to *time* and *unison*. Shakspeare generally employs it in its strict meaning, such as the harmony of form (the proportion or agreement of parts), or the harmony of sounds. In *Hamlet* it is misapplied in reference to the vantages of the pipe:—

'But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony.'—iii. 2.

MELICERTUS' MADRIGAL.

WHAT are my sheep without their wonted food?
What is my life except I gain my love?
My sheep consume and faint for want of blood,
My life is lost unless I grace approve:
No flower that sapless thrives,
No turtle without pheere.*

The day without the sun doth lour for woe,
Then woe mine eyes, unless they beauty see;
My sun Samela's eyes, by whom I know
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be:
Nought more the heart revives
Than to embrace his dear.

The stars from earthly humours gain their light,
Our humours by their light possess their power;
Samela's eyes, fed by my weeping sight,
Infuse my pain or joys by smile or lour:
So wends the source of love;
It feeds, it fails, it ends.

Kind looks, clear to your joy behold her eyes,
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses;
In them the heaven of joy and solace lies,
Without them every hope his succour misses:
O how I love to prove
Whereto this solace tends!

MENAPHON'S SONG IN HIS BED.

YOU restless cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my joys in folds of endless woes,
Tire on my heart, and wound it with your spite,
Since love and fortune prove my equal foes:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

* Properly, fere—mate, companion.

Mourn heavens, mourn earth; your shepherd is forlorn;
Mourn times and hours, since bale invades my bower;
Curse every tongue the place where I was born,
Curse every thought the wife which makes me lour:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Was I not free? was I not fancy's aim?
Framed not desire my face to front disdain?
I was; she did; but now one silly maim
Makes me to droop, as he whom love hath slain:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Yet drooping, and yet living to this death,
I sigh, I sue for pity at her shrine,
Whose fiery eyes exhale my vital breath,
And make my flocks with parching heat to pine:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Fade they, die I: long may she live to bliss,
That feeds a wanton fire with fuel of her form,
And makes perpetual summer where she is;
While I do cry, o'ertook with envy's storm,
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

SONG.

FAIR fields, proud Flora's vaunt, why is't you smile,
Whenas I languish?
You golden meads, why strive you to beguile
My weeping anguish?
I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring:
Why do you spring thus?
What, will not Boreas, tempest's wrathful king,
Take some pity on us,

And send forth winter in her rusty weed
To wail my bemoanings,
Whiles I distressed do tune my country reed
Unto my groanings?
But heaven, and earth, time, place, and every power
Have with her conspired
To turn my blissful sweets to baleful sour,
Since fond I desired
The heaven whereto my thoughts may not aspire.
Ah me, unhappy!
It was my fault t' embrace my bane, the fire
That forceth me die.
Mine be the pain, but hers the cruel cause
Of this strange torment;
Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,
Till proud she repent.

MENAPHON'S ECLOGUE.

TOO weak the wit, too slender is the brain,
That means to mark the power and worth of love;
Not one that lives, except he hap to prove,
Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret pain.

Yet I that have been 'prentice to the grief,
Like to the cunning sea-man from afar,
By guess will take the beauty of that star,
Whose influence must yield me chief relief.

You censors of the glory of my dear,
With reverence and lowly bent of knee,
Attend and mark what her perfections be;
For in my words my fancies shall appear.

Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool
That Jason with his Grecian mates atchieved;
As pure as gold, yet not from gold derived;
As full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

Her brows are pretty tables of conceit,
Where love his records of delight doth quote;
On them her dallying locks do daily float,
As love full oft doth feed upon the bait.

Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights
That animate the sun, or cheer the day;
In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,
Whiles fancy doth on them divine delights.

Her cheeks like ripened lilies steeped in wine,
Or fair pomegranate kernels washed in milk.
Or snow-white threads in nets of crimson silk,
Or gorgeous clouds upon the sun's decline.

Her lips are roses over-washed with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;
No frost their fair,* no wind doth waste their power.
But by her breath her beauties do renew.

Her crystal chin like to the purest mould,
Enchased with dainty daisies soft and white,
Where fancy's fair pavilion once is pight,†
Whereas embraced his beauties he doth hold.

Her neck like to an ivory shining tower,
Where through with azure veins sweet nectar runs,
Or like the down of swans where Senesse woons,‡
Or like delight that doth itself devour.

Her paps are like fair apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearls, as soft as down;
They never vail their fair through winter's frown,
But from their sweets love sucked his summer time.

Her body beauty's best esteemed bower,
Delicious, comely, dainty, without stain; [pain;
The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my
Whose fair all fair and beauties doth devour.

---

* Fairness—beauty. † Pitched. ‡ Dwells.

Her maiden mount, the dwelling house of pleasure;
Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
O blest is he may bring such beauties under,
Or search by suit the secrets of that treasure!

Devoured in thought, how wanders my device!
What rests behind I must divine upon:
Who talks the best, can say but fairer none;
Few words well couched do most content the wise.

All you that hear, let not my silly style
Condemn my zeal, for what my tongue should say,
Serves to enforce my thoughts to seek the way
Whereby my woes and cares I do beguile.

Seld speaketh love, but sighs his secret pains;
Tears are his truchmen,* words do make him tremble:
How sweet is love to them that can dissemble
In thoughts and looks, till they have reaped the gains!

All lonely I complain, and what I say
I think, yet what I think tongue cannot tell:
Sweet censors, take my silly worst for well;
My faith is firm, though homely be my lay.

MELICERTUS' ECLOGUE.

WHAT need compare, where sweet exceeds compare?
Who draws his thoughts of love from senseless [things,
Their pomp and greatest glories doth impair,
And mounts love's heaven with over-laden wings.

Stones, herbs, and flowers, the foolish spoils of earth,
Floods, metals, colours, dalliance of the eye;
These show conceit is stained with too much dearth,
Such abstract fond compares make cunning die.

* Fr. *Trucheman*—interpreter. 'Sitting at a banquet with her, where also was the Prince of Orange, with all the greatest princes of the state, the Earl, though he could reasonably well speak French, would not speak one French word, but all English, whether he asked any question, or answered it, but all was done by trucheman.'—PUTTENHAM—*Art of Poetry*, lib. iii. ch. 23.

But he that hath the feeling taste of love
Derives his essence from no earthly toy;
A weak conceit his power cannot approve,
For earthly thoughts are subject to annoy.

Be whist, be still, be silent, censors, now:
My fellow swain has told a pretty tale,
Which modern poets may perhaps allow,
Yet I condemn the terms, for they are stale.

Apollo, when my mistress first was born,
Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,
And said, I plant these wires in nature's scorn,
Whose beauties shall appear when time is dead.

From forth the crystal heaven when she was made
The purity thereof did taint her brow,
On which the glistering sun that sought the shade
'Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.

Those eyes, fair eyes, too fair to be described,
Were those that erst the chaos did reform;
To whom the heavens their beauties have ascribed,
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worm.

When first her fair delicious cheeks were wrought,
Aurora brought her blush, the moon her white;
Both so combined as passèd nature's thought,
Compiled those pretty orbs of sweet delight.

When Love and Nature once were proud with play,
From both their lips her lips the coral drew;
On them doth fancy sleep, and every day
Doth swallow joy, such sweet delights to view.

Whilom while Venus' son did seek a bower
To sport with Psyche, his desirèd dear,
He chose her chin, and from that happy stowre*
He never stints in glory to appear.

* This word is used in several significations by the old writers, but chiefly as conflict, battle, disorder. Here it implies a particular moment of time.

Desires and Joys, that long had servèd Love,
Besought a hold where pretty eyes might woo them:
Love made her neck, and for their best behove
Hath shut them there, whence no man can undo them.

Once Venus dreamed upon two pretty things,
Her thoughts they were affection's chiefest nests;
She sucked and sighed, and bathed her in the springs,
And when she waked, they were my mistress' breasts.

Once Cupid sought a hold to couch his kisses,
And found the body of my best beloved,
Wherein he closed the beauty of his blisses,
And from that bower can never be removed.

The Graces erst, when Acidalian springs
Were waxen dry, perhaps did find her fountain
Within the vale of bliss, where Cupid's wings
Do shield the nectar fleeting from the mountain.

No more, fond man: things infinite I see
Brook no dimension; hell a foolish speech;
For endless things may never talkèd be;
Then let me live to honour and beseech.

Sweet nature's pomp, if my deficient phrase
Hath stained thy glories by too little skill,
Yield pardon, though mine eye that long did gaze
Hath left no better pattern to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detain
Your listening ears with dalliance of my tongue;
I speak my joys, but yet conceal my pain,
My pain too old, although my years be young.

DORON'S ECLOGUE, JOINED WITH CARMELA'S

DORON.

SIT down, Carmela; here are cobs for kings,
Sloes black as jet, or like my Christmas shoes,
Sweet cider, which my leathern bottle brings;
Sit down, Carmela, let me kiss thy toes.

CARMELA.

Ah, Doron! ah, my heart! thou art as white,
As is my mother's calf or brinded cow;
Thine eyes are like the glow-worms* in the night;
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love!
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee;
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove;
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes;
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair;
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine;
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air;
Would God, thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine!

CARMELA.

Doron, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

DORON.

'Tis love, Carmela, ah, 'tis cruel love!
That like a slave and caitiff villain thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy for thy behove.

CARMELA.

Where was he born?

* Slow-worms in former editions—apparently a mistake.

DORON.

In faith, I know not where:
But I have heard much talking of his dart;
Ah me, poor man! with many a trampling tear
I feel him wound the forehearse of my heart.

What, do I love? O no, I do but talk:
What, shall I die for love? O no, not so:
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walk:
Come, kiss, Carmela, and confound my woe.

CARMELA.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight:
Before I break my vow the gods forbid,
No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON.

Even with this garland made of hollyhocks,
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss:
Heigh ho! how glad I am to touch thy locks!
My frolic heart even now a freeman is.

CARMELA.

I thank you, Doron, and will think on you;
I love you, Doron, and will wink on you.
I seal your charter patent with my thumbs:
Come, kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.

SONNETTO.

WHAT thing is love? It is a power divine,
That reigns in us, or else a wreakful law,
That dooms our minds to beauty to incline:
It is a star, whose influence doth draw
Our hearts to love, dissembling of his might
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power,
As mad with reason, we admit that force,
Which wit or labour never may devour:
It is a will that brooketh no consent;
It would refuse, yet never may repent.

Love's a desire, which for to wait a time,
Doth lose an age of years, and so doth pass,
As doth the shadow, severed from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet never was;
Leaving behind nought but repentant thoughts
Of days ill spent, for that which profits noughts.

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war;
A hope consumed before it is conceived;
At hand it fears, and menaceth afar;
And he that gains is most of all deceived:
It is a secret hidden and not known,
Which one may better feel than write upon.

FROM PERIMEDES, THE BLACKSMITH.*

MADRIGAL.

THE swans, whose pens as white as ivory,
Eclipsing fair Endymion's silver love,
Floating like snow down by the banks of Po,
Ne'er tuned their notes, like Leda once forlorn,

---

* *Perimedes, the Blacksmith.* A Golden Method how to use the mind in pleasant and profitable exercise: wherein is contained special principles fit for the highest to imitate, and the meanest to put in practice, how best to spend the weary winter's nights, or the longest summer's evenings, in honest and delightful recreation: wherein we may learn to avoid idleness and wanton scurrility, which divers appoint as the end of their pastimes. Herein are interlaced three merry and necessary discourses fit for our time; with certain pleasant histories and tragical tales, which may breed delight to all, and offence to none. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci. 1588.

With more despairing sorts of madrigals,
Than I, whom wanton Love hath with his gad
Pricked to the court of deep and restless thoughts.
The frolic youngsters Bacchus' liquor mads,
Run not about the wood of Thessaly
With more enchanted fits of lunacy,
Than I, whom Love, whom sweet and bitter Love
Fires, infects with sundry passions;
Now lorn with liking overmuch my love,
Frozen with fearing if I step too far,
Fired with gazing at such glimmering stars,
As stealing light from Phœbus' brightest rays,
Sparkle and set a flame within my breast.
Rest, restless Love, fond baby be content;
Child, hold thy darts within thy quiver close;
And, if thou wilt be roving with thy bow,
Aim at these hearts that may attend on love:
Let country swains, and silly swads* be still;
To court, young wag, and wanton there thy fill!

DITTY.

OBSCURE and dark is all the gloomy air,
The curtain of the night is overspread;
The silent mistress of the lowest sphere.
Puts on her sable-coloured veil, and lours.
Nor star, nor milk-white circle of the sky
Appears, where Discontent doth hold her lodge.
She sits shrined in a canopy of clouds,
Whose massy darkness mazeth every sense.
Wan are her looks, her cheeks of azure hue;
Her hairs as Gorgon's foul retorting snakes;
Envy the glass wherein the hag doth gaze;
Restless the clock that chimes her fast asleep;

---

* An empty-headed foolish fellow—from a peascod shell, called, in some country dialects, a swad.

Disquiet thoughts the minutes of her watch.
Forth from her cave the fiend full oft doth fly:
To kings she goes, and troubles them with crowns,
Setting those high aspiring brands on fire,
That flame from earth unto the seat of Jove;
To such as Midas, men that doat on wealth,
And rent the bowels of the middle earth
For coin, who gape as did fair Danae
For showers of gold, there Discontent in black
Throws forth the vials of her restless cares;
To such as sit at Paphos for relief,
And offer Venus many solemn vows;
To such as Hymen in his saffron robe
Hath knit a Gordian knot of passions;
To these, to all, parting the gloomy air,
Black Discontent doth make her bad repair.

SONNET.

IN Cyprus sat fair Venus by a fount,
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee:
She kissed the wag, her darling of account;
The boy 'gan blush, which when his lover see,
She smiled, and told him love might challenge debt,
And he was young, and might be wanton yet.

The boy waxed bold, fired by fond desire,
That woo he could and court her with conceit:
Reason spied this, and sought to quench the fire
With cold disdain; but wily Adon straight
Cheered up the flame, and said, 'Good sir, what let?
I am but young, and may be wanton yet.'

Reason replied, that beauty was a bane
To such as feed their fancy with fond love,
That when sweet youth with lust is overta'en,
It rues in age: this could not Adon move,
For Venus taught him still this rest to set,
That he was young, and might be wanton yet.

Where Venus strikes with beauty to the quick,
It little 'vails sage Reason to reply;
Few are the cares for such as are love-sick,
But love: then, though I wanton it awhy,
And play the wag, from Adon this I get,
I am but young, and may be wanton yet.

SONNET.

IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

THE Siren Venus nourished in her lap
Fair Adon, swearing whiles he was a youth
He might be wanton: note his after-hap,
The guerdon that such lawless lust ensu'th;
So long he followed flattering Venus' lore,
Till, seely lad, he perished by a boar.

Mars in his youth did court this lusty dame,
He won her love; what might his fancy let
He was but young? at last, unto his shame,
Vulcan entrapped them slily in a net,
And called the Gods to witness as a truth,
A lecher's fault was not excused by youth.

If crooked age accounteth youth his spring,
The spring, the fairest season of the year,
Enriched with flowers, and sweets, and many a thing,
That fair and gorgeous to the eyes appear;
It fits that youth, the spring of man, should be
'Riched with such flowers as virtue yieldeth thee.

SONNET.

FAIR is my love, for April in her face,
Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
And lordly July in her eyes takes place,
But cold December dwelleth in her heart:
Blest be the months, that set my thoughts on fire,
Accurst that month that hindereth my desire!

Like Phœbus' fire, so sparkle both her eyes;
As air perfumed with amber is her breath;
Like swelling waves, her lovely teats do rise;
As earth her heart, cold, dateth me to death:
Ah me, poor man, that on the earth do live,
When unkind earth death and despair doth give!

In pomp sits mercy seated in her face;
Love 'twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint
Her eyes shine favour, courtesy, and grace;
But touch her heart, ah, that is framed of flint!
Therefore my harvest in the grass bears grain;
The rock will wear, washed with a winter's rain.

SONNET.

PHILLIS kept sheep along the western plains,
And Coridon did feed his flocks hard by:
This shepherd was the flower of all the swains
That traced the downs of fruitful Thessaly,
And Phillis, that did far her flocks surpass
In silver hue, was thought a bonny lass.

A bonny lass, quaint in her country 'tire,
Was lovely Phillis, Coridon swore so;
Her locks, her looks, did set the swain on fire,
He left his lambs, and he began to woo;
He looked, he sighed, he courted with a kiss,
No better could the silly swad than this.

He little knew to paint a tale of love,
Shepherds can fancy, but they cannot say:
Phillis 'gan smile, and wily thought to prove
What uncouth grief poor Coridon did pay;
She asked him how his flocks or he did fare,
Yet pensive thus his sighs did tell his care.

The shepherd blushed when Phillis questioned so,
And swore by Pan it was not for his flocks;
"'Tis love, fair Phillis, breedeth all this woe,
My thoughts are trapped within thy lovely locks,

Thine eye hath pierced, thy face hath set on fire;
Fair Phillis kindleth Coridon's desire.'

'Can shepherds love?' said Phillis to the swain;
'Such saints as Phillis,' Coridon replied;
'Men when they lust can many fancies feign,'
Said Phillis; this not Coridon denied,
'That lust had lies, but love,' quoth he, 'says truth;
Thy shepherd loves,—then, Phillis, what ensu'th?'

Phillis was won, she blushed and hung the head;
The swain stepped to, and cheered her with a kiss;
With faith, with troth, they struck the matter dead;
So usèd they when men thought not amiss:
This love begun and ended both in one;
Phillis was loved, and she liked Coridon.

FROM PANDOSTO.*

THE PRAISE OF FAWNIA.

AH, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under wide heavens, but yet [I know] not such.

---

* *Pandosto. The Triumph of Time.* Wherein is discovered by a pleasant history, that although by the means of sinister fortune truth may be concealed, yet by time, in spite of fortune, it is most manifestly revealed. Pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. Temporis filia veritas. By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. 1588.

So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flower,
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be compared to her note;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.
Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled;
When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast!

BELLARIA'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies entombed Bellaria fair,
Falsely accused to be unchaste;
Cleared by Apollo's sacred doom,
Yet slain by jealousy at last.
Whate'er thou be that passest by,
Curse him that caused this Queen to die.

FROM NEVER TOO LATE.*

AN ODE.

DOWN the valley 'gan he track,
In Bag and bottle at his back,
In a surcoat all of gray;
Such wear palmers on the way,

* *Greene's Never Too Late.* Or, a Powder of Experience, sent to all Youthful Gentlemen, to root out the infectious follies, that over-

When with scrip and staff they see
Jesus' grave on Calvary;
A hat of straw, like a swain,
Shelter for the suff and rain,
With a scallop shell before;
Sandals on his feet he wore;
Legs were bare, arms unclad:
Such attire this palmer had.
His face fair like Titan's shine;
Gray and buxom were his eyne,
Whereout dropped pearls of sorrow:
Such sweet tears love doth borrow,
When in outward dews she plains
Heart's distress that lovers pains;
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks:
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,
When to keep her damsels quiet,
Beauty sets them down their diet.
Adon was not thought more fair;
Curlèd locks of amber hair,
Locks where love did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne.
Such a palmer ne'er was seen,
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet, for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint:
'Midst the riches of his face,
Grief decyphered high disgrace.
Every step strained a tear;
Sudden sighs showed his fear;
And yet his fear by his sight
Ended in a strange delight;
That his passions did approve,
Weeds and sorrow were for love.

---

reaching conceits foster in the spring-time of their youth. Decyphering in a true English history, those particular vanities, that with a frosty vapour nip the blossoms of every ripe brain from attaining to his intended perfection. As pleasant as profitable, being a right pumice-stone, apt to race out idleness with delight, and folly with admonition. Rob. Greene, in Artibus Magister., 1590.

THE PALMER'S ODE.

OLD Menalcas, on a day,
As in field this shepherd lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe,
Said to Coridon that he
Once was young and full of glee.
'Blithe and wanton was I then:
Such desires follow men.
As I lay and kept my sheep,
Came the God that hateth sleep,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with queen Desire,
And with a dart that wounded nigh,
Pierced my heart as I did lie;
That when I woke I 'gan swear
Phillis beauty's palm did bear.
Up I start, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye;
There I saw Desire sit,
That my heart with love had hit,
Laying forth bright beauty's hooks
To entrap my gazing looks.
Love I did, and 'gan to woo,
Pray and sigh; all would not do:
Women, when they take the toy,
Covet to be counted coy.
Coy she was, and I 'gan court;
She thought love was but a sport;
Profound hell was in my thought;
Such a pain desire had wrought,
That I sued with sighs and tears;
Still ingrate she stopped her ears,
Till my youth I had spent.
Last a passion of repent
Told me flat, that Desire
Was a brond of love's fire,

Which consumeth men in thrall,
Virtue, youth, wit, and all.
At this saw, back I start,
Bet Desire from my heart,
Shook off Love, and made an oath
To be enemy to both.
Old I was when thus I fled
Such fond toys as cloyed my head,
But this I learned at Virtue's gate,
The way to good is never late.'

THE HERMIT'S VERSES.

HERE look, my son, for no vain-glorious shows
Of royal apparition for the eye:
Humble and meek befitteth men of years.
Behold my cell, built in a silent shade,
Holding content for poverty and peace,
And in my lodge is fealty and faith,
Labour and love united in one league.
I want not, for my mind affordeth wealth;
I know not envy, for I climb not high:
Thus do I live, and thus I mean to die.

If that the world presents illusions,
Or Sathan seeks to puff me up with pomp,
As man is frail and apt to follow pride;
Then see, my son, where I have in my cell
A dead man's skull, which calls this straight to mind,
That as this is, so must my ending be.
When then I see that earth to earth must pass,
I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grass.

If care to live, or sweet delight in life,
As man desires to see out many days,
Draws me to listen to the flattering world;
Then see my glass, which swiftly out doth run,
Compared to man, who dies ere he begins.

This tells me, time slacks not his posting course,
But as the glass runs out with every hour,
Some in their youth, some in their weakest age,
All sure to die, but no man knows his time.
By this I think, how vain a thing is man,
Whose longest life is likened to a span.

When Sathan seeks to sift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to give a fierce assault,
To make a shipwreck of my faith with fears;
Then armed at all points to withstand the foe,
With holy armour; here's the martial sword:
This book, this bible, this two-edged blade,
Whose sweet content pierceth the gates of hell,
Decyphering laws and discipline of war
To overthrow the strength of Sathan's jar.

ISABEL'S ODE.

SITTING by a river side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Banked about with choice flowers,
Such as spring from April showers,
When fair Iris smiling shows
All her riches in her dews;
Thick-leaved trees so were planted,
As nor art nor nature wanted,
Bordering all the brook with shade,
As if Venus there had made,
By Flora's wile, a curious bower,
To dally with her paramour;
At this current as I gazed,
Eyes entrapped, mind amazed,
I might see in my ken
Such a flame as fireth men,

Such a fire as doth fry
With one blaze both heart and eye,
Such a heat as doth prove
No heat like to heat of love.
Bright she was, for 'twas a she
That traced her steps towards me:
On her head she ware a bay,
To fence Phœbus' light away:
In her face one might descry
The curious beauty of the sky:
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feathered all with swift desire;
Yet forth these fiery darts did pass
Pearlèd tears as bright as glass,
That wonder 'twas in her eyne
Fire and water should combine,
If the old saw did not borrow,
Fire is love, and water sorrow.
Down she sate, pale and sad;
No mirth in her looks she had;
Face and eyes showed distress,
Inward sighs discoursed no less:
Head on hand might I see,
Elbow leaned on her knee.
Last she breathed out this saw,
'O that love hath no law!
Love enforceth with constraint,
Love delighteth in complaint.
Whoso loves, hates his life,
For love's peace is mind's strife.
Love doth feed on beauty's fare,
Every dish sauced with care:
Chiefly women, reason why,
Love is hatchèd in their eye;
Thence it steppeth to the heart,
There it poisoneth every part,
Mind and heart, eye and thought,
Till sweet love their woes hath wrought:

Then repentant they 'gan cry,
O my heart that trowed mine eye!'
Thus she said, and then she rose,
Face and mind both full of woes;
Flinging thence with this saw,
'Fie on love that hath no law!'

FRANCESCO'S ODE.

WHEN I look about the place
Where sorrow nurseth up disgrace,
Wrapped within a fold of cares,
Whose distress no heart spares;
Eyes might look, but see no light,
Heart might think but on despite;
Sun did shine, but not on me.
Sorrow said, it may not be
That heart or eye should once possess
Any salve to cure distress;
For men in prison must suppose
Their couches are the beds of woes.
Seeing this, I sighed then
Fortune thus should punish men:
But when I called to mind her face,
For whose love I brook this place,
Starry eyes, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight,
Eyes that lighten, and do shine,
Beams of love that are divine,
Lily cheeks, whereon beside
Buds of roses show their pride,
Cherry lips, which did speak
Words that made all hearts to break,
Words most sweet, for breath was sweet
Such perfume for love is meet,
Precious words, as hard to tell
Which more pleased, wit or smell;

When I saw my greatest pains
Grow for her that beauty stains,
Fortune thus I did reprove,
Nothing grieffull grows from love.

CANZONE.

AS then the sun sat lordly in his pride,
Not shadowed with the veil of any cloud,
The welkin had no rack that seemed to glide,
No dusky vapour did bright Phœbus shroud;
No blemish did eclipse the beauteous sky
From setting forth heaven's secret searching eye.
No blustering wind did shake the shady trees,
Each leaf lay still and silent in the wood;
The birds were musical; the labouring bees,
That in the summer heap their winter's good,
Plied to their hives sweet honey from those flowers,
Whereout the serpent strengthens all his powers.
The lion laid and stretched him in the lawns;
No storm did hold the leopard fro his prey;
The fallow fields were full of wanton fawns;
The plough-swains never saw a fairer day;
For every beast and bird did take delight,
To see the quiet heavens to shine so bright.
When thus the winds lay sleeping in the caves,
The air was silent in her concave sphere,
And Neptune, with a calm did please his slaves,
Ready to wash the never-drenched bear;
Then did the change of my affects begin,
And wanton love assayed to snare me in.
Leaning my back against a lofty pine,
Whose top did check the pride of all the air,
Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts mine eyne,
Upon the sun, the fairest of all fair;

What thing made God so fair as this, quoth I?
And thus I mused until I darked mine eye.
Finding the sun too glorious for my sight,
I glanced my look to shun so bright a lamp:
With that appeared an object twice as bright,
So gorgeous as my senses all were damp;
In Ida richer beauty did not win,
When lovely Venus showed her silver skin.
Her pace was like to Juno's pompous strains, [way;
Whenas she sweeps through heaven's brass-pavèd
Her front was powdered through with azured veins,
That 'twixt sweet roses and fair lilies lay,
Reflecting such a mixture from her face,
As tainted Venus' beauty with disgrace.
Arctophylax, the brightest of the stars,
Was not so orient as her crystal eyes,
Wherein triumphant sat both peace and wars,
From out whose arches such sweet favour flies,
As might reclaim Mars in his highest rage,
At beauty's charge his fury to assuage.
The diamond gleams not more reflecting lights,
Pointed with fiery pyramids to shine,
Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,
Darting fire out the crystal of her eyne,
Able to set Narcissus' thoughts on fire,
Although he swore him foe to sweet desire.
Gazing upon this leman with mine eye,
I felt my sight vail bonnet to her looks;
So deep a passion to my heart did fly,
As I was trapped, within her luring hooks,*
Forced to confess, before that I had done,
Her beauty far more brighter than the sun.

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* A favourite figure with Greene:—

Laying forth bright beauty's hooks
To entrap my gazing looks.—p. 56.
Wherein fancy baits her hooks.—p. 63.
When I surveyed the riches of her looks . . . .
Wherein lay baits that Venus snares with hooks.—p. 65.

INFIDA'S SONG.

SWEET Adon, dar'st not glance thine eye—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Upon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

See how sad thy Venus lies,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Love in heart, and tears in eyes;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Wherein fancy baits her hooks;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Amongst the western mounts of snow;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy lips vermilion, full of love,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Thy neck as silver-white as dove;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

All thy beauties sting my heart;—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
I must die through Cupid's dart;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Wilt thou let thy Venus die?
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Adon were unkind, say I,—
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

To let fair Venus die for woe,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
That doth love sweet Adon so;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

FRANCESCO'S ROUNDELAY.

SITTING and sighing in my secret muse,
As once Apollo did, surprised with love,
Noting the slippery ways young years do use,
What fond affects the prime of youth do move;
With bitter tears, despairing I do cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

When wanton age, the blossoms of my time,
Drew me to gaze upon the gorgeous sight,
That beauty, pompous in her highest prime,
Presents to tangle men with sweet delight;
Then with despairing tears my thoughts do cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

When I surveyed the riches of her looks,
Whereout flew flames of never-quenched desire,
Wherein lay baits that Venus snares with hooks,
Or where proud Cupid sat all armed with fire;
Then touched with love my inward soul did cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

The milk-white galaxia of her brow,
Where love doth dance lavoltas of his skill,
Like to the temple where true lovers vow
To follow what shall please their mistress' will;
Noting her ivory front, now do I cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

Her face, like silver Luna in her shine,
All tainted through with bright vermilion strains,
Like lilies dipt in Bacchus' choicest wine,
Powdered and interseamed with azured veins;
Delighting in their pride, now may I cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

The golden wires that checker in the day
Inferior to the tresses of her hair,
Her amber trammels did my heart dismay,
That when I looked I durst not over-dare;
Proud of her pride, now am I forced to cry
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

These fading beauties drew me on to sin,
Nature's great riches framed my bitter ruth;
These were the traps that love did snare me in,
Oh, these, and none but these, have wrecked my youth!
Misled by them, I may despairing cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

By these I slipped from virtue's holy track,
That leads unto the highest crystal sphere;
By these I fell to vanity and wrack,
And as a man forlorn with sin and fear,
Despair and sorrow doth constrain me cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

THE PENITENT PALMER'S ODE.

WHILOM in the winter's rage,
A palmer old and full of age,
Sat and thought upon his youth,
With eyes' tears, and heart's ruth;
Being all with cares y-blent,
When he thought on years mispent.
When his follies came to mind,
How fond love had made him blind,
And wrapped him in a field of woes,
Shadowèd with pleasure's shows,
Then he sighed, and said, 'Alas,
Man is sin, and flesh is grass!
I thought my mistress' hairs were gold
And in their locks my heart I fold;
Her amber tresses were the sight
That wrappèd me in vain delight:
Her ivory front, her pretty chin,
Were stales that drew me on to sin:
Her starry looks, her crystal eyes,
Brighter than the sun's arise,
Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yoked my thoughts and my desire,
That I 'gan cry ere I blin,
O, her eyes are paths to sin!
Her face was fair, her breath was sweet,
All her looks for love were meet;
But love is folly, this I know,
And beauty fadeth like to snow.

O, why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossom like a dew doth glide!
When these supposes touched my thought,
That world was vain and beauty nought,
I 'gan sigh, and say, alas,
Man is sin, and flesh is grass!'

ISABEL'S SONNET

THAT SHE MADE IN PRISON.

NO storm so sharp to rent the little reed,
For sild it breaks though every way it bend;
The fire may heat but not consume the flint;
The gold in furnace purer is indeed;
Report, that sild to honour is a friend,
May many lies against true meaning mint,
But yet at last
'Gainst slander's blast
Truth doth the silly sackless soul defend.

Though false reproach seeks honour to distain,
And envy bites the bud though ne'er so pure;
Though lust doth seek to blemish chaste desire,
Yet truth that brooks not falsehood's slanderous stain,
Nor can the spite of envy's wrath endure,
Will try true love from lust in justice' fire,
And, maugre all,
Will free from thrall
The guiltless soul that keeps his footing sure.

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honest mind;
Where chaste intent is free from any miss,
Though envy strive, yet searching time
With piercing insight will the truth outfind,
And make discovery who the guilty is;
For time still tries
The truth from lies,
And God makes open what the world doth blind.

FRANCESCO'S SONNET,

MADE IN THE PRIME OF HIS PENANCE.

WITH sweating brows I long have ploughed the sands;
My seed was youth, my crop was endless care;
Repent hath sent me home with empty hands
At last, to tell how rife our follies are;
And time hath left experience to approve
The gain is grief to those that traffic love.

The silent thoughts of my repentant years
That fill my head have called me home at last;
Now love unmasked a wanton wretch appears,
Begot by guileful thought with over haste;
In prime of youth a rose, in age a weed,
That for a minute's joy pays endless need.

Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceit,
Allied to wit by want and sorrow bought,
Farewell, fond youth, long fostered in deceit;
Forgive me, time, disguised in idle thought;
And, love, adieu; lo, hasting to mine end,
I find no time too late for to amend!

FRANCESCO'S SONNET,

CALLED HIS PARTING BLOW.

REASON, that long in prison of my will
Hast wept thy mistress' wants and loss of time,
Thy wonted siege of honour safely climb,
To thee I yield as guilty of mine ill.
Lo, fettered in their tears, mine eyes are pressed
To pay due homage to their native guide:
My wretched heart wounded with bad betide
To crave his peace from reason is addressed.

My thoughts ashamed, since by themselves consumed,
Have done their duty to repentant wit:
Ashamed of all, sweet guide, I sorry sit,
To see in youth how I too far presumed.
Thus he whom love and error did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way.

EURYMACHUS' FANCY IN THE PRIME OF HIS AFFECTION.

WHEN lordly Saturn, in a sable robe,
Sat full of frowns and mourning in the west,
The evening star scarce peeped from out her lodge,
And Phœbus newly galloped to his rest;
Even then
Did I
Within my boat sit in the silent streams,
All void of cares as he that lies and dreams.

As Phaon, so a ferryman I was;
The country lasses said I was too fair:
With easy toil I laboured at mine oar,
To pass from side to side who did repair;
And then
Did I
For pains take pence, and, Charon-like, transport
As soon the swain as men of high import.

When want of work did give me leave to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish:
So did I wear the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my dish;
For why
I thought
That idle hours were calendars of ruth,
And time ill-spent was prejudice to youth.

I scorned to love; for were the nymph as fair
As she that loved the beauteous Latmian swain,
Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her brows
Like ivory, could my affection gain;
For why
I said
With high disdain, love is a base desire,
And Cupid's flames, why, they're but watery fire.

As thus I sat, disdaining of proud love,
'Have over, ferryman,' there cried a boy;
And with him was a paragon for hue,
A lovely damsel, beauteous and coy;
And there
With her
A maiden, covered with a tawny veil,
Her face unseen for breeding lovers' bale.

I stirred my boat, and when I came to shore,
The boy was winged; methought it was a wonder;
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runs before the hot report of thunder;
Her smiles
Were sweet,
Lovely her face; was ne'er so fair a creature,
For earthly carcass had a heavenly feature.

'My friend,' quoth she, 'sweet ferryman, behold,
We three must pass, but not a farthing fare;
But I will give, for I am Queen of love,
The brightest lass thou lik'st unto thy share;
Choose where
Thou lov'st,
Be she as fair as Love's sweet lady is,
She shall be thine, if that will be thy bliss.'

With that she smiled with such a pleasing face,
As might have made the marble rock relent;
But I that triumphed in disdain of love,
Bad fie on him that to fond love was bent,

And then
Said thus,
'So light the ferryman for love doth care,
As Venus pass not, if she pay no fare!'

At this a frown sat on her angry brow;
She winks upon her wanton son hard by;
He from his quiver drew a bolt of fire,
And aimed so right as that he pierced mine eye;
And then
Did she
Draw down the veil that hid the virgin's face;
Whose heavenly beauty lightened all the place.

Straight then I leaned mine ear upon mine arm,
And looked upon the nymph (if so) was fair;
Her eyes were stars, and like Apollo's locks
Methought appeared the trammels of her hair;
Thus did
I gaze
And sucked in beauty, till that sweet desire
Cast fuel on, and set my thought on fire.

When I was lodged within the net of love,
And that they saw my heart was all on flame,
The nymph away, and with her trips along
The winged boy, and with her goes his dame:
O, then
I cried,
'Stay, ladies, stay, and take not any care,
You all shall pass, and pay no penny fare!'

Away they fling, and looking coyly back,
They laugh at me, O, with a loud disdain!
I send out sighs to overtake the nymphs,
And tears, as lures, to call them back again;
But they
Fly thence;
And I sit in my boat, with hand on oar,
And feel a pain, but know not what's the sore.

At last I feel it is the flame of love,
I strive but bootless to express the pain;
It cools, it fires, it hopes, it fears, it frets,
And stirreth passions throughout every vein;
That down
I sat,
And sighing did fair Venus' laws approve,
And swore no thing so sweet and sour as love.

RADAGON'S SONNET.

NO clear appeared upon the azured sky;
A veil of storms had shadowed Phœbus' face,
And in a sable mantle of disgrace
Sate he that is y-cleped heaven's bright eye,
As though that he,
Perplexed for Clytia, meant to leave his place,
And wrapped in sorrows did resolve to die,
For death to lovers' woes is ever nigh;
Thus folded in a hard and mournful laze
Distressed sate he.

A misty fog had thickened all the air;
Iris sate solemn and denied her showers;
Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
And would not diaper her meads with fair,
As though that she
Were armed upon the barren earth to lour;
Unto the founts Diana nild repair,
But sate, as overshadowed with despair,
Solemn and sad within a withered bower,
Her nymphs and she.

Mars malcontent lay sick on Venus' knee;
Venus in dumps sat muffled with a frown;
Juno laid all her frolic humours down,
And Jove was all in dumps as well as she:
'T was fate's decree;

For Neptune, as he meant the world to drown,
Heaved up his surges to the highest tree,
And, leagued with Æol, marred the seaman's glee,
Beating the cedars with his billows down;
Thus wroth was he.

My mistress deigns to show her sun-bright face,
The air cleared up, the clouds did fade away;
Phœbus was frolic, when she did display
The gorgeous beauties that her front do grace:
So that when she
But walked abroad, the storms then fled away;
Flora did chequer all her treading place,
And Neptune calmed the surges with his mace;
Diana and her nymphs were blithe and gay
When her they see.

Venus and Mars agreèd in a smile,
And jealous Juno ceasèd now to lour;
Jove saw her face and sighèd in his bower;
Iris and Æol laugh within a while
To see this glee.
Ah, born was she within a happy hour,
That makes heaven, earth, and gods, and all, to smile
Such wonders can her beauteous looks compile
To clear the world from any froward lour;
Ah, blest be she!

EURYMACHUS IN LAUDEM MIRIMIDÆ.

WHEN Flora, proud in pomp of all her flowers,
Sat bright and gay,
And gloried in the dew of Iris' showers,
And did display
Her mantle chequered all with gaudy green;
Then I
Alone
A mournful man in Erecine was seen.

With folded arms I trampled through the grass,
Tracing as he
That held the throne of Fortune brittle glass,
And love to be,
Like Fortune, fleeting as the restless wind,
Mixèd
With mists,
Whose damp doth make the clearest eyes grow blind

Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame;
I cast my sight
And saw where blithely bathing in the same
With great delight,
A worm did lie, wrapped in a smoky sweat,
And yet
'Twas strange,
It careless lay and shrunk not at the heat.

I stood amazed and wondering at the sight,
While that a dame,
That shone like to the heaven's rich sparkling light
Discoursed the same;
And said, my friend, this worm within the fire,
Which lies
Content,
Is Venus' worm, and represents desire.

A salamander is this princely beast:
Decked with a crown,
Given him by Cupid as a gorgeous crest
'Gainst fortune's frown,
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
Not forth,
For why, he cannot live without the same.

As he, so lovers lie within the fire
Of fervent love,
And shrink not from the flame of hot desire,
Nor will not move

From any heat that Venus' force imparts,
But lie
Content
Within a fire, and waste away their hearts.
Up flew the dame, and vanished in a cloud,
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
Of love; for why,
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
And yet,
As did
The salamander, 'twas my whole desire.

RADAGON IN DIANAM.

IT was a valley gaudy green,
Where Dian at the fount was seen;
Green it was,
And did pass
All other of Diana's bowers,
In the pride of Flora's flowers.

A fount it was that no sun sees,
Circled in with cypress trees,
Set so nigh
As Phœbus' eye
Could not do the virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight;
Virgins so
Ought to go,
For white in armory is placed
To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taffata cassock might you see
Tuckèd up above her knee,

Which did show
There below
Legs as white as whale's bone;
So white and chaste were never none.

Hard by her, upon the ground,
Sat her virgins in a round
Bathing their
Golden hair,
And singing all in notes high,
Fie on Venus' flattering eye:

Fie on love, it is a toy;
Cupid witless and a boy;
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent down from ligh,
To pester men with misery.

As thus the virgins did disdain
Lovers' joys and lovers' pain,
Cupid nigh
Did espy,
Grieving at Diana's song,
Slyly stole these maids among.

His bow of steel, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eyes,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to heart.

Calisto straight supposèd Jove
Was fair and frolic for to love;
Dian she
Scaped not free,
For, well I wot, hereupon
She loved the swain Endymion;

Clytia Phœbus, and Chloris' eye
Thought none so fair as Mercury:
Venus thus
Did discuss
By her son in darts of fire,
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at love's braids:
With sighs, all
Show their thrall;
And flinging hence pronounce this saw,—
What so strong as love's sweet law?

MULIDOR'S MADRIGAL.

DILDIDO, dildido,
O love, O love,
I feel thy rage rumble below and above!

In summer time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moi, helas, helas!
Like to a stoned horse was her pace:
Was ever young man so dismayed?
Her eyes, like wax torches, did make me afraid:
Trop belle pour moi, voila mon trepas.

Thy beauty, my love, exceedeth supposes;
Thy hair is a nettle for the nicest roses.
Mon Dieu, aide moi!
That I with the primrose of my fresh wit
May tumble her tyranny under my feet:
He! donc je serai un jeune roi.
Trop belle pour moi, helas, helas!
Trop belle pour moi, voila mon trepas.

THE PALMER'S VERSES.

IN greener years, whenas my greedy thoughts
'Gan yield their homage to ambitious will,
My feeble wit, that then prevailèd noughts,
Perforce presented homage to his ill;
And I in folly's bonds fulfilled with crime,
At last unloosed, thus spied my loss of time.

As in his circular and ceaseless ray
The year begins, and in itself returns,
Refreshed by presence of the eye of day,
That sometimes nigh and sometimes far sojourns;
So love in me, conspiring my decay,
With endless fire my heedless bosom burns,
And from the end of my aspiring sin,
My paths of error hourly do begin.

ARIES.

When in the Ram the sun renews his beams,
Beholding mournful earth arrayed in grief,
That waits relief from his refreshing gleams,
The tender flocks, rejoicing their relief,
Do leap for joy and lap the silver streams:
So at my prime when youth in me was chief,
All heifer-like, with wanton horn I played,
And by my will my wit to love betrayed.

TAURUS.

When Phœbus with Europa's bearer bides,
The spring appears; impatient of delays,
The labourer to the fields his plough-swains guides,
He sows, he plants, he builds, at all assays:
When prime of years that many errors hides,
By fancy's force did trace ungodly ways,
I blindfold walked, disdaining to behold
That life doth vade, and young men must be old.

GEMINI.

When in the hold, whereas the Twins do rest,
Proud Phlegon, breathing fire, doth post amain,
The trees with leaves, the earth with flowers is dressed;
When I in pride of years, with peevish brain,
Presumed too far, and made fond love my guest,
With frosts of care my flowers were nipt amain
In height of weal who bears a careless heart,
Repents too late his over-foolish part.

CANCER.

When in æstival Cancer's gloomy bower,
The greater glory of the heavens doth shine,
The air is calm, the birds at every stowre
Do tempt the heavens with harmony divine:
When I was first enthralled in Cupid's power,
In vain I spent the May-month of my time,
Singing for joy to see me captive thrall
To him, whose gains are grief, whose comfort small.

LEO.

When in the height of his meridian walk,
The Lion's hold contains the eye of day,
The riping corn grows yellow in the stalk;
When strength of years did bless me every way,
Masked with delights of folly was my talk,
Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay;
In lust I sowed, my fruit was loss of time;
My hopes were proud, and yet my body slime.*

VIRGO.

When in the Virgin's lap earth's comfort sleeps,
Bating the fury of his burning eyes,
Both corn and fruits are firmed, and comfort creeps
On every plant and flower that springing rise:
When age at last his chief dominion keeps,
And leads me on to see my vanities,

* Slight, slim.

What love and scant foresight did make me sow,
In youthful years is ripened now in woe.

LIBRA.

When in the Balance Daphne's leman blins,
The ploughman gathereth fruit for passed pain:
When I at last considered on my sins,
And thought upon my youth and follies vain,
I cast my count, and reason now begins
To guide mine eyes with judgment, bought with pain,
Which weeping wish a better way to find,
Or else for ever to the world be blind.

SCORPIO.

When with the Scorpion proud Apollo plays,
The vines are trod and carried to their press,
The woods are felled 'gainst winter's sharp affrays:
When graver years my judgments did address,
I 'gan repair my ruins and decays,
Exchanging will to wit and soothfastness,
Claiming from time and age no good but this,
To see my sin, and sorrow for my miss.

SAGITTARIUS.

Whenas the Archer in his winter hold,
The Delian harper tunes his wonted love,
The ploughman sows and tills his laboured mould:
When with advice and judgment I approve
How love in youth hath grief for gladness sold,
The seeds of shame I from my heart remove,
And in their steads I set down plants of grace,
And with repent bewailed my youthful race.

CAPRICORNUS.

When he that in Eurotas' silver glide
Doth bath his tress, beholdeth Capricorn,
The days grow short, then hastes the winter tide;
The sun with sparing lights doth seem to mourn;
Gray is the green, the flowers their beauty hide:
Whenas I see that I to death was born,

My strength decayed, my grave already dressed,
I count my life my loss, my death my best.

AQUARIUS.

When with Aquarius Phœbe's brother stays,
The blithe and wanton winds are whist and still;
Cold frost and snow the pride of earth betrays:
When age my head with hoary hairs doth fill,
Reason sits down, and bids me count my days,
And pray for peace, and blame my froward will;
In depth of grief, in this distress I cry,
Peccavi, Domine, miserere mei!

PISCES.

When in the Fishes' mansion Phœbus dwells,
The days renew, the earth regains his rest:
When old in years, my want my death foretells,
My thoughts and prayers to heaven are whole addressed;
Repentance youth by folly quite expels;
I long to be dissolvèd for my best,
That young in zeal, long beaten with my rod,
may grow old to wisdom and to God.

FROM THE MOURNING GARMENT.*

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WIFE.

IT was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry,

* Greene's *Mourning Garment:* given him by Repentance at the funerals of Love; which he presents for a favour to all young gentlemen that wish to wean themselves from wanton desires. Both pleasant and profitable. By R. Greene., Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. Sero sed serio. 1590.

To see if lovers in the thick
Could dally with a wanton trick;
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other lives to overgo.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and folds of sheep:
He upon his pipe did play;
She tuned voice unto his lay,
And, for you might her huswife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young: his coat was green,
With welts of white seamed between,
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap.
Skirts side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee:
A whittle with a silver chape:
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft
To shrowd him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head.
A bottle full of country whig*
By the shepherd's side did lig;
And in a little bush hard by,
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master 'gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain;
For though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay,
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,

* Whey, according to some authorities; according to others, buttermilk.

Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderliefest swain of all.
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life:
Fair she was as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous like a summer's queen,
For her cheeks were ruddy-hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight:
Love did lie within her eyes
In ambush for some wanton prize.
A liefer lass than this had been
Coridon had never seen,
Nor was Phillis, that fair may,
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large, as straight as bent:
Her middle was both small and gent;
A neck as white as whale's bone,
Compassed with a lace of stone.
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she
Was not more in Thessaly.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

AH, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat;
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
More wanton too,
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his beds of down;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sith;
And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

HEXAMETRA ALEXIS IN LAUDEM ROSAMUNDÆ.*

OFT have I heard my lief Coridon report on a love-day,
When bonny maids do meet with the swains in the valley by Tempe,
How bright-eyed his Phillis was, how lovely they glanced,
When fro th' arches ebon-black flew looks as a lightning,
That set a-fire with piercing flames even hearts adamantine:
Face rose-hued, cherry-red, with a silver taint like a lily:
Venus' pride might abate, might abash with a blush to behold her;
Phœbus' wires compared to her hairs unworthy the praising;
Juno's state and Pallas' wit disgraced with the Graces
That graced her, whom poor Coridon did choose for a love-mate.
Ah, but had Coridon now seen the star that Alexis

---

* Nash humorously describes English hexameters as 'that drunken, staggering kind of verse, which is all up hill and down hill, like the way betwixt Stamford and Beechfield, and goes like a horse plunging through the mire in the deep of winter, now soused up to the saddle, and straight aloft on his tip-toes.'—*Have with You to Saffron-Walden.*

Likes and loves so dear, that he melts to sighs when
he sees her,
Did Coridon but see those eyes, those amorous eye-lids,
From whence fly holy flames of death or life in a mo-
ment!
Ah, did he see that face, those hairs that Venus, Apollo
Bashed to behold, and, both disgraced, did grieve that
a creature
Should exceed in hue, compare both a god and a god-
dess!
Ah, had he seen my sweet paramour, the taint of Alexis,
Then had he said, Phillis, sit down surpassed in all
points,
For there is one more fair than thou, beloved of Alexis!

HEXAMETRA ROSAMUNDÆ IN DOLOREM AMISSI ALEXIS.

TEMPE, the grove where dark Hecate doth keep her
abiding,
Tempe, the grove where poor Rosamond bewails her
Alexis,
Let not a tree nor a shrub be green to show thy rejoicing,
Let not a leaf once deck thy boughs and branches, O
Tempe!
Let not a bird record her tunes, nor chant any sweet
notes,
But Philomel, let her bewail the loss of her amours,
And fill all the wood with doleful tunes to bemoan her:
Parched leaves fill every spring, fill every fountain;
All the meads in mourning weed fit them to lamenting;
Echo sit and sing despair i' the valleys, i' the mountains;
All Thessaly help poor Rosamond mournful to bemoan
her,
For she's quite bereft of her love, and left of Alexis!
Once was she liked and once was she loved of wanton
Alexis:

Now is she loathed and now is she left of trothless Alexis.
Here did he clip and kiss Rosamond, and vow by Diana,
None so dear to the swain as I, nor none so beloved;
Here did he deeply swear and call great Pan for a witness,
That Rosamond was only the rose beloved of Alexis,
That Thessaly had not such another nymph to delight him:
None, quoth he, but Venus' fair shall have any kisses;
Not Phillis, were Phillis alive, should have any favours,
Nor Galate, Galate so fair for beauteous eyebrows,
Nor Doris, that lass that drew the swains to behold her,
Not one amongst all these, nor all should gain any graces,
But Rosamond alone, to herself should have her Alexis.
Now, to revenge the perjured vows of faithless Alexis,
Pan, great Pan, that heard'st his oaths, and mighty Diana,
You Dryades, and watery Nymphs that sport by the fountains,
Fair Tempe, the gladsome grove of greatest Apollo,
Shrubs and dales and neighbouring hills, that heard when he swore him,
Witness all, and seek to revenge the wrongs of a virgin!
Had any swain been lief to me but guileful Alexis,
Had Rosamond twined myrtle boughs, or rosemary branches,
Sweet hollyhock, or else daffodil, or slips of a bay-tree,
And given them for a gift to any swain but Alexis,
Well had Alexis done t' have left his rose for a giglot:
But Galate ne'er loved more dear her lovely Menalcas,
Than Rosamond did dearly love her trothless Alexis;
Endymion was ne'er beloved of his Cytherea,
Half so dear as true Rosamond beloved her Alexis.
Now, seely lass, hie down to the lake, haste down to the willows,
And with those forsaken twigs go make thee a chaplet;

Mournful sit, and sigh by the springs, by the brooks, by the rivers,
Till thou turn for grief, as did Niobe, to a marble;
Melt to tears, pour out thy plaints, let Echo reclaim them,
How Rosamond that loved so dear is left of Alexis.
Now die, die, Rosamond! let men engrave o' thy tomb-stone,
Here lies she that loved so dear the youngster Alexis,
Once beloved, forsaken late of faithless Alexis,
Yet Rosamond did die for love, false-hearted Alexis!

PHILADOR'S ODE

THAT HE LEFT WITH THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

WHEN merry autumn in her prime,
Fruitful mother of swift time,
Had fillèd Ceres' lap with store
Of vines and corn, and mickle more
Such needful fruits as do grow
From Terra's bosom here below;
Tityrus did sigh, and see
With heart's grief and eyes' gree,
Eyes and heart both full of woes,
Where Galate his lover goes.
Her mantle was vermilion red;
A gaudy chaplet on her head,
A chaplet that did shroud the beams
That Phœbus on her beauty streams,
For sun itself desired to see
So fair a nymph as was she,
For, viewing from the east to west
Fair Galate did like him best.
Her face was like to welkin's shine;
Crystal brooks such were her eyne,
And yet within those brooks were fires
That scorchèd youth and his desires.

Galate did much impair
Venus' honour for her fair;
For stately stepping, Juno's pace,
By Galate did take disgrace;
And Pallas' wisdom bare no prize
Where Galate would show her wise.
This gallant girl thus passeth by,
Where Tityrus did sighing lie,
Sighing sore, for love strains
More than sighs from lovers' veins;
Tears in eye, thought in heart,
Thus his grief he did impart:
'Fair Galate, but glance thine eye;
Here lies he, that here must die,
For love is death, if love not gain
Lover's salve for lover's pain.
Winters seven and more are past,
Since on thy face my thoughts I cast:
When Galate did haunt the plains,
And fed her sheep amongst the swains,
When every shepherd left his flocks
To gaze on Galate's fair locks,
When every eye did stand at gaze,
When heart and thought did both amaze,
When heart from body would asunder,
On Galate's fair face to wonder;
Then amongst them all did I
Catch such a wound, as I must die
If Galate oft say not thus,
'I love the shepherd Tityrus!'
'Tis love, fair nymph, that doth pain
Tityrus, thy truest swain;
True, for none more true can be
Than still to love, and none but thee.
Say, Galate, oft smile and say,
'Twere pity love should have a nay;
But such a word of comfort give,
And Tityrus thy love shall live:

Or with a piercing frown reply,
I cannot live, and then I die,
For lover's nay is lover's death,
And heart-break frowns do stop the breath.'
Galate at this arose,
And with a smile away she goes,
As one that little cared to ease
Tityr, pained with love's disease.
At her parting, Tityrus
Sighed amain, and savèd thus:
'O, that women are so fair,
To trap men's eyes in their hair,*
With beauteous eyes, love's fires,
Venus' sparks that heat desires!
But O, that women have such hearts,
Such thoughts, and such deep-piercing darts,
As in the beauty of their eye
Harbour nought but flattery!
Their tears are drawn that drop deceit,
Their faces calends of all sleight,
Their smiles are lures, their looks guile,
And all their love is but a wile.
Then, Tityr, leave, leave, Tityrus,
To love such as scorns you thus;
And say to love and women both,
What I liked, now I do loath.'
With that he hied him to the flocks,
And counted love but Venus' mocks.

---

* The haste with which Greene produced his love-pamphlets is betrayed in the frequency of his repetitions. Thus, the hair is repeatedly described as derived from Apollo, and as being the net in which men are entrapped:—

Apollo, when my mistress first was born,
Cut off his locks, and left them on her head.'—p. 44.
'—— like Apollo's locks
Methought appeared the trammels of her hair.'—p. 71
'Brightsome Apollo in his richest pomp,
Was not like to the trammels of her hair.'—p. 103.
'Her amber trammels did my heart dismay.'—p. 65.
'Who chain blind youths in trammels of their hair.'—p. 97.

THE SONG

OF A COUNTRY SWAIN AT THE RETURN OF PHILADOR.

THE silent shade had shadowed every tree,
And Phœbus in the west was shrouded low;
Each hive had home her busy labouring bee,
Each bird the harbour of the night did know:
Even then,
When thus
All things did from their weary labour lin,*
Menalcas sate and thought him of his sin:

His head on hand, his elbow on his knee;
And tears like dew, be-drenched upon his face,
His face as sad as any swain's might be;
His thoughts and dumps befitting well the place;
Even then,
When thus
Menalcas sate in passions all alone,
He sighèd then, and thus he 'gan to moan.

'I that fed flocks upon Thessalia plains,
And bade my lambs to feed on daffodil,
That lived on milk and curds, poor shepherds' gains,
And merry sate, and piped upon a pleasant hill;
Even then,
When thus
I sate secure, and feared not Fortune's ire,
Mine eyes eclipsed, fast blinded by desire.

Then lofty thoughts began to lift my mind,
I grudged and thought my fortune was too low;
A shepherd's life 'twas base and out of kind,
The tallest cedars have the fairest grow:
Even then,
When thus
Pride did intend the sequel of my ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

---

* Cease.

I left the fields and took me to the town,
Fold sheep who list, the hook was cast away;
Menalcas would not be a country clown,
Nor shepherd's weeds, but garments far more gay:
Even then,
When thus
Aspiring thoughts did follow after ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

My suits were silk, my talk was all of state,
I stretched beyond the compass of my sleeve;
The bravest courtier was Menalcas' mate,
Spend what I would, I never thought on grief:
Even then,
When thus
I lashed out lavish, then began my ruth,
And then I felt the follies of my youth.

I cast mine eye on every wanton face,
And straight desire did hale me on to love;
Then lover-like I prayed for Venus' grace,
That she my mistress' deep affects might move:
Even then,
When thus
Love trapped me in the fatal bands of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

No cost I spared to please my mistress' eye,
No time ill-spent in presence of her sight;
Yet oft she frowned, and then her love must die,
But when she smiled, O then a happy wight!
Even then,
When thus
Desire did draw me on to deem of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

The day in poems often did I pass,
The night in sighs and sorrows for her grace;
And she, as fickle as the brittle glass,
Held sun-shine showers within her flattering face:

Even then,
When thus
I spied the woes that women's loves ensu'th,
I saw and loathe the follies of my youth.

I noted oft that beauty was a blaze,
I saw that love was but a heap of cares;
That such as stood as deer do at the gaze,*
And sought their wealth amongst affection's tares,
Even such
I saw
With hot pursuit did follow after ruth,
And fostered up the follies of their youth.

Thus clogged with love, with passions, and with grief,
I saw the country life had least molest;
I felt a wound, and fain would have relief,
And this resolved I thought would fall out best:
Even then,
When thus
I felt my senses almost sold to ruth,
I thought to leave the follies of my youth.

To flocks again; away the wanton town,
Fond pride avaunt; give me the shepherd's hook,
A coat of gray, I'll be a country clown;
Mine eye shall scorn on beauty for to look:
No more
Ado;
Both pride and love are ever pained with ruth,
Therefore farewell the follies of my youth.'†

---

* A deer was said to stand at gaze when it stared at anything.

† A slight liberty has been taken with this line, by which the measure is adjusted without injury to the sense. In former editions it stands—

'And therefore farewell the follies of my youth.'

FROM FAREWELL TO FOLLY.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE LADY MÆSIA.†

HER stature and her shape were passing tall,
Diana like, when 'longst the lawns she goes;
A stately pace, like Juno when she braved
The Queen of love, 'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and majesty;
A face like lovely Venus when she blushed
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;
A lip sweet ruby-red graced with delight;
Her eyes two sparkling stars in winter night,
When chilling frost doth clear the azured sky;
Her hairs in tresses twined with threads of silk,
Hung waving down like Phœbus in his prime;
Her breasts as white as those two snowy swans
That draw to Paphos Cupid's smiling dame;
A foot like Thetis when she tripped the sands
To steal Neptunus' favour with her steps;
In fine, a piece despite of beauty framed,
To see what Nature's cunning could afford.

SONG.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

* Greene's *Farewell to Folly*. Sent to Courtiers and Scholars as a precedent to wean them from the vain delights that draw youth on to repentance. Sero sed serio. Robert Greene, Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. 1591.

† A condensed version of the lines on Silvestro's *Lady*. See *ante*, p. 31.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

LINES TRANSLATED FROM GUAZZO.

HE that appalled with lust would sail in haste to Corinthum,
There to be taught in Lais' school to seek for a mistress,
Is to be trained in Venus' troop and changed to the purpose;
Rage embraced, but reason quite thrust out as an exile;
Pleasure a pain, rest turned to be care, and mirth as a madness;
Fiery minds inflamed with a look enraged as Alecto;
Quaint in array, sighs fetched from far, and tears, many, feigned;
Pensive, sore deep plunged in pain, not a place but his heart whole;
Days in grief and nights consumed to think on a goddess;
Broken sleeps, sweet dreams, but short fro the night to the morning;
Venus dashed, his mistress' face as bright as Apollo;
Helena stained, the golden ball wrong-given by the shepherd;
Hairs of gold, eyes twinkling stars, her lips to be rubies;
Teeth of pearl, her breasts like snow, her cheeks to be roses;
Sugar candy she is, as I guess, fro the waist to the kneestead;
Nought is amiss, no fault were found if soul were amended;
All were bliss if such fond lust led not to repentance.

FROM DANTE.

A MONSTER seated in the midst of men,
Which, daily fed; is never satiate;
A hollow gulf of vile ingratitude,
Which for his food vouchsafes not pay of thanks,
But still doth claim a debt of due expense;
From hence doth Venus draw the shape of lust;
From hence Mars raiseth blood and stratagems;
The wrack of wealth, the secret foe to life;
The sword that hasteneth on the date of death;
The surest friend to physic by disease;
The pumice that defaceth memory;
The misty vapour that obscures the light,
And brightest beams of science' glittering sun,
And doth eclipse the mind with sluggish thoughts:
The monster that affords this cursed brood,
And makes commixture of those dire mishaps,
Is but a stomach overcharged with meats,
That takes delight in endless gluttony.

FROM THE GROAT'S WORTH OF WIT.*

LAMILIA'S SONG.

FIE, fie, on blind fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me,
To count love a toy.

When Love learned first the A B C of delight,
And knew no figures nor conceited phrase,
He simply gave to due desert her right,
He led not lovers in dark winding ways;

* Greene's *Groat's Worth of Wit*, bought with a million of repentance Describing the folly of youth, the falsehood of make-shift flatterers the misery of the negligent, and mischiefs of deceiving courtesans:

He plainly willed to love, or flatly answered no,
But now who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.
Fie, fie then on fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.
For since he learned to use the poet's pen,
He learned likewise with smoothing words to feign,
Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men,
And wronged faith with falsehood and disdain.
He gives a promise now, anon he sweareth no;
Who listeth for to prove shall find his changing so.
Fie, fie then on fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.

VERSES AGAINST ENTICING COURTESANS.

WHAT meant the poets in invective verse
To sing Medea's shame, and Scylla's pride,
Calypso's charms by which so many died?
Only for this their vices they rehearse:
That curious wits which in the world converse,
May shun the dangers and enticing shows
Of such false Sirens, those home-breeding foes,
That from their eyes their venom do disperse.
So soon kills not the basilisk with sight;
The viper's tooth is not so venomous;
The adder's tongue not half so dangerous,
As they that bear the shadow of delight,
Who chain blind youths in trammels of their hair,
Till waste brings woe, and sorrow hastes despair.

---

published at his dying request, and newly corrected, and of many errors purged. Felicem fuisse infaustum. 1592.

VERSES.

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy slights, which few men shun
Till unawares they helpless are undone!

Oft have I sung of love and of his fire;
But now I find that poet was advised,
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
And proves weak love was with the poor despised;
For when the life with food is not sufficed,
What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
What pleasance can proceed from such a wight

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit:
My ravished sense, of wonted fury reft,
Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left:
But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
Because so long they lent them me to use,
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored!
What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!
But I must die of every man abhorred:
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.*

* These verses derive additional pathos from the circumstance of having been written in Greene's last illness. The preceding piece, and that which follows, also have reference to his own life.

A CONCEITED FABLE OF THE OLD COMEDIAN ÆSOP.

AN ant and a grasshopper, walking together on a green, the one carelessly skipping, the other carefully prying what winter's provision was scattered in the way; the grasshopper scorning (as wantons will) this needless thrift, as he termed it, reproved him thus;

The greedy miser thirsteth still for gain;
His thrift is theft, his weal works others woe:
That fool is fond which will in caves remain,
When 'mongst fair sweets he may at pleasure go.

To this, the ant, perceiving the grasshopper's meaning, quickly replied;

The thrifty husband spares what unthrifts spends,
His thrift no theft, for dangers to provide;
Trust to thyself; small hope in want yield friends:
A cave is better than the deserts wide.

In short time these two parted, the one to his pleasure, the other to his labour. Anon harvest grew on, and reft from the grasshopper his wonted moisture. Then weakly skips he to the meadows' brinks, where till fell winter he abode. But storms continually pouring, he went for succour to the ant, his old acquaintance, to whom he had scarce discovered his estate, but the little worm made this reply;

Pack hence, quoth he, thou idle, lazy worm;
My house doth harbour no unthrifty mates:
Thou scorn'd'st to toil, and now thou feel'st the storm,
And starv'st for food, while I am fed with cates:
Use no entreats, I will relentless rest,
For toiling labour hates an idle guest.

The grasshopper, foodless, helpless, and strengthless, got into the next brook, and in the yielding sand digged himself a pit: by which likewise he engraved this epitaph;

When spring's green prime arrayed me with delight,
And every power with youthful vigour filled,
Gave strength to work whatever fancy willed,
I never feared the force of winter's spite.

When first I saw the sun the day begin,
And dry the morning's tears from herbs and grass,
I little thought his cheerful light would pass,
Till ugly night with darkness entered in;
And then day lost I mourned, spring past I wailed;
But neither tears for this or that availed.

Then too, too late, I praised the emmet's pain,
That sought in spring a harbour 'gainst the heat,
And in the harvest gathered winter's meat,
Perceiving famine, frosts, and stormy rain.

My wretched end may warn green springing youth
To use delights, as toys that will deceive,
And scorn the world, before the world them leave,
For all world's trust is ruin without ruth.
Then blest are they that, like the toiling ant,
Provide in time 'gainst woeful winter's want.

With this the grasshopper, yielding to the weather's extremity, died comfortless without remedy.

FROM CICERONIS AMOR.*

VERSES.

WHEN gods had framed the sweet of women's face,
And locked men's looks within their golden hair,
That Phœbus blushed to see their matchless grace,
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair;

* *Ciceronis Amor.* Tully's Love. Wherein is discoursed the prime of Cicero's youth, setting out in lively pourtraitures how young gentlemen that aim at honor should level the end of their affections, holding the love of country and friends in more esteem than those fading blossoms of beauty, that only feed the curious survey of the eye. A work full of pleasure as following Cicero's vein, who was as conceited

To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.
Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow;
The amber sweet of love is turned to gall;
Gloomy was heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He could be coy, and would not love at all,
Swearing, no greater mischief could be wrought
Than love united to a jealous thought.

VERSUS.

VITA quæ tandem magis est jucunda,
Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
Mente quam pura sociam jugalem
Semper amare?

Vita quæ tandem magis est dolenda,
Vel magis cunctis fugienda, quam quæ,
Falso suspecta probitate amicæ,
Tollit amorem?

Nulla eam tollit medicina pestem,
Murmura, emplastrum, vel imago sagæ,
Astra nec curant, magicæ nec artes,
Zelotypiam.

SONG.

MARS in a fury 'gainst love's brightest queen,
Put on his helm, and took him to his lance;
On Erycinus' mount was Mavors seen,
And there his ensigns did the god advance,
And by heaven's greatest gates he stoutly swore,
Venus should die for she had wronged him sore.

Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,
And wished his mother's absence for a while:
'Peace, fool,' quoth Venus, 'is it I must die?
Must it be Mars?' with that she coined a smile;

In his youth, as grave in his age; profitable, as containing precepts worthy so famous an orator. Robert Greene, in Artibus Magister. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. 1589.

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She trimmed her tresses, and did curl her hair,
And made her face with beauty passing fair
A fan of silver feathers in her hand,
And in a coach of ebony she went;
She passed the place where furious Mars did stand,
And out her looks a lovely smile she sent;
Then from her brows leaped out so sharp a frown,
That Mars for fear threw all his armour down.

He vowed repentance for his rash misdeed,
Blaming his choler that had caused his woe:
Venus grew gracious, and with him agreed,
But charged him not to threaten beauty so,
For women's looks are such enchanting charms,
As can subdue the greatest god in arms.

ROUNDELAY.

FOND, feigning poets make of love a god,
And leave the laurel for the myrtle boughs,
When Cupid is a child not past the rod,
And fair Diana Daphne most allows:
I'll wear the bays, and call the wag a boy,
And think of love but as a foolish toy.

Some give him bow and quiver at his back,
Some make him blind to aim without advice,
When, naked wretch, such feathered bolts he lack,
And sight he hath, but cannot wrong the wise;
For use but labour's weapon for defence,
And Cupid, like a coward, flieth thence.

He's god in court, but cottage calls him child,
And Vesta's virgins with their holy fires
Do cleanse the thoughts that fancy hath defiled,
And burn the palace of his fond desires;
With chaste disdain they scorn the foolish god,
And prove him but a boy not past the rod.

LENTULUS'S DESCRIPTION OF TERENTIA IN LATIN.

QUALIS in aurora splendescit lumine Titan,
Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit:
Lumina seu spectes radiantia, sive capillos,
Lux, Ariadne, tua, et lux tua, Phœbe, jacet.
Venustata fuit verbis, spirabat odorem;
Musica vox, nardus spiritus almus erat;
Rubea labra, genæ rubræ, faciesque decora,
In qua concertant lilius atque rosa;
Luxuriant geminæ formoso in pectore mammæ
Circundant niviæ candida colla comæ;
Denique talis erat divina Terentia, quales
Quondam certantes, Juno, Minerva, Venus.

THUS IN ENGLISH.

BRIGHTSOME Apollo in his richest pomp,
Was not like to the trammels of her hair;
Her eyes, like Ariadne's sparkling stars,
Shone from the ebon arches of her brows;
Her face was like the blushing of the east,
When Titan charged the morning sun to rise;
Her cheeks, rich strewed with roses and with white,
Did stain the glory of Anchises' love;
Her silver teats did ebb and flow delight;
Her neck columns of polished ivory;
Her breath was perfumes made of violets;
And all this heaven was but Terentia.

THE SHEPHERD'S ODE.

WALKING in a valley green,
Spread with Flora, summer queen,
Where she heaping all her graces,
Niggard seemed in other places;

Spring it was, and here did spring
All that nature forth can bring.
Groves of pleasant trees there grow,
Which fruit and shadow could bestow:
Thick-leaved boughs small birds cover,
Till sweet notes themselves discover;
Tunes for number seemed confounded,
Whilst their mixtures music sounded,
'Greeing well, yet not agreed
'That one the other should exceed.'
A sweet stream here silent glides,
Whose clear water no fish hides;
Slow it runs, which well bewrayed
The pleasant shore the current stayed.
In this stream a rock was planted,
Where no art nor nature wanted.
Each thing so did other grace,
As all places may give place;
Only this the place of pleasure,
Where is heapèd nature's treasure.
Here mine eyes with wonder stayed,
Eyes amazed, and mind afraid,
Ravished with what was beheld,
From departing were withheld.
Musing then with sound advice
On this earthly paradise;
Sitting by the river side,
Lovely Phillis was descried.
Gold her hair, bright her eyne,
Like to Phœbus in his shine;
White her brow, her face was fair;
Amber breath perfumed the air;
Rose and lily both did seek
To show their glories on her cheek;
Love did nestle in her looks,
Baiting there his sharpest hooks.
Such a Phillis ne'er was seen,
More beautiful than love's queen:

Doubt it was, whose greater grace,
Phillis' beauty, or the place.
Her coat was of scarlet-red,
All in pleats; a mantle spread,
Fringed with gold; a wreath of boughs,
To check the sun from her brows;
In her hand a shepherd's hook,
In her face Diana's look.
Her sheep grazèd on the plains;
She had stolen from the swains;
Under a cool silent shade,
By the streams she garlands made:
Thus sat Phillis all alone.
Missed she was by Coridon,
Chiefest swain of all the rest;
Lovely Phillis liked him best.
His face was like Phœbus' love;
His neck white as Venus' dove;
A ruddy cheek, filled with smiles,
Such Love hath when he beguiles;
His locks brown, his eyes were gray,
Like Titan in a summer day:
A russet jacket, sleeves red;
A blue bonnet on his head;
A cloak of gray fenced the rain;
Thus 'tirèd was this lovely swain;
A shepherd's hook, his dog, tied
Bag and bottle by his side:
Such was Paris, shepherds say,
When with Œnone he did play.
From his flock strayed Coridon
Spying Phillis all alone;
By the stream he Phillis spied,
Braver than was Flora's pride.
Down the valley 'gan he track,
Stole behind his true love's back;
The sun shone, and shadow made,
Phillis rose and was afraid;

When she saw her lover there,
Smile she did, and left her fear.
Cupid, that disdain doth loathe,
With desire strake them both.
The swain did woo; she was nice,
Following fashion, nayed him twice:
Much ado, he kissed her then;
Maidens blush when they kiss men;
So did Phillis at that stowre;
Her face was like the rose flower.
Last they 'greed, for love would so,
'Faith and troth they would no mo;
For shepherds ever held it sin,
To false the love they livèd in.
The swain gave a girdle red;
She set garlands on his head:
Gifts were given; they kiss again;
Both did smile, for both were fain.
Thus was love 'mongst shepherds sold,
When fancy knew not what was gold:
They wooed and vowed, and that they keep,
And go contented to their sheep.

FROM PHILOMELA.*

PHILOMELA'S ODE THAT SHE SUNG IN HER ARBOUR.

SITTING by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things,
That the mind in quiet brings.

* *Philomela, the Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale.* By Robert Greene, Utriusque Academiæ in Artibus Magister. Sero sed serio. 1592.

I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content,
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none, like to a friend.
Others hold, there is no wealth
Comparèd to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands:
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees,
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall,
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind,
As true love with kisses kind:
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No sweet love but honesty.

PHILOMELA'S SECOND ODE.

IT was frosty winter season,
And fair Flora's wealth was geason.

Meads that erst with green were spread,
With choice flowers diap'red,
Had tawny veils; cold had scanted
What the springs and nature planted.
Leafless boughs there might you see,
All except fair Daphne's tree:
On their twigs no birds perched;
Warmer coverts now they searched;
And by nature's secret reason,
Framed their voices to the season,
With their feeble tunes bewraying,
How they grieved the spring's decaying.
Frosty winter thus had gloomed
Each fair thing that summer bloomed;
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,
Flowers withered, birds were sad
When I saw a shepherd fold
Sheep in cote, to shun the cold.
Himself sitting on the grass,
That with frost withered was,
Sighing deeply, thus 'gan say:
'Love is folly when astray:
Like to love no passion such,
For 'tis madness, if too much;
If too little, then despair;
If too high, he beats the air
With bootless cries; if too low,
An eagle matcheth with a crow:
Thence grow jars. Thus I find,
Love is folly, if unkind;
Yet do men most desire
To be heated with this fire,
Whose flame is so pleasing hot,
That they burn, yet feel it not.
Yet hath love another kind,
Worse than these unto the mind;
That is, when a wanton's eye
Leads desire clean awry,

And with the bee doth rejoice
Every minute to change choice,
Counting he were then in bliss,
If that each fair fall were his.
Highly thus is love disgraced,
When the lover is unchaste,
And would taste of fruit forbidden,
'Cause the scape is easily hidden.
Though such love be sweet in brewing,
Bitter is the end ensuing;
For the humour of love he shameth,
And himself with lust defameth;
For a minute's pleasure gaining,
Fame and honour ever staining.
Gazing thus so far awry,
Last the chip falls in his eye;
Then it burns that erst but heat him,
And his own rod 'gins to beat him;
His choicest sweets turn to gall;
He finds lust his sin's thrall;
That wanton women in their eyes
Men's deceivings do comprise;
That homage done to fair faces
Doth dishonour other graces.
If lawless love be such a sin,
Cursed is he that lives therein,
For the gain of Venus' game
Is the downfall unto shame.'
Here he pausèd, and did stay;
Sighed and rose, and went away.

SONNET.

ON women nature did bestow two eyes,
Like heaven's bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining,
Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise,
And wary heads, made rare by art's refining.
But why did nature, in her choice combining,

Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous face,
That they might favour two with equal grace?
Venus did soothe up Vulcan with one eye,
With th' other granted Mars his wished glee:
If she did so whom Hymen did defy,
Think love no sin, but grant an eye to me;
In vain else nature gave two stars to thee:
If then two eyes may well two friends maintain,
Allow of two, and prove not nature vain.

ANSWER.

NATURE foreseeing how men would devise
More wiles than Proteus, women to entice,
Granted them two, and those bright-shining eyes,
To pierce into man's faults if they were wise;
For they with show of virtue mask their vice:
Therefore to women's eyes belong these gifts,
The one must love, the other see men's shifts.

Both these await upon one simple heart,
And what they choose, it hides up without change.
The emerald will not with his portrait part,
Nor will a woman's thoughts delight to range;
They hold it bad to have so base exchange:
One heart, one friend, though that two eyes do choose him,
No more but one, and heart will never lose him.

AN ODE.

WHAT is love once disgraced,
But a wanton thought ill placed?
Which doth blemish whom it paineth,
And dishonours whom it deigneth;
Seen in higher powers most,
Though some fools do fondly boast,

That whoso is high of kin
Sanctifies his lover's sin.
Jove could not hide Io's scape,
Nor conceal Calisto's rape:
Both did fault, and both were framed
Light of loves, whom lust had shamed.
Let not women trust to men;
They can flatter now and then,
And tell them many wanton tales,
Which do breed their after bales.
Sin in kings is sin, we see,
And greater sin, 'cause great of 'gree:
Majus peccatum, this I read,
If he be high that doth the deed.
Mars, for all his deity,
Could not Venus dignify,
But Vulcan trapped her, and her blame
Was punished with an open shame:
All the gods laughed them to scorn
For dubbing Vulcan with the horn.
Whereon may a woman boast,
If her chastity be lost?
Shame awaiteth on her face,
Blushing cheeks and foul disgrace:
Report will blab,—This is she
That with her lust wins infamy.
If lusting love be so disgraced,
Die before you live unchaste;
For better die with honest fame,
Than lead a wanton life with shame.*

* This piece is, in a great measure, a repetition of Philomela's Second Ode, *ante*, p. 107. Some of the lines are nearly identical, and the subject, differently treated, is pretty much the same throughout. They are both homilies on the theme laid down in the previous ode:—

'Highly thus is love disgraced,
When the lover is unchaste.'

FROM MAMILLIA. SECOND PART.*

VERSES AGAINST THE GENTLEWOMEN OF SICILIA.

SINCE lady mild, too base in array, hath lived as an exile,
None of account but stout: if plain, stale slut, not a courtress.
Dames now a days, fie none, if not new guised in all points.
Fancies fine, sauced with conceits, quick wits very wily,
Words of a saint, but deeds guess how, feigned faith to deceive men,
Courtsies coy, no vail, but a vaunt, tricked up like a Tuscan,
Paced in print, brave lofty looks, not used with the vestals,
In hearts too glorious, not a glance but fit for an empress,
As minds most valorous, so strange in array, marry, stately.
Up fro the waist like a man, new guise to be cased in a doublet,
Down to the foot perhaps like a maid, but hosed to the kneestead,
Some close breeched to the crotch for cold, tush, peace 'tis a shame, sir.
Hairs by birth as black as jet; what? art can amend them;

* *Mamillia.* The Second Part of the Triumph of Pallas; wherein with perpetual fame the constancy of gentlewomen is canonized, and the unjust blasphemies of women's supposed fickleness, breathed out by divers injurious persons, by manifest examples clearly infringed. By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. 1593.—The first part of *Mamillia* was published in 1583, and was the earliest of Greene's printed works.

A perriwig frounced* fast to the front, or curled with a bodkin,
Hats fro France, thick purled† for pride and plumed like a peacock,
Ruffs of a size, stiff-starched to the neck, of lawn, marry, lawless,
Gowns of silk; why those be too bad, side wide with a witness,
Small and gent i' the waist, but backs as broad as a burgess,
Needless noughts, as crisps and scarfs, worn a la morisco,
Fumed with sweets, as sweet as chaste, no want but abundance.

FROM THE ORPHARION.‡

ORPHEUS' SONG.

HE that did sing the motions of the stars,
Pale-coloured Phœbe's borrowing of her light,
Aspects of planets oft opposed in jars,
Of Hesper, henchman to the day and night;
Sings now of love, as taught by proof to sing,
Women are false, and love a bitter thing.

---

* Puckered or gathered; also, flounced, wrinkled.

† Fringed, or ornamented with a rich border.

‡ Greene's *Orpharion*. Wherein is discovered a musical concord of pleasant histories, many sweet moods graced with such harmonious discords as agreeing in a delightful close, they sound both pleasure and profit to the ear. Herein also as in a Diateheron, the branches of virtue ascending and descending by degrees, are co-united in the glorious praise of woman-kind. With divers tragical and comical histories presented by Orpheus and Arion, being as full of profit as of pleasure. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci. Robertus Greene, in Artibus Magister. 1599.

I loved Eurydice, the brightest lass,
More fond to like so fair a nymph as she;
In Thessaly so bright none ever was,
But fair and constant hardly may agree:
False-hearted wife to him that loved thee well,
To leave thy love, and choose the prince of hell!

Theseus did help, and I in haste did hie
To Pluto, for the lass I lovèd so:
The god made grant, and who so glad as I?
I tuned my harp, and she and I 'gan go;
Glad that my love was left to me alone,
I lookèd back, Eurydice was gone:

She slipped aside, back to her latest love,
Unkind, she wronged her first and truest feere!
Thus women's loves delight, as trial proves
By false Eurydice I loved so dear,
To change and fleet, and every way to shrink,
To take in love, and lose it with a wink.

THE SONG OF ARION.

SEATED upon the crooked dolphin's back,
Scudding amidst the purple-coloured waves,
Gazing aloof for land; Neptune in black,
Attended with the Tritons as his slaves,
Threw forth such storms as made the air thick,
For grief his lady Thetis was so sick.

Such plaints he throbbed, as made the dolphin stay
Women, quoth he, are harbours of man's health,
Pleasures for night, and comforts for the day;
What are fair women but rich nature's wealth?
Thetis is such, and more if more may be;
Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?

Women are sweets that salve men's sourest ills;
Women are saints, their virtues are so rare;
Obedient souls that seek to please men's wills;
Such love with faith, such jewels women are:
Thetis is such, and more if more may be;
Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?

With that he dived into the coral waves,
To see his love, with all his watery slaves:
The dolphin swam; yet this I learnèd then,
Fair women are rich jewels unto men.

SONNET.

CUPID abroad was latèd in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain:
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain;
I oped the door, and granted his desire,
I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging by his back:
Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
But what I drad, did me poor wretch betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, and I began to start,
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high;
His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugared smart;
Away he flew, for why his wings were dry;
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That sore I grieved I welcomed such a guest.*

* This sonnet, extended by the addition of an introductory stanza, will be found repeated, with a few verbal alterations, in a madrigal, *post*, p. 123.

FROM PENELOPE'S WEB.*

SONNET FROM ARIOSTO.

THE sweet content that quiets angry thought,
The pleasing sound of household harmony.
The physic that allays what fury wrought,
The huswife's means to make true melody,
Is not with simple, harp, or worldly pelf,
But smoothly by submitting of herself.

Juno, the queen and mistress of the sky,
When angry Jove did threat her with a frown,
Caused Ganymede for nectar fast to hie,
With pleasing face to wash such choler down;
For angry husbands find the soonest ease,
When sweet submission choler doth appease.

The laurel that impales the head with praise,
The gem that decks the breast of ivory,
The pearl that's orient in her silver rays,
The crown that honours dames with dignity;
No sapphire, gold, green bays, nor margarite,
But due obedience worketh this delight.

BARMENISSA'S SONG.

THE stately state that wise men count their good,
The chiefest bliss that lulls asleep desire,
Is not descent from kings and princely blood,
Ne stately crown ambition doth require;

* *Penelope's Web.* Where, in a crystal mirror of feminine perfection represents to the view of every one, those virtues and graces which more curiously beautify the mind of women than either sumptuous apparel, or jewels of inestimable value; the one buying fame with honour, the other breeding a kind of delight, but with repentance. In three several discourses also are three special virtues, necessary to be

For birth by fortune is abasèd down,
And perils are comprised within a crown.

The sceptre and the glittering pomp of mace,
The head impaled with honour and renown,
The kingly throne, the seat and regal place,
Are toys that fade when angry fortune frown:
Content is far from such delights as those,
Whom woe and danger do envy as foes.

The cottage seated in the hollow dale,
That fortune never fears because so low,
The quiet mind that want doth set to sale,
Sleeps safe when princes seats do overthrow:
Want smiles secure, when princely thoughts do feel
That fear and danger tread upon their heel.

Bless fortune thou whose frown hath wrought thy good,
Bid farewell to the crown that ends thy care;
The happy fates thy sorrows have withstood
By 'signing want and poverty thy share:
For now content, fond fortune to despite,
With patience 'lows thee quiet and delight.

VERSES.

ASPIRING thoughts led Phaeton amiss;
Proud Icarus did fall, he soared so high;
Seek not to climb with fond Semiramis,
Lest son revenge the father's injury:
Take heed, ambition is a sugared ill,
That fortune lays, presumptuous minds to spill.

---

incident in every virtuous woman, pithily discussed; namely, obedience, chastity, and silence; interlaced with three several and comical histories. By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci." 1601.

The bitter grief that frets the quiet mind,
The sting that pricks the froward man to woe,
Is envy, which in honour seld we find,
And yet to honour sworn a secret foe:
Learn this of me, envy not others' state;
The fruits of envy are envy and hate.

The misty cloud that so eclipseth fame,
That gets reward a chaos of despite,
Is black revenge, which ever winneth shame,
A fury vile that's hatchèd in the night:
Beware, seek not revenge against thy foe,
Lest once revenge thy fortune overgo.

These blazing comets do foreshow mishap;
Let not the flaming lights offend thine eye:
Look ere thou leap, prevent an after clap;
These three forewarned well may'st thou fly:
If now by choice thou aim'st at happy health,
Eschew self-love, choose for the common-wealth.

FROM ARBASTO.*

SONG.

WHEREAT erewhile I wept, I laugh;
That which I feared, I now despise;
My victor once, my vassal is;
My foe constrained, my weal supplies:
Thus do I triumph on my foe;
I weep at weal, I laugh at woe.

---

* *The History of Arbasto, King of Denmark.* Describing the anatomy of Fortune, in his love to fair Doralicia. Wherein gentlemen may find pleasant conceits to purge melancholy, and perfect

My care is cured, yet hath no end;
Not that I want, but that I have;
My charge was change, yet still I stay;
I would have less, and yet I crave:
Ah me, poor wretch, that thus do live,
Constrained to take, yet forced to give!

She whose delights are signs of death,
Who when she smiles, begins to lour,
Constant in this that still she change,
Her sweetest gifts time proves but sour:
I live in care, crossed with her guile;
Through her I weep, at her I smile.

SONG.

IN time we see the silver drops
The craggy stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time we see
Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall;
The hardest heart in time doth yield
To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire;
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap:
What care in time not eased?
In time I loathed that now I love,
In both content and pleased.

---

counsel to prevent misfortune. By Robert Greene, Master of Arts. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci. 1617.

FROM ALCIDA.*

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF VENUS,

HOLDING THE BALL THAT BROUGHT TROY TO RUIN.

WHEN Nature forged the fair unhappy mould,
Wherein proud beauty took her matchless shape,
She over-slipped her cunning and her skill,
And aimed too fair, but drew beyond the mark;
For thinking to have made a heavenly bliss,
For wanton gods to dally with in heaven,
And to have framed a precious gem for men,
To solace all their dumpish thoughts with glee,
She wrought a plague, a poison, and a hell:
For gods, for men, thus no way wrought she well.
Venus was fair, fair was the queen of love,
Fairer than Pallas, or the wife of Jove:
Yet did the giglot's beauty grieve the smith,
For that she braved the cripple with a horn.
Mars said, her beauty was the star of heaven,
Yet did her beauty stain him with disgrace.
Paris, for fair, gave her the golden ball,
And bought his and his father's ruin so.
Thus Nature making what should far excel,
Lent gods and men a poison and a hell.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF A PEACOCK.

THE bird of Juno glories in his plumes;
Pride makes the fowl to prune his feathers so.
His spotted train, fetched from old Argus' head,
With golden rays like to the brightest sun,

* *Alcida.* Greene's Metamorphosis. Wherein is discovered a pleasant transformation of bodies into sundry shapes, showing that as virtues beautify the mind, so vanities give greater stains than the

Inserteth self-love in a silly bird,
Till, midst his hot and glorious fumes,
He spies his feet, and then lets fall his plumes.
Beauty breeds pride, pride hatcheth forth disdain,
Disdain gets hate, and hate calls for revenge,
Revenge with bitter prayers urgeth still;
Thus self-love, nursing up the pomp of pride,
Makes beauty wrack against an ebbing tide.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A CARVING OF MERCURY, THROWING FEATHERS UNTO THE WIND.

THE richest gift the wealthy heaven affords,
The pearl of price sent from immortal Jove,
The shape wherein we most resemble gods,
The fire Prometheus stole from lofty skies;
This gift, this pearl, this shape, this fire is it,
Which makes us men bold by the name of wit.
By wit we search divine aspect above,
By wit we learn what secret science yields,
By wit we speak, by wit the mind is ruled,
By wit we govern all our actions:
Wit is the load-star of each human thought,
Wit is the tool by which all things are wrought.
The brightest jacinth hot becometh dark,
Of little 'steem is crystal being cracked,
Fine heads that can conceit no good but ill,
Forge oft that breedeth ruin to themselves:
Ripe wits abused that build on bad desire,
Do burn themselves, like flies within the fire.

---

perfection of any quality can rase out; the Discourse confirmed with divers merry and delightful histories; full of grave principles to content age, and sauced with pleasant parlees and witty answers to satisfy youth; profitable for both, and not offensive to any. By R. G. Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci. 1617.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A CARVING OF CUPID, BLOWING BLADDERS IN THE AIR.

LOVE is a lock that linketh noble minds,
Faith is the key that shuts the spring of love,
Lightness a wrest that wringeth all awry,
Lightness a plague that fancy cannot brook:
Lightness in love so bad and base a thing,
As foul disgrace to greatest states do bring.

VERSES WRITTEN ON TWO TABLES AT A TOMB.

ON THE FIRST TABLE.

THE Graces in their glory never gave
A rich or greater good to womankind,
That more impales their honours with the palm
Of high renown, than matchless constancy.
Beauty is vain, accounted but a flower,
Whose painted hue fades with the summer sun;
Wit oft hath wrack by self-conceit of pride;
Riches are trash that fortune boasteth on.
Constant in love who tries a woman's mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

ON THE SECOND TABLE.

THE fairest gem, oft blemished with a crack,
Loseth his beauty and his virtue too;
The fairest flower, nipt with the winter's frost,
In show seems worser than the basest weed;
Virtues are oft far over-stained with faults.
Were she as fair as Phœbe in her sphere,
Or brighter than the paramour of Mars,
Wiser than Pallas, daughter unto Jove,

Of greater majesty than Juno was,
More chaste than Vesta, goddess of the maids,
Of greater faith than fair Lucretia;
Be she a blab, and tattles what she hears,
Want to be secret gives far greater stains
Than virtue's glory which in her remains.

MADRIGAL.

REST thee, desire, gaze not at such a star;
Sweet fancy, sleep; love, take a nap a while;
My busy thoughts that reach and roam so far,
With pleasant dreams the length of time beguile;
Fair Venus, cool my over-heated breast,
And let my fancy take her wonted rest.

Cupid abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain;
My door I oped, to grant him his desire,
And rose myself to make the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging at his back:
I feared the child might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
And what I drad, poor man, did me betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierced the quick, that I began to start;
The wound was sweet, but that it was too high,
And yet the pleasure had a pleasing smart:
This done, he flies away, his wings were dry,
But left his arrow still within my breast,
That now I grieve I welcomed such a guest.

FRAGMENTS QUOTED IN ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS.

HE that will stop the brook, must then begin
When summer's heat hath drièd up the spring,
And when his pittering streams are low and thin;
For let the winter aid unto them bring,
He grows to be of watery floods the king;
And though you dam him up with lofty ranks,
Yet will he quickly overflow his banks.

VERSES.

IT was the month, in which the righteous maid,
That for disdain of sinful world's upbraid,
Fled back to heaven, where she was first conceived,
Into her silver bower the sun received;
And the hot Sirian dog, on him awaiting,
After the chafèd Lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had the air with noisome breath,
And poured on earth, plague, pestilence, and death.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, KNIGHT, LATE LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

[THIS piece is now published for the first time in a collected Edition of Greene's Poems. It was discovered by Mr. James P. Reardon in the course of some researches he was making for a life of Nash, and was printed by that gentleman with a short introduction amongst the Shakspeare Society's Papers, II. 127. Until it came into the possession of Mr. Reardon its existence was unknown. No such poem is mentioned by Hazlewood or Beloe. The copy from which the

text is taken Mr. Reardon describes as a quarto of ten leaves in Roman letter. It was printed by Thomas Scarlet for Thomas Nelson, in 1591, apparently soon after the death of Sir Christopher Hatton, which took place on the 20th September in that year.

Sir Christopher Hatton was raised by Queen Elizabeth to the office of Lord Chancellor in 1587, an appointment which occasioned much jealousy, being purely an exercise of favouritism on the part of the sovereign, as Sir Christopher was not qualified for the position by previous study or experience. It is said, however, that owing to his prudence in taking counsel of others, Sir Christopher's decisions were seldom reversed. He enjoyed his high station only four years, and, according to his biographers, died of a broken heart, in consequence of the rigour with which the queen insisted upon the repayment of an old debt. Mr. Reardon observes that Greene, in the dedication of the poem to the wife of the chancellor's nephew, 'refers covertly, but interestingly, to the painful circumstances under which Sir Christopher Hatton died, and to the silence of distinguished poets on the occasion, although some 'mechanical wits,' whose effusions have not survived, had, according to Greene, adopted the event as a theme.]

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, BOUNTIFUL, AND VIRTUOUS LADY, THE LADY ELIZABETH HATTON, WIFE TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR WILLIAM HATTON, KNIGHT, INCREASE OF ALL HONOURABLE VIRTUES.

MOURNING as well as many (right worshipful lady) for the loss of the right honourable your deceased uncle, whose death being the common prejudice of a present age, was lamented of most (if not all), and I among the rest sorrowing that my country was deprived of him that lived not for himself, but for his country, I began to call to mind what a subject was ministered to the excellent wits of both Universities to work upon, when so worthy a knight, and so virtuous a justiciary, had by his death left many memorable actions performed in his life, deserving highly by some rare men to be registered. Passing over many days in this muse, at last I perceived men's humours slept, that love of many friends

followed no farther than their graves, that art was grown idle, and either choice scholars feared to write of so high a subject as his virtues, or else they dated their devotions no further than his life. While thus I debated with myself, I might see (to the great disgrace of the poets of our time) some mechanical wits blow up mountains and bring forth mice, who with their follies did rather disparage his honours than decypher his virtues; beside, as *virtutis comes est invidia*, so base report, who hath her tongue blistered by slanderous envy, began, as far as she durst, now after his death, to murmur, who in his lifetime durst not once mutter: whereupon, touched with a zealous jealousy over his wonderful virtues, I could not, whatsoever discredit I reaped by my presumption, although I did *tenui avena meditari*, but discover the honourable qualities of so worthy a councillor, not for any private benefit I ever had of him which should induce me favourably to flatter his worthy parts, but only that I shame to let slip with silence the virtues and honours of so worthy a knight, whose deserts had been so many and so great towards all. Therefore (right worshipful lady) I drew a fiction called *A Maiden's Dream*, which, as it was *enigmatical*, so it is not without some special and considerate reasons. Whose slender muse I present unto your ladyship, induced thereunto, first, that I know you are a partaker of your husband's sorrows for the death of his honourable uncle, and desire to hear his honours put in memory after his death, as you wished his advancement in virtues to be great in his life; as also that I am your ladyship's poor countryman, and have long time desired to gratify your right worshipful father with something worthy of himself. Which because I could not to my content perform, I have now taken opportunity to show my duty to him in his daughter, although the gift be far too mean for so worshipful and virtuous a lady. Yet hoping your ladyship will with courtesy favour my presuming follies, and in gracious acceptance vouch of my well-meant labours,

I humbly take my leave,
Your Ladyship's humbly at command,
R. GREENE, *Nordivicensis.*

METHOUGHT in slumber as I lay and dreamt,
I saw a silent spring railed in with jeat,
From sunny shade or murmur quite exempt,
The glide whereof 'gainst weeping flints did beat;
And round about were leafless beeches set;

So dark it seemed night's mantle for to borrow,
And well to be the gloomy den of sorrow.

About this spring, in mourning robes of black,
Were sundry nymphs or goddesses, methought,
That seemly sat in ranks, just back to back,
On mossy benches nature there had wrought:
And 'cause the wind and spring no murmur brought,
They filled the air with such laments and groans,
That Echo sighed out their heart-breaking moans.

Elbow on knee, and head upon their hand,
As mourners sit, so sat these ladies all.
Garlands of ebon boughs, whereon did stand
A golden crown, their mantles were of pall,
And from their watery eyes warm tears did fall;
With wringing hands they sat and sighed, like those
That had more grief than well they could disclose.

I looked about, and by the fount I spied
A knight lie dead, yet all in armour clad,
Booted and spurred, a faulchion by his side;
A crown of olives on his helm he had,
As if in peace and war he were adrad:
A golden hind was placèd at his feet,
Whose veilèd ears bewrayed her inward greet.

She seemèd wounded by her panting breath,
Her beating breast with sighs did fall and rise:
Wounds there were none; it was her master's death
That drew electrum from her weeping eyes.
Like scalding smoke her braying throbs outflies:
As deer do mourn when arrow hath them galled,
So was this hind with heart-sick pains enthralled.

Just at his head there sat a sumptuous queen:
I guessed her so, for why, she wore a crown;
Yet were her garments parted white and green,
'Tired like unto the picture of renown.
Upon her lap she laid his head adown;

Unlike to all she smilèd on his face,
Which made me long to know this dead man's case.

As thus I looked, 'gan Justice to arise:
I knew the goddess by her equal beam;
And dewing on his face balm from her eyes,
She wet his visage with a yearnful stream.
Sad, mournful looks did from her arches gleam,
And like to one whom sorrow deep attaints,
With heavèd hands she poureth forth these plaints.

THE COMPLAINT OF JUSTICE.

'Untoward Twins that temper human fate,
Who from your distaff draw the life of man,
Parcæ, impartial to the highest state,
Too soon you cut what Clotho erst began:
Your fatal dooms this present age may ban;
For you have robbed the world of such a knight
As best could skill to balance justice right.

'His eyes were seats for mercy and for law,
Favour in one, and Justice in the other;
The poor he smoothed, the proud he kept in awe;
And just to strangers as unto his brother.
Bribes could not make him any wrong to smother,
For to a lord, or to the lowest groom,
Still conscience and the law set down the doom.

'Delaying law, that picks the client's purse,
Ne could this knight abide to hear debated
From day to day (that claims the poor man's curse)
Nor might the pleas be over-long dilated:
Much shifts of law there was by him abated.
With conscience carefully he heard the cause,
Then gave his doom with short despatch of laws.

'The poor man's cry he thought a holy knell;
No sooner 'gan their suits to pierce his ears
But fair-eyed pity in his heart did dwell,
And like a father that affection bears,
So tendered he the poor with inward tears,
And did redress their wrongs when they did call;
But poor or rich, he still was just to all.

'Oh! woe is me,' saith Justice, 'he is dead;
The knight is dead that was so just a man,
And in Astræa's lap low lies his head,
Who whilom wonders in the world did scan.
Justice hath lost her chiefest limb, what than?'
At this her sighs and sorrows were so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF PRUDENCE.

A wreath of serpents 'bout her lily wrist
Did seemly Prudence wear: she then arose.
A silver dove sat mourning on her fist,
Tears on her cheeks like dew upon a rose,
And thus began the goddess' greeful glose:
'Let England mourn, for why? his days are done,
Whom Prudence nursèd like her dearest son.

'Hatton!' at that I started in my dream,
But not awoke; 'Hatton is dead,' quoth she;
'Oh! could I pour out tears like to a stream,
A sea of them would not sufficient be:
For why, our age had few more wise than he.
Like oracles, as were Apollo's saws,
So were his words accordant to the laws.

'Wisdom sat watching in his wary eyes,
His insight subtle if unto a foe
He could with counsels commonwealths comprise:
No foreign wit could Hatton's overgo;
Yet to a friend wise, simple, and no mo.
His civil policy unto the state
Scarce left behind him now a second mate.

'For country's weal his counsel did exceed,
And eagle-eyed he was to spy a fault:
For wars or peace right wisely could he reed:
'Twas hard for trechors* 'fore his looks to halt;
The smooth-faced traitor could not him assault.
As by his country's love his grees did rise,
So to his country was he simple-wise.

'This grave adviser of the commonweal,
This prudent councillor unto his prince,
Whose wit was busied with his mistress' heale,
Secret conspiracies could well convince,
Whose insight pierced the sharp-eyed lynx.†
He 's dead!' at this her sorrow was so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF FORTITUDE.

Next Fortitude arose unto this knight,
And by his side sat down with steadfast eye[s]:
A broken column 'twixt her arms was pight.
She could not weep nor pour out yearnful cries:
From Fortitude such base affects nil rise.
Brass-renting goddess, she cannot lament, [spent.
Yet thus her plaints with breathing sighs were

'Within the Maiden's court, place of all places,
I did advance a man of high degree,
Whom Nature had made proud with all her graces,
Inserting courage in his noble heart;
No perils dread could ever make him start,
But like to Scævola, for country's good
He did not value for to spend his blood.

'His looks were stern, though in a life of peace;
Though not in wars, yet war hung in his brows;
His honour did by martial thoughts increase:
To martial men living this knight allows,

* Cheats. † A word seems to have dropped out of this line.

And by his sword he solemnly avowed
Though not in war, yet if that war were here,
As warriors do to value honour dear.

'Captains he kept and fostered them with fee;
Soldiers were servants to this martial knight;
Men might his stable full of coursers see;
Trotters, whose managed looks would some affright.
His armoury was rich and warlike dight,
And he himself, if any need had craved,
Would as stout Hector have himself behaved.

'I lost a friend whenas I lost his life.'
Thus plainèd Fortitude, and frowned withal.
'Cursèd be Atropos, and cursed her knife,
That made the captain of my guard to fall,
Whose virtues did his honours high install.'
At this she stormed, and wrung out sighs so sore,
That what for grief her tongue could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF TEMPERANCE.

Then Temperance, with bridle in her hand,
Did mildly look upon this lifeless lord,
And like to weeping Niobe did stand:
Her sorrows and her tears did well accord;
Their diapason was in self-same chord.
'Here lies the man,' quoth she, 'that breathed out this,
To shun fond pleasures is the sweetest bliss.

'No choice delight could draw his eyes awry;
He was not bent to pleasure's fond conceits;
Inveigling pride, nor world's sweet vanity,
Love's luring follies with their strange deceits,
Could wrap this lord within their baneful sleights,
But he, despising all, said, 'man is grass,
His date a span, *et omnia vanitas.*'

'Temperate he was, and tempered all his deeds:
He bridled those affects that might offend;
He gave his will no more the reins than needs,
He measured pleasures ever by the end.
His thoughts on virtue's censures did depend:
What booteth pleasures that so quickly pass,
When such delights are fickle like to glass?

'First pride of life, that subtle branch of sin,
And then the lusting humour of the eyes,
And base concupiscence, which plies her gin;
These sirens that do worldlings still entice,
Could not allure his mind to think of vice;
For he said still, pleasure's delight it is
That holdeth man from heaven's delightful bliss.

'Temperate he was in every deep extreme,
And could well bridle his affects with reason,
What I have lost in losing him then deem.
Base death, that took away a man so geason,
That measured every thought by time and season.'
At this her sighs and sorrows were so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF BOUNTY.

With open hands, and mourning looks dependant,
Bounty stept forth to wail the dead man's loss:
On her was love and plenty both attendant.
Tears in her eyes, arms folded quite across,
Sitting by him upon a turf of moss,
She sighed and said, 'Here lies the knight deceased,
Whose bounty Bounty's glory much increased.

'His looks were liberal, and in his face
Sate frank Magnificence with arms displayed:
His open hands discoursed his inward grace;
The poor were never at their need denaid.
His careless scorn of gold his deeds bewrayed;

And this he craved, no longer for to live
Than he had power, and mind, and will to give.

'No man went empty from his frank dispose;
He was a purse-bearer unto the poor:
He well observed the meaning of this glose,
None lose reward that giveth of their store.
To all his bounty passed. Ah me, therefore,
That he should die!'—with that she sighed so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

THE COMPLAINT OF HOSPITALITY.

Lame of a leg, as she had lost a limb,
Start up kind Hospitality and wept.
She silent sate awhile, and sighed by him;
As one half maimèd to this knight she crept:
At last about his neck this nymph she leapt,
And with her cornucopia in her fist,
For very love his chilly lips she kissed.

'Ah me!' quoth she, 'my love is lorn by death;
My chiefest stay is cracked, and I am lame:
He that his almès frankly did bequeath,
And fed the poor with store of food, the same,
Even he, is dead, and vanished in his name,
Whose gates were open, and whose almès deed
Supplied the fatherless and widow's need.

'He kept no Christmas house for once a year;
Each day his boards were filled with lordly fare:
He fed a rout of yeomen with his cheer,
Nor was his bread and beef kept in with care.
His wine and beer to strangers were not spare;
And yet beside to all that hunger grieved
His gates were ope, and they were there relieved.

'Well could the poor tell where to fetch their bread.
As Baucis and Philemon were i-blest
For feasting Jupiter in stranger's stead,
So happy be his high immortal rest,
That was to hospitality addressed;
For few such live:' and then she sighed so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

Then Courtesy, whose face was full of smiles,
And Friendship, with her hand upon her heart,
And tender Charity, that loves no wiles,
And Clemency her passions did impart:
A thousand Virtues there did straight up start,
And with their tears and sighs they did disclose
For Hatton's death their hearts were full of woes.

THE COMPLAINT OF RELIGION.

Next, from the farthest nook of all the place,
Weeping full sore, there rose a nymph in black,
Seemly and sober, with an angel's face,
And sighed as if her heart-strings straight should crack:
Her outward woes bewrayed her inward wrack.
A golden book she carried in her hand:
It was Religion that thus meek did stand.

God wot, her garments were full loosely tucked,
As one that careless was in some despair:
To tatters were her robes and vestures plucked,
Her naked limbs were open to the air:
Yet for all this her looks were blythe and fair;
And wondering how Religion grew forlorn,
I spied her robes by Heresy was torn.

This holy creature sate her by this knight,
And sighed out this: 'Oh! here he lies,' quoth she,
'Lifeless, that did Religion's lamp still light;
Devout without dissembling, meek and free,
To such whose words and livings did agree:

Lip-holiness in clergymen he could not brook,
Ne such as counted gold above their book.

'Upright he lived, as holy writ him led:
His faith was not in ceremonies old,
Nor had he new-found toys within his head,
Ne was he lukewarm, neither hot nor cold;
But in religion he was constant, bold,
And still a sworn professèd foe to all
Whose looks were smooth, hearts pharisaical.

'The brain-sick and illiterate surmisers,
That like to saints would holy be in looks,
Of fond religions fabulous devisers,
Who scorned the academies and their books,
And yet could sin as others in close nooks:
To such wild-headed mates he was a foe,
That rent her robes, and wronged Religion so.

'Ne was his faith in men's traditions;
He hated Antichrist and all his trash;
He was not led away by superstitions,
Nor was he in religion over rash:
His hands from heresy he loved to wash.
Then, base report, 'ware what thy tongue doth spread:
'Tis sin and shame for to belie the dead.

'Heart-holy men he still kept at his table,
Doctors that well could doom of holy writ:
By them he knew to sever faith from fable,
And how the text with judgment for to hit:
For Pharisees in Moses' chair did sit.'
At this Religion sighed and grieve[d] so sore,
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

PRIMATE.

Next might I see a rout of noblemen,
Earls, barons, lords, in mourning weeds attired;
I cannot paint their passions with my pen,
Nor write so quaintly as their woes required.
Their tears and sighs some Homer's quill desired.

But this I know, their grief was for his death,
That there had yielded nature, life, and breath.

MILITES.

Then came by soldiers trailing of their pikes,
Like men dismayed their beavers were adown;
Their warlike hearts his death with sorrow strikes,
Yea, war himself was in a sable gown;
For grief you might perceive his visage frown:
And scholars came by with lamenting cries,
Wetting their books with tears fell from their eyes.

PLEBS.

The common people they did throng in flocks,
Dewing their bosoms with their yearnful tears.
Their sighs were such as would have rent the rocks,
Their faces full of grief, dismay, and fears.
Their cries struck pity in my listening ears:
For why, the groans are less at hell's black gate,
Than Echo there did then reverberate.

Some came with scrolls and papers in their hand:
I guessed them suitors that did rue his loss;
Some with their children in their hand did stand;
Some poor and hungry with their hands across.
A thousand there sate wailing on the moss:
'*O Pater Patriæ!*' still they crièd thus,
'Hatton is dead, what shall become of us?'

At all these cries my heart was sore amoved,
Which made me long to see the dead man's face;
What he should be that was so dear beloved,
Whose worth so deep had won the people's grace.
As I came pressing near unto the place,
I looked, and though his face was pale and wan,
Yet by his visage did I know the man.

No sooner did I cast mine eye on him,
But in his face there flashed a ruddy hue;
And though before his looks by death were grim,
Yet seemed he smiling to my gazing view,
(As if, though dead, my presence still he knew:),
Seeing this change within a dead man's face,
I could not stop my tears, but wept apace.

I called to mind how that it was a knight
That whilome lived in England's happy soil;
I thought upon his care and deep insight,
For country's weal his labour and his toil
He took, lest that the English state might foil;
And how his watchful thought from first had been
Vowed to the honour of the maiden Queen.

I called to mind again he was my friend,
And held my quiet as his heart's content:
What was so dear for me he would not spend?
Then thought I straight such friends are seldom hent.
Thus still from love to love my humour went,
That pondering of his loyalty so free,
I wept him dead that living honoured me.

At this Astræa, seeing me so sad,
'Gan blythely comfort me with this reply:
'Virgin,' quoth she, 'no boot by tears is had,
Nor doth laments aught pleasure them that die.
Souls must have change from this mortality;
For living long sin hath the larger space,
And dying well they find the greater grace.

'And sith thy tears bewray thy love,' quoth she,
'His soul with me shall wend unto the skies;
His lifeless body I will leave to thee:
Let that be earthed and tombed in gorgeous wise.
I'll place his ghost among the hierarchies;
For as one star another far exceeds,
So souls in heaven are placed by their deeds.'

With that, methought, within her golden lap,
(This sun-bright goddess smiling with her eye)
The soul of Hatton curiously did wrap,
And in a shroud was taken up on high.
Vain dreams are fond, but thus as then dreamt I,
And more, methought I heard the angels sing
An Hallelujah for to welcome him.

As thus attendant fair Astræa flew,
The nobles, commons, yea, and every wight,
That living in his life-time Hatton knew;
Did deep lament the loss of that good knight.
But when Astræa was quite out of sight,
For grief the people shouted such a scream,
That I awoke, and start out of my dream.

POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1563-4—1593.

Of the life of Christopher Marlowe—the most distinguished of the dramatists who immediately preceded Shakspeare—nothing is known except its beginning and its end. After we have traced him from school to college, and from thence to London, he disappears in the crowds of the metropolis, where he seems to have spent his few remaining years in the service of the stage.

Christopher, or, as he is familiarly called by his contemporaries, Kit Marlowe, was the son of John Marlowe, a shoemaker, and was born at Canterbury in February, 1563-4. He received the elements of his education at the King's School in that city, and was afterwards placed at Benet (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge, where he matriculated as a pensioner on the 17th March, 1580-1. There were scholarships in the gift of the King's School, but it does not appear that Marlowe obtained admission to the University as a scholar; and as it is unlikely that his father's circumstances were sufficiently prosperous to bear the expenses of his collegiate course, we must infer that the cost was defrayed by the assistance of some rich friend or patron of the family. This conjecture is strengthened by Marlowe's Latin verses to the memory of Sir Roger Manwood,* who resided in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, and was munificent in the dispensation of his bounties. To that gentleman Marlowe was, probably, indebted for the completion of his education.

He passed through the University with credit, taking his degree of A.B. in 1583, and that of A.M. in 1587. Whatever might have been the views of his friends with respect to

* See *post*, p. 236.

his settlement in life, Marlowe early relinquished all intention of entering any of the professions which usually close the vista of a collegiate course. Before he had acquired his last University honour, he had already closely connected himself with the theatres. His first play, *Tamburlaine the Great*,* was brought out previously to 1587, and, if the following statement may be relied upon, his appearance as a dramatist was only the sequel to former relations with the stage as an actor.

'Christopher Marlowe,' says Philips, 'a kind of second Shakspeare (whose contemporary he was), not only because, like him, he rose from an actor to be a maker of plays, though inferior both in fame and merit; but also because in his begun poem of *Hero and Leander*, he seems to have a resemblance of that clear and unsophisticated wit which is natural to that incomparable poet.'†

There is an error of some magnitude in this passage. Marlowe was not the contemporary, but the predecessor of Shakspeare; and it is a still wider departure from truth to describe him as a second Shakspeare, meaning thereby a follower who nearly equalled his master. The strict observance of chronology, as far as it can be fixed, is indispensable to the history of what is loosely called the Elizabethan drama. The whole period it occupied was about half a century; and, considering how much was accomplished within that time, every step of the progress, and each individual's share in it, becomes of importance. Yet there is hardly any portion of our literary annals in which greater confusion prevails; and Peele and Massinger, Kyd and Webster, Greene and Ben Jonson, who were really distant from each other, are commonly mixed up together, as if, instead of forming an interlinked series, they were all writing simultaneously. It might be a question of minor biographical interest, whether Marlowe was a little before Shakspeare, or Shakspeare a little before

* First printed in 1590. † *Theatrum Poetarum.*

Marlowe; but it is a question of a very different order of interest, whether the weighty versification of *Tamburlaine* preceded or followed the delicate melody of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dates are here essential to enable us to trace the course of our dramatic poetry from its source to that point where the stream is at its full. Marlowe is close to the spring; to him is ascribed, on apparently valid grounds, the first use of blank verse in dramatic composition; and we must, therefore, treat him as a poet who struck out a path for himself, and not as a follower of Shakspeare. Indeed, it may be said that Marlowe had closed his account not only with the stage, but with all human affairs, before Shakspeare was known as an original dramatist. At all events, it is certain that the first notice we have of Shakspeare was published only a few months before the death of Marlowe, and that it does not recognise him even as a maker of plays of his own, but as an adapter of the plays of others, including some of Marlowe's amongst them.*

Philips is so careless in his statements that he sometimes vitiates a fact by his mere manner of presenting it; as, for instance, when he says that Marlowe 'rose from an actor to be a maker of plays.' There was a tradition in his time, which is still preserved in an old ballad, that Marlowe had been upon the stage; it was known also that Shakspeare was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company; but there is no authority whatever for the assertion that they had been actors *before* they became dramatists. The reverse is much more likely to be true of Marlowe. The ballad which refers to his stage career is not, perhaps, a very safe authority in itself, having been written soon after his death, for the express purpose of exposing the irregularities and errors of his life and opinions; but upon this single point, supported by Philips, it may be credited. The doggrel is precise in its allegations,

* See *ante*, p. 27.

and affirms not only that Marlowe had been a player, but tells us at what theatre he played:—

> He had alsó'n player been
> Upon the Curtain stage;
> But brake his leg in one lewd scene,
> When in his early age.

The Curtain seems to have been the favourite theatre for experiments in those days, where aspirants passed through their noviciate before they were admitted to the honours of the Blackfriars or the Globe. It was here Ben Jonson, some years afterwards, made his first appearance as actor and poet, and amongst its still later celebrities was

> Heywood sage,
> The apologetic Atlas of the stage.*

The Curtain was under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor, and stood near the playhouse called the Theatre, in Shoreditch.

According to the author of the ballad, Marlowe went upon the stage at an early age, but was obliged to abandon it in consequence of having broken his leg. Of this last circumstance, which, probably, entailed lameness on him for life, no other record has been traced. The absence of all contemporary allusion to it is so remarkable, at a time when the town was inundated with lampoons full of personal reflections, that the veracity of the ballad-monger may be fairly questioned. Marlowe's halt would have been at least as conspicuous a mark for ribaldry as Greene's red nose, or Gabriel Harvey's leanness.

The tragedy of *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two parts, was entered in the Stationers' books on the 14th of August, 1590, and published in the same year. Its reception upon the stage was so favourable, that the second part was brought out immediately after the first. *Faustus* and the *Jew of Malta* speedily followed. In all these pieces, which were highly successful, Alleyn played the principal characters. The next play was *Edward II.*, said by Warton to have been written in 1590. The *Massacre of Paris*, supposed to be the

* *Choice Drollery, Sorgs, and Sonnets.* 1656. Thomas Heywood, the author of *The Apology for Actors.*

piece noted by Henslowe in his *Diary* as the *Tragedy of the Guise*, was acted for the first time on the 30th of January, 1593. It was probably the last of Marlowe's productions. Alleyn played the chief part in this play also. Heywood celebrated the alliance between Marlowe and Alleyn in a prologue he wrote for the revival of the *Jew of Malta* in 1633. The lines are interesting as an evidence of the estimation in which Marlowe was held as one of the fathers of the stage:—

> We know not how our play may pass this stage,
> But by the best of poets in that age
> The Malta Jew had being and was made;
> And he then by the best of actors played.

Nash and Greene had both preceded Marlowe in London, and there is reason to suppose that he had not entered into any intercourse with them when he brought *Tamburlaine* upon the stage. This inference is drawn from Nash's preliminary Epistle to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1587, in which he indirectly satirizes Marlowe and his new-fashioned style, which he describes as the 'swelling bombast of bragging blank verse.'

Nash and Marlowe were contemporaries at Cambridge, where Nash obtained his Bachelor's degree in 1585, and left the College without being allowed to take out his Master's degree in 1587, the year in which it was conferred on Marlowe.* It was natural enough that Nash should feel jealous

* The materials for Nash's biography are scanty, and the few details furnished from different sources involve contradiction. He was a native of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, where it has been hitherto supposed he was born about 1564; but recent investigations have discovered that he was christened in November, 1567. See *Shakspeare Society Papers*, iii. 178. Mr. Collier (*History of the Stage*, iii. 110) says that Nash entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1585, and was obliged to leave the University in 1587 without taking his degree. It does not appear upon what authority this statement is made, but it is irreconcileable with Harvey's assertions in a pamphlet published in Nash's lifetime, called *The Trimming of Thomas Nash, Gentleman*, 1597, from which we learn that while he was at Cambridge he wrote part of a satirical show called *Terminus et non Terminus*, that the person who was concerned in it with him was expelled, and that Nash, who was of seven years' standing, left the College about 1587. He then went up

of a member of his own University, who had just taken out honours from which he had been himself excluded; and his frequent use in the *Epistle* of the term 'art-masters,' confirms the suspicion that he was giving vent to a feeling of personal vexation. The application of these censures to Marlowe is placed almost beyond discussion by a passage in Greene's address to his *Perimedes*, published in the following year, which, referring openly to that 'atheist Tamburlaine,' and the 'blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun,' is evidently a continuation of the previous attack by Nash.

It is not known at what time Nash, Greene, and Marlowe formed that connexion in which we find their names subsequently associated; but it could not have been very long after the publication of these invectives, as in four or five years from that date both Greene and Marlowe were dead. Meeting in the theatre, the centre of their labours and their dissipation, they soon discovered those kindred tastes which afterwards drew them constantly together; while the encroachments Shakspeare was beginning to make about this period upon their position as dramatic writers, imparted something like a character of combination to their fellowship. They had a common interest in opposing the new luminary who was climbing the horizon of the stage with a broader and clearer lustre than their own; and we can easily imagine, without drawing any very fanciful picture, that the discussion of Shakspeare's pretensions, and the denunciation of his depredations on their manor, stimulated them at their orgies to many an additional flask of Rhenish.

Greene was, probably, the leader on such occasions. He was the oldest of the three; he had travelled, and brought home with him the vices of Italy and France; and he had

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to London, where he joined Greene, who had been educated at St. John's College. The remainder of Nash's life was passed in profligacy and distress, and a considerable portion of it in the gaols of the metropolis. Like Greene, he became penitent towards the end, and in a pamphlet, entitled *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, expressed contrition for his writings and his conduct. He died in 1600 or 1601.

been established in London before either of the other two had found his way to the metropolis. For this pre-eminence he paid a bitter penalty in the end. Subsequent circumstances show that his companions shunned the responsibility of his friendship when the full glare of publicity fell upon the errors of his life, in which they had themselves so largely participated. They deserted him in his last illness, and after his death disowned the terms of intimacy on which they had lived together.*

Marlowe was deeply implicated in these excesses. He was one of that group of dramatists whose lives and writings were held up to public execration by the zealots who attacked the stage; and Greene has left an express testimony of the height to which Marlowe carried the frenzy of dissipation. In his address to his old associates, he implores them to abandon their wicked mode of life, their blaspheming, drinking, and debauchery, setting forth his own example as a fatal warning; and specially exhorts Marlowe to repentance by reminding him that they had formerly said together, like the fool in his heart, 'There is no God.'† This admonition, written under the influence of a death-bed conversion, can scarcely be considered sufficient to justify the imputation of deliberate atheism. It seems intended rather to warn Marlowe against the revolting levity of speech in which they had both indulged, and which was a sort of fashion in the dissolute society they frequented, than to accuse him of systematic scepticism. The charge, however, was afterwards brought forward in a specific shape by Thomas Beard, a Puritan minister of the most ascetic and uncompromising cast. Taking advantage of Marlowe's death to illustrate the terrible punishment which, even in this world, awaits the sinner who denies his God, he asserted that Marlowe had in his conversation blasphemed the Trinity, and had also written

* Nash's disavowal was explicit. In his *Strange News*, he roundly asserted that he had not been 'Greene's companion any more than for a carouse or two.' See also *ante*, p. 20.

† See *ante*, p. 25.

a book against the Bible.* But no such book is known to exist, and the allegation rests on the sole authority of Beard,† who himself repeats it upon hearsay. Marlowe's plays, which Beard is supposed to have attacked in another publication,‡ furnish no more tenable grounds for the charge of atheism than *Paradise Lost;* and Milton might just as rationally be held responsible for the sentiments he has put into the mouth of Satan, as Marlowe for the speculations, strictly rising out of the circumstances of the scene, which he has given to some of his characters in the *Jew of Malta* and *Doctor Faustus.* Marlowe's writings contain ample evidence of licentiousness and laxity of principle, but supply no proof that he held atheistical opinions. To what extent the

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* *Theatre of God's Judgments.* 1597.

† It ought, perhaps, to be mentioned that a person named Bame prepared a note of Marlowe's 'damnable opinions,' with a view to a civil process, which was averted by the death of the poet. Apart from the intrinsic absurdity and evident malignity of some of Bame's statements, the value of his testimony may be estimated from the fact that the man who thus undertook to sit in judgment upon the religious opinions of another was afterwards hanged at Tyburn. I set aside altogether, as being wholly unworthy of consideration, some MS. notes of an anonymous scribe, written nearly fifty years after Marlowe's death, in a copy of *Hero and Leander*, in the possession of Mr. Collier. The writer asserts that Marlowe was an atheist, and that he made somebody else become an atheist. When we learn who the writer was, we shall know what amount of credit to attach to his authority.

‡ Peter Primaudaye's work on man, entitled *The French Academie*, translated into English in 2 Vols., by T. B. The first volume of this translation was published in 1586, and the second in 1594. *An Epistle to the Reader*, prefixed by the translator to the second volume, leaves little doubt as to the identity of T. B. In this elaborate address, the writer breaks out with great vehemence upon the subject of atheism, and, after adducing several examples, refers specially to the recent case of Greene. He next proceeds to denounce the writings of Greene and 'his crew,' and to demand the restriction of the press as a protection against their profanity. He is particularly scandalized at the love pamphlets; and his condemnation of the stage-plays is sweeping and indiscriminate, although he adds that 'this commendation of them hath lately passed the press, that they are rare exercises of virtue.' Beard closes his diatribe against the plays and other pestilential writings, by proposing that they should all be collected in St. Paul's Churchyard, where most of them were printed, and publicly burned as 'a sweet-smelling sacrifice unto the Lord.'

practical impiety of his life may have justified such an imputation, it would be presumptuous to hazard a judgment.

Greene died in September, 1592.† His *Groat's Worth of Wit*, edited by Chettle,* was published immediately afterwards.† The genuineness of the pamphlet was doubted; and suspicion of the authorship fell upon Nash. It was also, in some quarters, ascribed to Chettle. They both denied it; and we learn from Chettle's disclaimer that Marlowe and Shakspeare took offence at the personal reflections made upon them, and went so far as to charge Chettle with having fabricated the work himself. His reply possesses a direct interest in reference to Marlowe, as it distinctly indicates that Greene had written worse things about him than Chettle had published.

With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, *and with one of them I care not if I never be;* the other, whom at this time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case), the author being dead, that I did not, I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which augurs his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art. *For the first, whose learning I reverence, and, at the perusing of Greene's book, struck out what*

* Henry Chettle was one of the most prolific playwrights of his day. He is supposed to have been concerned in the production of forty pieces. Of his merits as a dramatist we have but imperfect means of forming an opinion, only four pieces conjectured to be his having come down to us. Although he wrote some grave and ponderous scenes, his strength lay chiefly in humour, of which we have an excellent sample in Babulo, the clown in *Patient Grisseil*. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, speaks of Chettle as being one 'of the best for comedy.' Chettle seems to have been originally a compositor, and was certainly engaged in the printing business in 1591. He died about 1607, and is mentioned by Dekker in his *Knight's Conjuring*, 'in comes Chettle, sweating and blowing by reason of his fatness.'

† Greene died on the 3rd of September, and on the 20th the *Groat's Worth of Wit* was entered on the Stationers' Register.

*then in conscience I thought he had in some displeasure writ; or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable: him I would wish to use now no worse than I deserve.**

The lines in italics plainly refer to Marlowe, whose character comes out in painful contrast to that of Shakspeare. The explanation is creditable to the manliness of Chettle. Compelled to relieve himself from the aspersion of having fabricated a pamphlet in Greene's name, he expresses regret that he had not exercised his editorial discretion over the passage that reflected on Shakspeare, having subsequently learned how upright he was in his conduct; but he expresses no regret at what he had published concerning Marlowe. He knew neither of them, and had no desire to know Marlowe. From this single sentence we may collect the opinion that was entertained of Marlowe, even amongst people who were not repelled from associating with him by religious scruples, who were, like himself, playwrights and poets, and who held no communion with him, although they mixed constantly in the society with which he was intimately connected. Chettle was one of the inferior writers for the stage; a drudge in all sorts of literature; and no doubt passed his life in a perpetual struggle against poverty. Yet this comparatively obscure man, always distinguished by the modesty with which he speaks of himself, did not hesitate to publish to the world that he had no desire to be acquainted with Marlowe, who, whatever were the vices of his private life, enjoyed considerable reputation as a successful dramatist, and was the associate of Nash, one of Chettle's earliest friends. From this explanation we also gather that Greene had written worse of Marlowe than that he had spoken irreverently; but that Chettle had suppressed it, thinking it was written in displeasure, possibly because Marlowe had deserted him in his hour of need. How much worse it was may be inferred from Chettle's statement that, even if it had been true, and not written in displeasure,

* *Kind-Hart's Dream.* 1592.

he would still have suppressed it, because it was 'intolerable' to publish.

Marlowe's anxiety to vindicate his character satisfied itself in an explosion of anger. He made no public protest against the aspersion of impiety, nor did he take any pains otherwise to show that it was unfounded. Neither Greene's solemn warning, nor the contempt of Chettle, produced any effect upon his life. He continued from this time to pursue the same course which had hitherto drawn so much censure upon him, and which was destined within a few months to bring his career to a sudden and tragical close. In the following June he was killed by a man to whom 'he owed a grudge,' and who was said to have been his rival under circumstances discreditable to both. The man, whose name was Francis Archer,* appears to have acted in self-defence. According to the relations which are given of the story, Archer had asked Marlowe to a feast at Deptford, and while they were playing at backgammon, Marlowe suddenly drew out his dagger, and attempted to stab his host; when Archer, perceiving his intention, avoided the blow, and quickly seizing his own dagger, struck Marlowe in the eye, bringing away the brains as he withdrew the weapon. Medical aid was immediately procured, but it was unavailing. Marlowe died in a few hours.† Of the issue, with reference to Archer, nothing is known.

Thus perished, at the untimely age of thirty, in a mean

* The burial register of the church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, contains the following entry:—'Christopher Marlowe, slain by Francis Archer, the 16th June, 1593.' This record disposes of Vaughan's statement [*The Golden Grove*: 1600.] that the name of Marlowe's antagonist was Ingram; and of Aubrey's story that it was Ben Jonson who 'killed Mr. Marlowe, the poet, on Bunhill, coming from the Green Curtain play-house.' In Jonson's case, the circumstances were altogether different, the person he killed, Gabriel Spencer, an actor, having challenged him. The duel took place in Hoxton Fields, in September, 1598, five years after the death of Marlowe. See *Life of Jonson*, Ann. Ed., p. 10.

† There are two or three versions of the catastrophe, differing in slight particulars, but agreeing upon the main.

brawl, the greatest dramatic poet in our language anterior to Shakspeare.

Amongst the papers Marlowe left behind him were the unfinished tragedy of *Dido*, afterwards completed for the stage by Nash, and the commencement of a paraphrase of the Greek poem of *Hero and Leander*, which Chapman brought to a conclusion. Independently of the plays Marlowe is known to have written, he is supposed to have been concerned in others, to some of which Shakspeare was largely indebted in the structure of three of his dramas.*

Marlowe laid the foundation of English dramatic poetry in blank verse, which he brought to its highest perfection. Ben Jonson's panegyric is familiar to all readers; but the 'mighty line' does not include the whole of Marlowe's merits. His versification is full of variety, and equally susceptible of the most

* 1. *The First Part of the Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster.* 2. *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York.* 3. *The Taming of the Shrew.* Upon the former two Shakspeare founded the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.*, and upon the last his play of the same name. There are so many extraordinary coincidences of expression between the old *Taming of the Shrew* and Marlowe's acknowledged writings, that Mr. Dyce thinks it could not have been written by Marlowe himself, but must have been the work of an imitator. A writer in *Notes and Queries* opposes to this opinion the argument that the corresponding passages are so extensive and literal as to constitute, not imitations, but thefts, and that, if they are thefts, the thief would assuredly have availed himself of other writers, and not confined his depredations to Marlowe. 4. *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, in Two Parts. 5. *Lust's Dominion.* Mr. Dyce rejects this play from his edition of Marlowe's works, because there are certain allusions in the first scene which could not have been written till after Marlowe's death. By parity of reasoning he should have rejected *Faustus*, which he adopts. In the case of *Lust's Dominion*, as in that of *Faustus*, we have a right to assume that interpolations were introduced, from time to time, according to the custom of the theatres. The most direct evidence in favour of Marlowe's authorship of this play is, that the earliest edition bears his name on the title-page; a species of evidence we are not justified in ignoring on speculative grounds. 6. *The Maiden's Holiday.* A comedy bearing this name was entered in the Stationers' books on the 8th April, 1654, as the joint production of Marlowe and Day; but it was never printed, and the MS. was destroyed by Warburton's cook. It has been conjectured also that Marlowe was the author of *Locrine* and *Titus Andronicus*, and of some play, apparently alluded to by Greene, see *ante*, p. 144, in which there was a priest of the sun. But there is no evidence in support of these conjectures.

luscious sweetness and the utmost force. The rhythm always obeys the emotion, and its melody is not to be tested by a mechanical standard. The sense is not adapted to the numbers, but the numbers to the sense; and, the meaning being clearly understood, the verse becomes a strain of music. His diction is rich and nervous; his imagery profuse, and frequently drawn from recondite sources. As he is often extravagant, so he is sometimes flat and prosaic; and, considering the height to which he occasionally soars above his immediate contemporaries, he may be pronounced the most unequal of them all. But it should be recollected that the dramatist of that day addressed only one tribunal. His object was to produce a play that would act well, not one that would read well. The fear of print was not before his eyes, and he was careless in proportion of those conditions of finish and completeness which are demanded by the criticism of the closet.

The comic scenes which interleave Marlowe's plays are coarse, heavy, and generally gross. But he had a quality of humour of a singular kind, which appears when it is least expected in situations of grief or terror. We have a remarkable example of this in the *Jew of Malta*, where Friar Jacomo, seeing the dead body of Friar Barnardine standing against a wall with a staff in its hands, addresses it, and, not receiving any answer, knocks it down, upon which he is accused of the murder,—a tragical issue produced by farcical means, and showing how closely tragedy and farce lie together.

Marlowe's strength was not that of intensity in the sense of concentration; it consisted in the power of accumulation which conquers by repeated blows. His details are often hyperbolical, and his characters, divorced from the action and the surrounding figures, are little better than superb exaggerations of humanity. His plays will not bear this kind of dissection; they must be grasped as a whole in the entirety of their burning passion and Titanic energies. The design is always vast, and commands attention by its breadth and boldness. There is a barbaric grandeur in *Tamburlaine*, which seizes forcibly on the imagination, in spite of the means by which it is brought about. It is preposterous enough to

see Tamburlaine drawn in his chariot by captive kings with bits in their mouths, and to hear him reproaching them for not going faster than twenty miles a day; yet there is something almost sublime in the conception of vanquishing entire regions, carrying victory into remote countries almost with the certainty of fate, and then exhibiting to the world the emblems of this mighty power in the persons of the harnessed kings. It may awaken ludicrous associations to hear Tamburlaine's expression of surprise when he feels the approach of sickness, as if he who had overawed mortality in others, must himself be immortal; and his proposal to go forth and fight death, as he had fought other enemies, is simply absurd; but it is a stroke of genius, in immediate relation with all this, to represent death as being afraid to come too near him, and making his approaches as it were by stealth, every time Tamburlaine turns aside his head. The manner in which Faustus sells himself to the devil will make the modern reader smile; but assuredly the heaping up of the horrors, hour after hour, as the moment when the forfeit is to be paid draws near, is profoundly tragical.

The poems that are not dramatic possess all Marlowe's excellences liberated from his excesses. The most important of them is the *Hero and Leander*. How admirably it is executed will be felt upon reaching the continuation by 'cloud-grappling Chapman,' who, with great original powers, falls infinitely short of the luxury of description and exquisite versification of his predecessor. *The Song of the Passionate Shepherd*, which has retained its popularity for nearly 300 years, is the best known, as it is one of the most beautiful of Marlowe's compositions. To these is added, in the present volume, a translation of the *First Book of Lucan*, which presents especial claims to preservation as the second example of the kind in English, and as affording, by its closeness, being rendered line for line, a curious means of comparison with the more elaborate version of Rowe. Marlowe also produced a translation of *Ovid's Elegies*, which the bishops ordered to be burnt for its licentiousness.

POEMS
OF
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

HERO AND LEANDER.

[THE fragment of this poem left by Marlowe extends only to the end of the Second Sestiad. It was published for the first time in 1598, and was reprinted in 1600, with Chapman's completion of the paraphrase A third edition appeared in 1606, followed by subsequent editions in 1609, 1613, 1629, and 1637. Marlowe's portion obtained great popularity immediately after it appeared in print; lines were quoted from it in the plays of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson; and it was frequently alluded to by other contemporary writers.

The liberal scale upon which Marlowe planned the paraphrase (which Warton by an oversight describes as a translation) elevates it in some degree to the dignity of a creation. Drawing his subject from the Greek poem ascribed to Musæus, he enriches it with luxurious additions, which not only impart a new character to the piece, but expand it considerably beyond the scope or design of its original. Indeed, little more is taken from Musæus than the story. The poetical drapery and passionate descriptions belong wholly to Marlowe. Mr. Hallam does injustice to this work when he dismisses it as a 'paraphrase of a most licentious kind.' The *Venus and Adonis*, and *Rape of Lucrece*, are open to the same charge. Licentiousness of treatment in poems of this nature was the common characteristic of the age, and not a speciality in Marlowe, who employed it with a grace and sweetness reached by none of his contemporaries except Shakspeare.

It may be inferred from an allusion in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, that Chapman's continuation was written and circulated in manuscript so early as 1598, although not published for two years afterwards. A passage in the Third Sestiad (see *post*, p. 185) seems to imply that the continuation was undertaken at the request of Marlowe; but the meaning is by no means clear. Marlowe apparently intended that the poem should be one entire piece; Chapman, however, broke it up into Sestiads, and prefixed a rhyming argument to each. Whether the narrative derives any advantage from this formal distribution of the action may be doubted; but it is, at all events, useful as helping to mark distinctly where Marlowe ended and Chapman began. The reader will at once feel the difference in passing from the musical flow and choice diction of Marlowe to the rugged versification and uncouth pedantry of Chapman. It is like a burst of harsh and dissonant trumpets coming after the voluptuous melody of flutes. But there are great merits in Chapman notwithstanding. Although frequently obscure, he is often profound, and always vigorous. His descriptions, generally overloaded with crude ornaments, are sometimes full of beauty and dignity; and, occasionally, but very rarely, he betrays an unexpected touch of tenderness.]

Dedication.

TO THE RIGHT-WORSHIPFUL SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT.

SIR,—We think not ourselves discharged of the duty we owe to our friend when we have brought the breathless body to the earth; for, albeit the eye there taketh his ever-farewell of that beloved object, yet the impression of the man that hath been dear unto us, living an after-life in our memory, there putteth us in mind of farther obsequies due unto the deceased; and namely of the performance of whatsoever we may judge shall make to his living credit and to the effecting of his determinations prevented by the stroke of death. By these meditations

(as by an intellectual will) I suppose myself executor to the unhappily deceased author of this poem; upon whom, knowing that in his lifetime you bestowed many kind favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him with good countenance and liberal affection,* I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his brain should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle air of your liking; for, since his self had been accustomed thereunto, it would prove more agreeable and thriving to his right children than any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this unfinished tragedy happens under my hands to be imprinted, of a double duty, the one to yourself, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most favourable allowance, offering my utmost self now and ever to be ready at your worship's disposing.

EDWARD BLUNT.†

THE FIRST SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SESTIAD.

Hero's description and her love's;
The fane of Venus, where he moves
His worthy love-suit, and attains;
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains
For Cupid's grace to Mercury:
Which tale the author doth imply.

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit, for men to gaze upon.

* 'This is not the only proof extant,' says Mr. Dyce, in his careful life of Marlowe, 'that Sir Thomas Walsingham cultivated a familiarity with the dramatists of his day; for to him, as to his "long-loved and honorable friend," Chapman has inscribed by a sonnet the comedy of *At Fooles*, 1605.'

† Edward Blunt was the publisher of the first edition of *Hero and Leander*. This dedication, together with the whole of the poem, was reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges in the *Restituta*.

The outside of her garments were* of lawn,
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath:
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives:
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered, used she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,

* All the editions print *were*. This confusion of antecedents is common among the early writers. Thus in the *Jew of Malta*:—

'Oh, holy friar, the burden of my sins
Lie heavy on my soul.'

And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung,)
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops' shoulder: I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes;
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow,* and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamoured of his beauty had he been:

* Narcissus.

His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with nought,
Was moved with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,—
A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
'Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall.'
The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheeked Adonis, kept a solemn feast;
Thither resorted many a wandering guest
To meet their loves: such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival;
For every street, like to a firmament,
Glistered with breathing stars, who, where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deemed
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seemed,
As if another Phaëton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But, far above the loveliest, Hero shined,
And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind;
For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by;
Nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery star*
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling† car

* Diana or Hecate, whose car is said to be drawn from Latmus' mount, because it was there she used to meet her lover Endymion.

† Upon this word, Mr. Dyce has the following note:—'Thirling, *i.e. thrilling*, and here, probably, equivalent to shaking, vibrating. The modern editors print 'whirling,' which hardly suits the context.' This explanation is not satisfactory. *Thirling*, or *thrilling* means in old English piercing. Thus the nose-thirles, or nostrils, are the orifices by which the nose is pierced. The modern acceptation of thrilling is that which gives the sensation of being pierced to the

From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crowned with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain*
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that viewed her were enamoured on her:
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,
So at her presence all surprised and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favours lives; the other dies:
There might you see one sigh; another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile† sharp satires; but, alas, too late!
For faithful love will never turn to hate;
And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pined as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day,—oh, cursèd day and hour!—
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.

---

heart. From the idea of piercing, that of vibrating or shaking never could have been derived; and yet *piercing*, as an epithet applied to a car is absurd. If there were any authority for whirling it would evidently be the better reading. Her whirling car might mean her car that was whirled rapidly along.

* 'Gallop amain, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging.'
Romeo and Juliet, iii. 2.

† This was not an unusual form on the title-pages of collections of epigrams and satires. Thus, *Follie's Anatomie*, published in 1619, was described as consisting of 'Satyres and Satyricall Epigrams, &c., compiled by Henry Hutton, Dunelmensis.'

So fair a church as this had Venus none:
The walls were of discoloured jasper-stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved; and over-head
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass:
There might you see the gods, in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes;
For know, that underneath this radiant floor*
Was Danäe's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slily stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy†
That now is turned into a cypress-tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Vailed to the ground,‡ veiling her eyelids close;
And modestly they opened as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamourèd.

---

* The various editions spelt floor, flowre, and flower, apparently to accommodate the rhyme with tower. But the meaning is clear, and it certainly does less violence to the language to make tower rhyme to floor, than to pronounce floor flower to make it rhyme with tower.

† Cyparissus.

‡ Stooped or bowed to the ground. It is very unusual to find the verb to *vail* used with a neuter signification, as in this instance. It is generally an active verb, as—

'Then like a melancholy malecontent
He vails his tail.'

Venus and Adonis.—SHAKSPEARE'S *Poems.*—Ann. Ed. p. 48.

Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blazed
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook:
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stript, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured* by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?†
He kneeled; but unto her devoutly prayed:
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
'Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him;'
And, as she spake those words, came somewhat near
He started up; she blushed as one ashamed; [him.
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touched her hand; in touching it she trembled:
Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parlèd by the touch of hands:
True love is mute, and oft amazèd stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled;
And Night, deep-drenched in misty Acheron,
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day):
And now begins Leander to display

---

* Literally, judged by our eyes. To censure, as used by the early writers, did not imply to give an unfavourable judgment, but simply to pronounce an opinion.

† Mr. Dyce points out the following passage in which Shakspeare has quoted this line:—

'Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;—
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?'
As You Like It, iii. 5.

Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears;
Which, like sweet music, entered Hero's ears;
And yet at every word she turned aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her.*
'Fair creature, let me speak without offence:
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine!
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; mis-shapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
Oh, shun me not, but hear me ere you go!
God knows, I cannot force love as you do:
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar, to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpass
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, beloved of human swains,
Receives no blemish, but ofttimes more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base
Base in respect of thee divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven nor thou were made to gaze upon:
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.

---

* See Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, iv. 2, where Master Mathew quotes a portion of the following speech, and is reproved by Knowell for filching from the dead. The comedy was produced in 1598, the same year in which Marlowe's fragment of *Hero and Leander* was first published; so that it is not necessary to adopt

A stately-builded ship, well-rigged and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical:
Why vowest thou, then, to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untuned golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouched, will harshly jar.
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine:
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mould, but use? for both, not used,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abused,
When misers keep it: being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate:
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish!
Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.
Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which, after his decease, some other gains;
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeathed to none;*
Or, if it could, down from th' enamelled sky
All heaven would come to claim this legacy,
And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.

Whalley's supposition that Jonson took the passage from a MS. copy of the poem. Master Mathew does not cite the lines accurately, but that, perhaps, may have been intentional.

* 'Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.'
SHAKSPEARE'S *Sonnets*, iv.

For an expansion of the argument, see the first four of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*.

One is no number; maids are nothing, then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things;
But they, that daily taste neat wine, despise it:
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compared with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow:
Even so for men's impression do we you;
By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is 't of earth or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast:
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous:
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascribed thereto:
Honour is purchased by the deeds we do;
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame,
And know that some have wronged Diana's name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair, ah me! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly-blasting infamy.

Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath:
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath?'
'To Venus,' answered she; and, as she spake,
Forth from those two tralucent cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: 'The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masques, and all that stern age counteth evil
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committest a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands:
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands.'
Thereat she smiled, and did deny him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo;
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:
'Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet, for her sake, whom you have vowed to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are performed and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice:
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corn dies, if it be not reapt;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.'
These arguments he used, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.

Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war:
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus, having swallowed Cupid's golden hook,
The more she strived, the deeper was she strook:
Yet, idly* feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paused a while, at last she said,
'Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Ah me! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator.'
With that, Leander stooped to have embraced her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: 'Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town, (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us,)
My turret stands; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment:—
Come thither.' As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
For unawares, 'Come thither,' from her slipped;
And suddenly her former colour changed,
And here and there her eyes through anger ranged;
And, like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart:
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such
As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,

* Mr. Dyce's edition reads 'evilly feigning,' which is not so clear.

Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vowed spotless chastity; but all in vain;
Cupid beats down her prayers* with his wings;
Her vows above the empty air he flings:
All deep enraged, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went;
Wherewith she strooken, looked so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny;
And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turned,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourned.
Then towards the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest.
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answered Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such:
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why.
Heaven's winged herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl t' adorn it,
Glistered with dew, as one that seemed to scorn it;
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose:
Yet proud she was (for lofty Pride that dwells
In towered courts, is oft in shepherds' cells),
And too, too well the fair vermilion knew
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain. On her this god
Enamoured was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon a hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,

* Prayer is always a dissyllable in old English.

Till in his twining arms he locked her fast,
And then he wooed with kisses; and at last,
As shepherds do, hes on the ground he laid,
And, tumbling in the grass, he often strayed
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold;
And, like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elysium. But she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striven in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stayed his fury, and began
To give her leave to rise: away she ran;
After went Mercury, who used such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running;
(Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight;)
And, knowing Hermes courted her, was glad
That she such loveliness and beauty had
As could provoke his liking; yet was mute,
And neither would deny nor grant his suit.
Still vowed he love: she, wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality,
(All women are ambitious naturally,)
Imposed upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask;
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she willed,
Stole some from Hebe (Hebe Jove's cup filled),
And gave it to his simple rustic love:
Which being known—as what is hid from Jove?—
He inly stormed, and waxed more furious
Than for the fire filched by Prometheus; [here,
And thrusts him down from heaven. He, wandering
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,

Complained to Cupid; Cupid, for his sake,
To be revenged on Jove did undertake;
And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forced them equally
To dote upon deceitful Mercury.
They offered him the deadly fatal knife
That shears the slender threads of human life;
At his fair-feathered feet the engines laid,
Which th' earth from ugly Chaos' den upweighed.
These he regarded not; but did entreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banished into hell,
And aged Saturn in Olympus dwell.
They granted what he craved; and once again
Saturn and Ops began their golden reign:
Murder, rape, war, and lust, and treachery,
Were with Jove closed in Stygian empery.*
But long this blessed time continued not:
As soon as he his wished purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of th' everlasting Destinies.
They, seeing it, both Love and him abhorred,
And Jupiter unto his place restored:
And, but that Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven-gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with Ignorance.
Yet, as a punishment, they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss:
And to this day is every scholar poor:
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To 'venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir;

* Empire.

And fruitful wits, that inaspiring are,
Shall, discontent, run into regions far;*
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surprised with every garish toy,
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured.

THE SECOND SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND SESTIAD.

Hero of love takes deeper sense,
And doth her love more recompense;
Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th' only crowns of both their blisses,
He swims to Abydos, and returns:
Cold Neptune with his beauty burns;
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
Hero's fair tower and his desire.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.
He kissed her, and breathed life into her lips;
Wherewith, as one displeased, away she trips;
Yet, as she went, full often looked behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stayed,
And would have turned again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light:
So on she goes, and, in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.

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* In the former editions this line is printed—

'Shall discontent run into regions far.'

I have ventured upon the punctuation in the text under the impression that discontent here means discontented, and that the interpretation of the passage is that foolish wits who fail in their inspiration shall, discontented, seek their portion in distant lands. It may possibly be intended to convey an allusion to the numerous adventurers, such as Raleigh, who went at that time flocking to the New World.

He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stayed, and after her a letter sent;
Which joyful Hero answered in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces locked their wealth;
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide-open stood the door; he need not climb;
And she herself, before the 'pointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strowed the room,*
And oft looked out, and mused he did not come.
At last he came: oh, who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?
He asked; she gave; and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied:
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised,
Where fancy is in equal balance paised.)
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turned aside, and to herself lamented,
As if her name and honour had been wronged
By being possessed of him for whom she longed;
Ay, and she wished, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smiled
To see how he this captive nymph beguiled;

* Of all the examples that have been recorded of the profuse use of roses by the ancients at banquets and festivals, the most extraordinary are those which are related of Heliogabalus. Not only were the tables and dishes covered with them, but by mechanical contrivance showers of roses were made to descend upon the guests until they were nearly smothered under them. On such occasions Heliogabalus had the floors, porticoes, and roads leading to the house strewn with roses. At a feast which Cleopatra gave to Antony, she caused the floor of the banqueting hall to be covered three feet deep with roses, over which a net was spread to prevent the foot from sinking in the leaves.

For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down, that it might mount the higher.
Now waxed she jealous, lest his love abated,
Fearing, her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself a sacrifice
To slake his anger, if he were displeased:
Oh, what god would not therewith be appeased?
Like Æsop's cock, this jewel he enjoyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetence,
And, wanting organs to advance a step,
Moved by love's force, unto each other leap?
Much more in subjects having intellect
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung:
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung, [strived,
Strived with redoubled strength; the more she
The more a gentle pleasing heat revived,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know:
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he craved it:
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.
She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus, she fled,
And, seeming lavish, saved her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem:

Above our life we love a steadfast friend;
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone;
No marvel, then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from that she dearly held:
Jewels being lost are found again; this never;
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.
Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds;
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And, red for anger that he stayed so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among,
And now Leander, fearing to be missed,
Embraced her suddenly, took leave, and kissed:
Long was he taking leave, and loth to go,
And kissed again, as lovers use to do.
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand, and wept,
Saying, 'Let your vows and promises be kept:'
Then standing at the door, she turned about,
As loth to see Leander going out.
And now the sun, that through th' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps;
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trusty night concealed,
Leander's amorous habit soon revealed:
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crowned,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreathed her largely-spreading hair;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endowed,
When first religious chastity she vowed;
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail; for incorporeal Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.

Home when he came, he seemed not to be there,
But, like exilèd air thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place; and straight from thence,
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,
He would have chased away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter
Fires and inflames objects removèd far,
And heateth kindly, shining laterally;
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and removed,
Burns where it cherished, murders where it loved.
Therefore even as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
Oh, none but gods have power their love to hide!
Affection by the countenance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is concealed betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen:
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuked his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new-begun.
But love resisted once, grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controlled, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hoves*
Checks the submissive ground; so he that loves,
The more he is restrained, the worse he fares:
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
'Oh, Hero, Hero!' thus he cried full oft;
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long stared he on't,
And prayed the narrow toiling Hellespont

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* 'Hoves, *i. e.* hoofs—for the rhyme.'—DYCE. The correct plural of hoof is not hoofs, but hooves—as calf, calves, half, halves. Marlowe's alteration to suit the rhyme is, therefore, very slight.

To part in twain, that he might come and go;
But still the rising billows answered, 'No.'
With that, he stripped him to the ivory skin,
And, crying, 'Love, I come,' leaped lively in:
Whereat the sapphire-visaged god grew proud,
And made his capering Triton sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymede, displeased,
Had left the heavens; therefore on him he seized.
Leander strived; the waves about him wound,
And pull'd him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strewed with pearl, and in low coral groves
Sweet-singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwrack treasure;
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embraced him, called him 'love,'
And swore he never should return to Jove:
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heaved him up, and, looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace
Which mounted up, intending to have kissed him,
And fell in drops like tears because they missed him
Leander, being up, began to swim,
And, looking back, saw Neptune follow him:
Whereat aghast, the poor soul 'gan to cry,
'Oh, let me visit Hero ere I die!'
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapped his plump cheeks, with his tresses played,
And, smiling wantonly, his love bewrayed;
He watched his arms, and, as they opened wide
At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And, as he turned, cast many a lustful glance,
And throw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry

Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love. Leander made reply,
'You are deceived; I am no woman, I.'
Thereat smiled Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd, sitting in a vale,
Played with a boy so lovely fair and kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pined;
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink;
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed Satyrs and up-staring Fauns
Would steal him thence. Ere half this tale was done,
'Ah me,' Leander cried, 'th' enamoured sun,
That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower:
Oh, that these tardy arms of mine were wings!'
And, as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace; but, as it went,
He called it in, for love made him repent:
The mace, returning back, his own hand hit,
As meaning to be 'venged for darting it.
When this fresh-bleeding wound Leander viewed,
His colour went and came, as if he rued
The grief which Neptune felt: in gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pity* rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brained, and illiterate hinds?

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* Mr. Dyce observes that remorse and pity are 'all but synonymes.' This requires qualification. The sense in which remorse conveyed a meaning bearing in any degree on the meaning we attach to pity or compassion, has long been obsolete.

'Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorse.'—DRYDEN.

Here remorse clearly means pity or mercy; but it is never used in this sense now.

The god, seeing him with pity to be moved,
Thereon concluded that he was beloved;
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us;)
Wherefore, Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies:
'Tis wisdom to give much; a gift prevails
When deep-persuading oratory fails.
By this, Leander, being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.
Breathless albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitary tower he got;
And knocked, and called: at which celestial noise
The longing heart of Hero much more joys,
Than nymphs and shepherds when the timbrel rings,
Or crookèd dolphin when the sailor sings.
She stayed not for her robes, but straight arose,
And, drunk with gladness, to the door she goes;
Where seeing a naked man, she screeched for fear,
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,)
And ran into the dark herself to hide:
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied:)
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,
By those white limbs which sparkled through the lawn.
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed;
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numbing cold, all feeble, faint, and wan.
'If not for love, yet, love, for pity-sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swoom:
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow.'
Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay;

Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,*
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base-declining souls,
Than dreary-Mars-carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare:
She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
Like chaste Diana when Actæon spied her,
Being suddenly betrayed, dived down to hide her;
And, as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture.
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest, and swear:
Yet ever, as he greedily assayed
To touch those dainties, she the harpy played,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foeman out;
For though the rising ivory mount he scaled,
Which is with azure circling lines empaled,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I term this,
By which Love sails to regions full of bliss?)
Yet there with Sisyphus he toiled in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.
Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing,
She trembling strove; this strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy.† Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length:
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Entered the orchard of th' Hesperides;

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* Fetched.

† An allusion to the legend, followed in *Paradise Lost*, that this world and mankind were created to supply the place of the rebellious angels who fell from heaven.

Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something, and sighed out the rest;
Which so prevailed, as he, with small ado,
Enclosed her in his arms, and kissed her too;
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm:
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was!
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.
And now she wished this night were never done,
And sighed to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it grieved her that the bright day-light
Should know the pleasure of this blessèd night,
And them, like Mars and Erycine, display
Both in each other's arms chained as they lay.
Again, she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden clinged her so about,
That, mermaid-like, unto the floor she slid;
One half appeared, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,
As from an orient cloud, glimpsed here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betrayed,
And her all naked to his sight displayed:
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.

By this, Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the ocean;
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the bright Day-bearing car prepared,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mocked ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Danged down to hell her loathsome carriage.

THE THIRD SESTIAD.*

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD SESTIAD.

Leander to the envious light
Resigns his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont again.
Thesme, the deity sovereign
Of customs and religious rites,
Appears, reproving his delights,
Since nuptial honours he neglected;
Which straight he vows shall be effected.
Fair Hero, left devirginate,
Weighs, and with fury wails her state:
But with her love and woman's wit
She argues and approveth it.

New light gives new directions, fortunes new,
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern Muse must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became
High unexperienced blood, and maids' sharp plights
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That, being enjoyed, ask judgment; now we praise,
As having parted: evenings crown the days.
And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires,
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,

* The continuation by Chapman commences here.

And you detested Charms constraining love!
Shun love's stolen sports by that these lovers prove.
By this, the sovereign of heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other epithite.*
And as amidst th' enamoured waves he swims,
The god of gold of purpose gilt his limbs,
That, this word gilt including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be expressed, that had no stay t' employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift
As had beseemed so sanctified a gift;
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall,
Before his time, to that unblessèd blessing,
Which, for lust's plague, doth perish with possessing.
Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes;
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.
What man is he, that with a wealthy eye
Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,
Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;—
Who thinks not heaven with such a love is given?
And who, like earth, would spend that dower of heaven,

* Epithite seems to mean clothing or covering, from ἐπιτίθημι.

With rank desire to joy it all at first?
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,
Praise doth not any of her favours give:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,
So ordered that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire,
The palm of Bounty ever moist preserving;
To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony
Had banished all offence: Time's golden thigh
Upholds the flowery body of the earth
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men and actions makes legitimate;
Being used aright, the use of time is fate.
Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more
This prize of love home to his father's shore;
Where he unlades himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich,—treasures composed by stealth;
And to his sister, kind Hermione,
(Who on the shore kneeled, praying to the sea
For his return,) he all love's goods did show,
In Hero seised for him, in him for Hero.
His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower, he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love;
And from thence did the first white roses spring
(For love is sweet and fair in every thing),
And all the sweetened shore, as he did go,
Was crowned with odorous roses, white as snow.
Love-blest Leander was with love so filled,
That love to all that touched him he instilled

And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sight's powers communicated be,
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flowed from his parts with force so virtual,
It fired with sense things mere insensual.
Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,
When he lay down, he kindly kissed his bed,
As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vowed thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero or her bliss,
Should be her altar to prefer a kiss.
Then laid he forth his late-enrichèd arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims:
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, 'See, sister, Hero's carcanet!
Which she had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that do Juno deck.'
But, as he shook with passionate desire
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravished sense did hear;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues
Brake through the roof, and, like the rainbow, views
Amazed Leander: in whose beams came down
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown
Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended:
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion: all her body was
Clear and transparent as the purest glass,
For she was all presented to the sense:
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,

Her shadows were; Society, Memory;
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle* she wears,
Drawn full of circles and strange characters.
Her face was changeable to every eye;
One way looked ill, another graciously;
Which while men viewed, they cheerful were and holy,
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
The snaky paths to each observèd law
Did Policy in her broad bosom draw.
One hand a mathematic crystal sways,
Which, gathering in one line a thousand rays
From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth:
By it Morality and Comeliness
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,
That followed, eating earth and excrement
And human limbs; and would make proud ascent
To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain.
The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train;
And all the sweets of our society
Were sphered and treasured in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appeared, and sharply did reprove
Leander's bluntness in his violent love;
Told him how poor was substance without rites,
Like bills unsigned; desires without delights;
Like meats unseasoned; like rank corn that grows
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows;

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* A charm against evil spirits. It was formed of the figures of three triangles, intersected and composed of five lines. By a 'rich disparent pentacle' is meant a pentacle of different colours.

> 'They have their crystals, I do know, and rings,
> And virgin-parchment, and their dead-men's sculls,
> Their raven's wings, and lights, and pentacles,
> With characters.'
>
> BEN JONSON.—*The Devil's an Ass*, i. 2.

Not being with civil forms confirmed and bounded,
For human dignities and comforts founded;
But loose and secret all their glories hide;
Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.
She vanished, leaving pierced Leander's heart,
With sense of his unceremonious part,
In which, with plain neglect of nuptial rites,
He close and flatly fell to his delights:
And instantly he vowed to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state.
So up he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose.
The nuptials are resolved with utmost power;
And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,
From whence he meant to Sestos' forked bay
To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
Sent by his father, throughly rigged and manned,
To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.
There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue
Astonished Hero, whose most wished view
I thus long have forborne, because I left her
So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her:
To look on one abashed is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.
Her blushing het* her chamber: she looked out,
And all the air she purpled round about;†
And after it a foul black day befell,
Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,
And still renews our woes, for Hero's woe;
And foul it proved, because it figured so
The next night's horror; which prepare to hear;
I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.

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* Heated.

† 'Behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,
As from an orient cloud, glimpsed here and there,' &c.—p. 181.

Then, now, most strangely-intellectual fire,
That, proper to my soul, hast power t'inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unspherèd flame visit'st the springs
Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;
Tell it how much his late desires I tender
(If yet it know not), and to light surrender
My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
To loves, to passions, and society.*
Sweet Hero, left upon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vows, Leander gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,
Even to herself a stranger, was much like
Th' Iberian city that War's hand did strike
By English force in princely Essex' guide,†
When Peace assured her towers had fortified,

* In this mysterious apostrophe to the spirit of Marlowe, Chapman seems to imply that by completing the 'half-told' Musæan story he is fulfilling 'the late desires' of the poet. If we are to accept the phrase 'late desires' literally, we must conclude that the continuation was begun soon after Marlowe's death, although it was not published till 1606. The passage is altogether involved in obscurity; for there is not only no evidence to show that Chapman was intimate with Marlowe, but some reason, from the difference in their habits and characters, to doubt that there could have been much intercourse between them.

† In the early translations and paraphrases from Greek and Latin writers, incongruities of this kind are of frequent occurrence. Some curious examples may be seen in Sandys' *Ovid*. Hero's condition is here compared to that of the city of Cadiz when it was attacked, in 1596, by the expedition under the command of Essex. This date shows that Chapman's continuation could not have been written immediately after Marlowe's death, as the previous passage seems to indicate. See the last note.

And golden-fingered India had bestowed
Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flowed
Into her turrets, and her virgin waist
The wealthy girdle of the sea embraced;
Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft love suits, with iron thunders chid;
Swum to her town, dissolved her virgin zone;
Led in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streets amazed, that she supposed
She had not been in her own walls enclosed,
But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,
And all her peaceful mansions possessed
With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So fared fair Hero in th' expungèd fort
Of her chaste bosom; and of every sort
Strange thoughts possessed her, ransacking her breast
For that that was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight, and bore with pain [slain;
Thoughts that spake straight, and wished their mother
She hates their lives, and they their own and hers:
Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers:
Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.
She mused how she could look upon her sire,
And not show that without, that was intire;
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms embraceth inwardly,
So is the eye an animate glass, that shows
In-forms without us; and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be closed,
Still glancing by them till he find opposed
A loose and rorid* vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it

* Dewy; from Lat. *ros, roris*, dew.

To form a tender twenty-coloured eye,
Cast in a circle round about the sky;
So when our fiery soul, our body's star,
(That ever is in motion circular,)
Conceives a form, in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event, uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought;
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight,
To make a perfect metal counterfeit,
Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art
That makes the face a pander to the heart.
Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane;
Those be the lap-wing faces that still cry,
'Here 'tis!' when that they vow is nothing nigh:
Base fools! when every Moorish fool can teach
That which men think the height of human reach.
But custom, that the apoplexy is
Of bed-rid nature and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet brazed not Hero's brow with impudence;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass
To seem in countenance other than she was,
As if she had two souls, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter or conceal
What they conceived, or as one soul did deal
With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects;
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike; for this one vice of ours,

That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.
These and more grave conceits toiled Hero's spirits;
For, though the light of her discoursive wits
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet, alas!
There was a heavenly flame encompassed her,—
Her goddess, in whose fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:
This was the point pierced Hero to the heart;
Who, heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languished, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cypres* made,
In which she sate, hid from the day in shade,
Even over head and face, down to her feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,
Her right hand leaned on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapped in unshapeful folds, 'twas death to see;
Her knee stayed that, and that her falling face;
Each limb helped other to put on disgrace:
No form was seen, where form held all her sight;
But, like an embryon that saw never light,
Or like a scorchèd statue made a coal
With three-winged lightning, or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might a penetrating eye well see
How fast her clear tears melted on her kneé
Through her black veil, and turned as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears. Then wrought her wit

* Also cipres and cyprus—crape. A cyprus-hat was a hat covered with a crape band.

'Your partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn
In solemn cyprus, th' other cobweb lawn.'
BEN JONSON.—*Ep.* LXXIII. see p. 306.

With her broke vow, her goddess' wrath, her fame,—
All tools that enginous* despair could frame:
Which made her strow the floor with her torn hair,
And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.
Like Jove's son's club, strong passion strook her down,
And with a piteous shriek enforced her swoun:
Her shriek made with another shriek ascend
The frighted matron that on her did tend;
And as with her own cry her sense was slain,
So with the other it was called again.
She rose, and to her bed made forcèd way,
And laid her down even where Leander lay;
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebbed with Leander: but now turned the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits† came swelling in,
With child of sail,‡ and did hot fight begin
With those severe conceits she too much marked:
And here Leander's beauties were embarked.
He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys
All her destroying thoughts; she thought she felt
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
And chide her soul that it could so much err,
To check the true joys he deserved in her.
Her fresh-heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she supposed she saw in Neptune's skies,

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* That is, ingenious. Engine is the old English mode of translating the Latin *ingenium*. Thus Chaucer:—

'Right as'a man hath sapiences thre
Memorie, engin, and intellect also.'
Secounde Nonnes Tale.

† Spirit was generally pronounced as a monosyllable—like sprite or sprit. It is everywhere so pronounced by Chapman. For examples, see *ante*, p. 291, where it is made to rhyme to 'sit,' and *post*, p. 199, where 'spirits' rhymes with 'wits.'

‡ When the sails are full of wind they are called big-bellied. This appears to be the meaning here—that the fleet 'came swelling in'—and not, as has been suggested, 'full of sail,' that is, with all sails crowded.

How her star wandered, washed in smarting brine
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embathed, and swim in more heart's-ease
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit: 'Shall I
Sing moans to such delightsome harmony?
Shall slick-tongued Fame, patched up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father Judgment is away,
And, gossip-like, says because others say,
Takes news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slavering forth for dog-fees meat,)
Make me, for forging a fantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that
From other stocks than from th' observèd vow. [grow
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero;
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If, then, Leander did my maidenhead git,
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never:
Two constant lovers being joined in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us.
Too true it is, that, when 'tis gone, men hate
The joy as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's since they have lost the heavenly light
Should show them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone, death must implant his terror:
As death is foe to life, so love to error.
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here!

Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanity's delight;
Now with Ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours;
Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure:
In things without us no delight is sure.
But love, with all joys crowned, within doth sit:
Oh, goddess, pity love, and pardon it!'
Thus spake she weeping: but her goddess' ear
Burned with too stern a heat, and would not hear.
Ah me! hath heaven's straight fingers no more graces
For such as Hero than for homeliest faces?
Yet she hoped well, and in her sweet conceit
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight,
And that the logic of Leander's beauty,
And them together, would bring proofs of duty;
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
Of heaven's great essence, found such imperance*
In her love's beauties, she had confidence
Jove loved him too, and pardoned her offence:
Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigour, and it lessens sin.
Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
Trooping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple;
Her health said she must live; her sex, dissemble.
She viewed Leander's place, and wished he were
Turned to his place, so his place were Leander.
'Ah me,' said she, 'that love's sweet life and sense
Should do it harm! my love had not gone hence,
Had he been like his place: oh, blessèd place,
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace
Parts no where, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation: he renowns his kind:
His motion is, like heaven's, orbicular,
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine;

* Sovereignty, command.

Thou being myself, then it is double mine,
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.
Oh, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him!
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitful love, that, doubling self estates,
Elixir-like contracts, though separates!
Dear place, I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me.'

THE FOURTH SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH SESTIAD.

Hero, in sacred habit deckt,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her scarf's description, wrought by Fate;
Ostents that threaten her estate;
The strange, yet physical, events,
Leander's counterfeit presents.
In thunder Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers' ends:
Ecte, the goddess of remorse,
With vocal and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,
T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,
Creates the monster Eronusis,
Inflaming Hero's sacrifice
With lightning darted from her eyes;
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That ever since taints every breast.

Now from Leander's place she rose, and found
Her hair and rent robe scattered on the ground;
Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon an altar, where in youth of day
She used t' exhibit private sacrifice:
Those would she offer to the deities
Of her fair goddess and her powerful son,
As relics of her late-felt passion;
And in that holy sort she vowed to end them,
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.

Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That decked her in her secret sacred deeds;
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figured chaste desire;
A golden star shined on her naked breast,
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now transformed a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love;
And for her sake she ever since that time
Choosed doves to draw her coach through heaven's blue clime.
Her plenteous hair in curlèd billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustained no more but a most subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord; for the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,
All that all-love-deserving paradise:
It was as blue as the most freezing skies;
Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came:
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame;
In midst whereof she wrought a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end;
Which figured the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclined,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander;
This served her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back:
There, since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea, in one flame, full of ships;

But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was;
For in that sea she naked figured him;
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live:
Things senseless live by art, and rational die
By rude contempt of art and industry.
Scarce could she work, but, in her strength of thought,
She feared she pricked Leander as she wrought,
And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited:
They double life that dead things' grief sustain;
They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.
Sometimes she feared he sought her infamy;
And then, as she was working of his eye,
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill;
But, as she pricked, it grew more perfect still:
Trifling attempts no serious acts advance;
The fire of love is blown by dalliance.
In working his fair neck she did so grace it,
She still was working her own arms t' embrace it:
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen
Above the stream; and with a pure sea-green
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.
In this conceited scarf she wrought beside
A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide
In number after her with bloody beams;
Which figured her affects in their extremes,
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply;
For maids take more delight, when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that ocean;*

* Ocean, as may be seen in several instances in this poem, was generally pronounced Oce̊an, as in Chaucer.

Who drew so hard, ye might discover well,
The toughened sinews in his neck did swell:
His inward strains drave out his blood-shot eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise;
Yet was of nought but of a serpent sped,
That in his bosom flew and stung him dead:
And this by Fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
At the scarf's other end her hand did frame,
Near the forked point of the divided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
And by her lay her scrip that nourished her.
Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung;
And tufts of waving reeds about her sprung,
Where lurked two foxes, that, while she applied
Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide,
One to the vine, another to her scrip,
That she did negligently overslip;
By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare
She suffered spoiled, to make a childish snare.
These ominous fancies did her soul express,
And every finger made a prophetess,
To show what death was hid in love's disguise,
And make her judgment conquer Destinies.
Oh, what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
Were they made seen and forcèd through their blood;
If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,
They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To still their eyas* thoughts with industry;

* Eyas is a young hawk that has left the eyerie or nest, but has not yet mewed or moulted. It is used here, and by Spenser, in the *Hymn of Heavenly Love*, as an adjective, and means, not unfledged, as Mr. Dyce supposes, but untried, inexperienced:—

'Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings.'

The adjective use of a substantive is common in our language, as when we say crocodile tears, meaning such tears as a crocodile is

That their plied wits in numbered silks might sing
Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
Affection prisoner through their own-built cities,
Pinioned with stories and Arachnean ditties.
Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice:
She odours burned, and from their smoke did rise
Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspired;
And then the consecrated sticks she fired,
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
And beat it down still as it upward grew;
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflamed them, burned as red as blood;
All sad ostents of that too near success,
That made such moving beauties motionless.
Then Hero wept; but her affrighted eyes
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for Leander looked,
Searched her soft bosom, and from thence she plucked
His lovely picture: which when she had viewed,
Her beauties were with all love's joys renewed;
The odours sweetened, and the fires burned clear,
Leander's form left no ill object there:
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had placed in it to make it known,
Art was her daughter, and what human wits
For study lost, entombed in drossy spirits.
After this accident, (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history,)
Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos
Did every year, with feasts propitious,
To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:
And they were persons of especial price

supposed to shed. Mr. Dyce suggests that eyas in the text may be intended to signify restless; but there is no necessity to strain the metaphor. The poet proposes that young maidens should still, or quiet, their thoughts, which are eager and inexperienced, like an eyas, by committing them to embroidery.

That were allowed it, as an ornament
T' enrich their houses, for the continent
Of the strange virtues all approved it held;
For even the very look of it repelled
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no herbs could cure:
The wolfy sting of Avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountiful;
It killed the fear of thunder and of death;
The discords that conceit engendereth
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease;*
The flames of love it quenched, and would increase;
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st comet; it would ease all doubt
Of threatened mischiefs; it would bring asleep
Such as were mad; it would enforce to weep
Most barbarous eyes; and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung Leandrian sects;
Of which was Hero first; for he whose form,
Held in her hand, cleared such a fatal storm,
From hell she thought his person would defend her,
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.
With this confirmed, she vowed to banish quite
All thought of any check to her delight;
And, in contempt of silly bashfulness,
She would the faith of her desires profess,
Where her religion should be policy,
To follow love with zeal her piety;

* Cease is here used as an active verb—would cause to cease. A profusion of cases in which a broad licence is taken in the use of words may be found in the dramatists. The following passages from Marston's *Sophonisba* are curious examples of the employment of words in unusual forms:—

'See him by whom now Massinissa is not—'

Meaning, here is the assassin who has just killed Massinissa. Again:—

Sop. 'As thou art then thyself,
Let her not be.
Syp. She is not!'

That is, Sophonisba demands of Syphax that he shall kill a certain person, to which Syphax replies, Consider it done.

Her chamber her cathedral church should be,
And her Leander her chief deity;
For in her love these did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self-greatest part,
That she did make her god; and 'twas less naught
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life; for therein lies
Most of her duties and their dignities;
And, rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still.
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would please the world with fair pretext;
Love would not leave her conscience perplext:
Great men that will have less do for them, still
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill;
Meanness must pander be to Excellence;
Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience:
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she must live with men.
Oh, virtuous love, that taught her to do best
When she did worst, and when she thought it least!
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunder hold,
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
Oh, lovely Hero, nothing is thy sin,
Weighed with those foul faults other priests are in!
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender any 'scuse for slubbered duties,
With as much countenance fill their holy chairs,
And sweat denouncements 'gainst profane affairs,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the graces.

Now, as with settled mind she did repair
Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravished hair
And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,
And only for religion's fire did stay,
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volley as the world did threaten,
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here:
When suddenly the goddess' waggoners,
The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres,*
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,—
Graceful Ædone† that sweet pleasure loves,
And ruff-foot Chreste‡ with the tufted crown;
Both which did kiss her, though their goddess frown.
The swans did in the solid flood, her glass,
Proin their fair plumes;‖ of which the fairest was
Jove-loved Leucote,§ that pure brightness is;
The other bounty-loving Dapsilis.¶
All were in heaven, now they with Hero were:
But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urged fear.
Her robe was scarlet; black her head's attire;
And through her naked breast shined streams of fire,
As when the rarefied air is driven
In flashing streams, and opes the darkened heaven.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore;
And, breaking th' icy wreath sweet Hero wore,

* Fercs—mates.

† Ædone is wrong. It ought to be Hedone, from the Greek ἡδονη; and the second syllable should be short.

‡ Chapman seems to have here confounded the word χρηστη with the Latin *crista*, a crest.

‖ Proin is derived from the French *provigner*, and means properly to cut the superfluous shoots from vines. In its primary sense the modern word is prune; but when it is used metaphorically, for birds dressing or composing their feathers, it is *preen*.

§ Gr. λευκός, white.

¶ Gr. δαψιλής, abundant.

She forced about her brows her wreath of yew,
And said, 'Now, minion, to thy fate be true,
Though not to me; endure what this portends!
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.
Love makes thee cunning; thou are current now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
And with her stamp thou countenances must coin;
Coyness, and pure deceits, for purities,
And still a maid wilt seem in cozened eyes,
And have an antic face to laugh within,
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips (least thought forsworn) forswore,
Be never virgin's vow worth trusting more!'
When Beauty's dearest did her goddess hear
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear,
Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her favour* fell.
The gentle turtles did with moans make swell
Their shining gorges; the white black-eyed swans
Did sing as woful epicedians,†
As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,
The goddess Ecte,‡ that had ever been
Hid in a watery cloud near Hero's eyes,
Since the first instant of her broken cries,
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
With anger at her goddess, that did touch
Hero so near for that she used so much;
And, thrusting her white neck at Venus, said:
'Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid,
Though she be none, as well as you suppress
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?

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* Countenance. † Singers of dirges, from Greek επικηδειος.
‡ Chapman's Greek is so inaccurate, that Ecte is, probably, a mistake for Ecte, and intended to be derived from οικτος, pity.

How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love!
Why in your priest, then, call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is your influence?'
With this, the Furies stopped Leucote's lips,
Enjoined by Venus; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
Which was her torn robe and enforcèd hair;
And the bright flame became a maid most fair
For her aspèct: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts, set all on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get released;
Her arms were all with golden pincers dressed,
And twenty-fashioned knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her body girt with painted snakes;
Her down parts in a scorpion's tail combined,
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shined
Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewèd eye,
In scorching Turkey, Cares, Tartary,
Than shined about this spirit notorious;
Nòr was Arachne's web so glorious.
Of lightning and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was Eronusis. Venus flew
From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight
Of her gay wings; and then she bade her haste,—
Since Hero had dissembled, and disgraced
Her rites so much,—and every breast infect
With her deceits: she made her architect
Of all dissimulation; and since then
Never was any trust in maids or men.
Oh, it spited
Fair Venus' heart to see her most delighted,

And one she choosed, for temper of her mind,
To be the only ruler of her kind,
So soon to let her virgin race be ended!
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon,
Spiteful Diana bade her show but one
That was her servant vowed, and lived a maid;
And, now she thought to answer that upbraid,
Hero had lost her answer: who knows not
Venus would seem as far from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
'Twixt Cynthia's brows? sin is ashamed of sin.
Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
Of Phœbe's laughter, when she passed her sphere:
And so most ugly-clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day; night came ere night;
And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
Till the day's king, god of undaunted verse,
Because she was so plentiful a theme
To such as wore his laurel anademe,*
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That, being not thoroughly rarefied to rain,
Melted like pitch, as blue as any vein;
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
Under their fervour, and the world did think
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
It pierced so deeply, and it burned so blue.
Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
Leander's picture, as a Persian shield;
And she was free from fear of worst success:
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less:
As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

* Chaplet or wreath.

'Of garlands, anademes, and wreaths,
This Nymphal nought but sweetness breathes.'
DRAYTON.—*The Muses' Elysium*, Nymph. V.

THE FIFTH SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH SESTIAD.

Day doubles her accustomed date,
As loth the Night, incensed by Fate,
Should wreck our lovers. Hero's plight;
Longs for Leander and the night:
Which ere her thirsty wish recovers,
She sends for two betrothèd lovers,
And marries them, that, with their crew,
Their sports, and ceremonies due,
She covertly might celebrate,
With secret joy her own estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wild nymph Teras, that still bears
An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemn festivals.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.
Sol and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms:
That day Aurora double grace obtained
Of her love Phœbus; she his horses reined,
Set on his golden knee, and, as she list,
She pulled him back; and, as she pulled, she kissed,
To have him turn to bed: he loved her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore:
Examples profit much; ten times in one,
In persons full of note, good deeds are done.
Day was so long, men walking fell asleep;
The heavy humours that their eyes did steep
Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For covetous churls and for ambitious heads,
That, spite of Nature, would their business ply:
All thought they had the falling epilepsy,
Men grovelled so upon the smothered ground;
And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.
The gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears:
But Death before had stopped their cruel ears.

All the celestials parted mourning then,
Pierced with our human miseries more than men:
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill!
With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with merriment,
For young Alcmane and bright Mya* sent,
Two lovers that had long craved marriage-dues
At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse;
For lovely Mya was her consort vowed
In her maid state, and therefore not allowed
To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came; sweet Music ushered th' odorous way,
And wanton Air in twenty sweet forms danced
After her fingers; Beauty and Love advanced
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcomed them kindly, did much love protest,
Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That, when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.
She married them; and in the banquet came,
Borné by the virgins. Hero strived to frame
Her thoughts to mirth: ah me! but hard it is
To imitate a false and forcèd bliss;
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrainèd laughter any grace.

* Former editors very naturally ask whether these names are not mistakes for Alcmæon and Maia.

Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink:
Who fears the threats of Fortune, let him drink.
To these quick nuptials entered suddenly
Admirèd Teras with the ebon thigh;
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs and on solemn days.
Singing prophetic elegies and lays,
And fingering of a silver lute she tied
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was termed his dwarf, she was so small:
Yet great in virtue, for his beams enclosed
His virtues in her; never was proposed
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,
But she resolved it; never slight tale flew,
From her charmed lips, without important sense,
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.
This little sylvan, with her songs and tales
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though ofttimes she forewent* tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still she pleased their eyes;
And for her smallness they admired her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.
All eyes were on her. Hero did command
An altar decked with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might sit espied.
Then all were silent; every one so hears,
As all their senses climbed into their ears:
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well,
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell.

The Tale of Teras.

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour Love and his delights,

* Went before—preceded.

Of Athens was, a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race;
Such quickening brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart;
In such pure leagues his beauties were combined,
That there your nuptial contracts first were signed;
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear and sweet,
The eye responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held, without the other, fair;
All spring together, all together fade;
Such intermixed affections should invade
Two perfect lovers; which being yet unseen,
Their virtues and their comforts copied been
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye;
And that, in Hymen, pleased so matchlessly,
That lovers were esteemed in their full grace,
Like form and colour mixed in Hymen's face;
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men:
So Hymen looked, that even the chastest mind
He moved to join in joys of sacred kind;
For only now his chin's first down consorted
His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted;
And as he was so loved, he loved so too:
So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.
Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen loved
With such transmission, that his heart removed
From his white breast to hers: but her estate,
In passing his, was so interminate*
For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requital, the grand prize of love;
Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove

* Disproportioned, unequal.

How his rare beauty's music would agree
With maids in consort; therefore robbèd he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And, clad in such attire as virgins wore,
He kept them company; and might right well,
For he did all but Eucharis excel
In all the fair* of beauty: yet he wanted
Virtue to make his own desires implanted
In his dear Eucharis; for women never
Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.
His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
Nor, past due means, presume of due success,
Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed
To his best prayers: but strange it seemed, indeed,
That Fortune should a chaste affection bless:
Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.
Nor graced it Hymen yet; but many a dart,
And many an amorous thought, enthrilled† his heart,
Ere he obtained her; and he sick became,
Forced to abstain her sight; and then the flame
Raged in his bosom. Oh, what grief did fill him!
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wondered where Diætia stayed,
For so did Hymen term himself, a maid.
At length with sickly looks he greeted them:
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
A lover strives; poor Hymen looked so ill,
That as in merit he increasèd still
By suffering much, so he in grace decreased:
Women are most won, when men merit least:
If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
Deceiving still these maids, but himself most,
His love and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,

* Fairness. † Pierced.—See, *ante*, p. 160, note †.

Leaving the town with songs and hallowed lights,
To do great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers, that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforced their shining spoil,
Far from the darkened city, tired with toil:
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty
To their bright fellows of this under-heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driven,—
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion;
Where, weary of the journey they had gone, [gains,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet
Dull Morpheus entered, laden with silken chains,
Stronger than iron, and bound the swelling veins
And tired senses of these lawless swains.
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burned,
Oh, what a hell was heaven in! how they mourned,
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! golden storms
Fell from their eyes; as when the sun appears,
And yet it rains, so showed their eyes their tears:
And, as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he ate, what he would say;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine;
The golden bowl drinks tears out of their eyne,
As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes;
So cast these virgins' beauties mutual rays,
One lights another, face the face displays;
Lips by reflection kissed, and hands hands shook,
Even by the whiteness each of other took.
But Hymen now used friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescued every maid:

And now did his enamoured passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Haggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him;
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him
To make him love or stay, he nimbly turned
Into Love's self, he so extremely burned.
And thus came Love, with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first, like the flower
That Juno's milk did spring, the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offered it Eucharis. She, wondrous coy,
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And, drawing it near, mixed so you could not know it:
As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white.
She viewed it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits; for, as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
Even so with colours forms emitted be;
And where Love's form is, Love is; Love is form:
He entered at the eye; his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, Love's sweetest instrument:
It stirred her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it raged the more,
Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth: and, as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green-haired Hellespont, broke in silver curls,
'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale;

So ebbed and flowed in Eucharis's face,
Coyness and Love strived which had greatest grace;
Virginity did fight on Coyness' side,
Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride
Loathing the lower place, more than it loves
The high contents desert and virtue moves.
With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valour,*
Which scarce could so much favour yet allure
To come to strike, but fameless idle stood:
Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.
But Love once entered, wished no greater aid
Than he could find within; thought thought betrayed;
The bribed, but incorrupted, garrison
Sung 'Io Hymen;' there those songs begun,
And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
That he would turn into her roughest frowns
To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns
King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery:
This was his first brave step to deity.
Home to the mourning city they repair,
With news as wholesome as the morning air,
To the sad parents of each saved maid:
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.
Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force; so when they saw

* In the former editions this word is printed *valure*, which one editor explains as meaning 'worth;' upon which Mr. Dyce has the following note:—'No: it is certainly *valour*, the spelling being altered (as in several other words throughout this poem) for the sake of the rhyme. Compare the third line after this, and a subsequent line—'Praise Hymen's *valour* much, nothing bestown.'' This note is not quite satisfactory. *Valour* and *value* both originally meant *worth*, as being derived from the French *valeur*; but the former came in time to be exclusively applied to worthiness in the field, or bravery. There is no necessity, for the sake of the rhyme, to adopt the artificial ortho-

Their daughter safe, take 'vantage of their own.
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown;
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
To restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids, the most agree:
The riper sort, knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a news so far derived,
And that to hear and bear news brave folks lived
As being a carriage special hard to bear
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T' accost their friends with all their compliment,
For Hymen's good; but to incur their harm,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warm
To Adolesche's* brain, a nymph born high,
Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly:
Her heart and all her forces' nether train
Climbed to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
Since it could go no higher; and it must go;
All powers she had, even her tongue did so:
In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
And loved her tongue, only for quickness' sake;
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay;
Hymen goes one, the nymph another way;
And what became of her I'll tell at last:
Yet take her visage now;—moist-lipped, long-faced,
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart:
Well were this lovely beauty rid of her.
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspired:
A hundred princely youths with him retired

graphy of former editions. *Valour*, accented as above on the last syllable, as it always is in old English, is better than *value* as a rhyme for *allure*.

* ἀδολέσχης, garrulous.

To fetch the nymphs; chariots and music went:
And home they came: heaven with applauses rent.
The nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the town,
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.
First, gold-locked Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick offering burned in flames of hair;
And after, with a virgin firmament
The godhead-proving bride attended went
Before them all: she looked in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Gripped all their beauties, and crushed out one flame;
She blushed to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next, before her went
Five lovely children, decked with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by;
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The odd disparent number they did choose,
To show the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts: men therefore deem,
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,
Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite
In two parts equal; nought in middle left
To reunite each part from other reft;
And five they hold in most especial prize,*
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost numbers' unity,
That odd and even are; which are two and three;
For one no number is; but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next, did go

* Price, value. See *post*, p 222.

A noble matron, that did spinning bear
A huswife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that even the daintest piece
And noblest-born dame should industrious be:
That which does good disgraceth no degree.'
And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage-room:
On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribands of white and blue:
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to show the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter they must bind
In one self-sacred knot each other's mind.
Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every human creature
And every other birth produced by Nature,
Moisture and heat must mix: so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrificed, and took the gall away;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteemed too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said,
She boldly took the man; and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected
To chaste Agneia, which is Shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.
And now to feasts, masques, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops returned, even till earth-throes

Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night
When the sweet nuptial song, that used to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonöe sung,
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses' well: she sung before
The bride into her chamber; at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:
A painted box of comfits in her hand
The matron held, and so did other some
That compassed round the honoured nuptial room.
The custom was, that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhood, a silken sphere
About her waist, above her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage-night,
With many ceremonies of delight:
And yet eternised* Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolved so, sweetly cried.
The maids that heard, so loved and did adore her,
They wished with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the matrons, that with comfits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of comfits rains;
For which the bride-youths scrambling on the ground,
In noise of that sweet hail her cries were drowned.
And thus blest Hymen joyed his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains: and the noble maid,
Sharp-visaged Adolesche, that was strayed
Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till this hour th' Athenian turrets views;

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* From the French *éterniser*, to make eternal. The word, although not obsolete, is now rarely used.

And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how fair Hymen's honours did excel
For those rare news, which she came short to tell.
To hear her dear tongue robbed of such a joy,
Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy,
That down she sunk: when lightning from above
Shrunk her lean body, and, for mere free love,
Turned her into the pied-plumed Psittacus,
That now the Parrot is surnamed by us,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
Nought but news common to the commonest mates.—
This told, strange Teras touched her lute, and sung
This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

Epithalamion Teratos.

Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses!
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.

Oh, come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reapèd harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire!
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's outfacing face;
And all thy crownèd flames command,
For torches to our nuptial grace!
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease;
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.

Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

The evening star I see:
Rise, youths! the evening star
Helps Love to summon war;
Both now embracing be. [rise!
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets;
Now the bright marigolds, that deck the skies,
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
And shut when he doth open, crown your sports:
Now Love in Night, and Night in Love exhorts
Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes: [rise!
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets;

Rise, virgins! let fair nuptial loves enfold
Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads ye hold
Are not your own alone, but parted are;
Part in disposing them your parents share,
And that a third part is; so must ye save
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes: [rise!
Rise, youths! Love's rite claims more than banquets;

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and combed it down with wind,

Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down: which, staring up, dismayed
The timorous feast; and she no longer stayed;
But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
Did, like a shooting exhalation, glide
Out of their sights: the turning of her back
Made them all shriek, it looked so ghastly black.
Oh, hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud
Thy soon-succeeding tragedy foreshowed.
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart;
But much-wrung Hero stood Hell's blackest dart:
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus t' increase the day.

THE SIXTH SESTIAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH SESTIAD.

Leucote flies to all the Winds.
And from the Fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her love may meet.
Leander, with Love's complete fleet
Manned in himself, puts forth to seas;
When straight the ruthless Destinies,
With Até, stir the winds to war
Upon the Hellespont; their jar
Drowns poor Leander. Hero's eyes,
Wet witnesses of his surprise,
Her torch blown out, grief casts her down
Upon her love, and both doth drown:
In whose just ruth the god of seas
Transforms them to th' Acanthides.

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too-long darts so killed their faculties.
The Winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began;
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings

From Venus to the Fates, t' entreat them lay
Their charge upon the Winds their rage to stay,
That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.
The Fates consent;—ah me, dissembling Fates!—
They showed their favours to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
Who like a fleering slavish parasite,
In warping profit or a traitorous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,*
And pricks his descant face full of false notes;†
Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
Kissing his skipping hand with charmèd skips,
That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips
Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameless quean
Sharp at a red-lipped youth, and nought doth mean
Of all his antic shows, but doth repair
More tender fawns, and takes a scattered hair
From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
For every thing he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
With backward humbless, to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.

First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
(Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea,
On whose curled head the glowing sun doth rise,)
And shows the sovereign will of Destinies,
To have him cease his blasts; and down he lies.
Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds,
And found him leaning, with his arms in folds,

* Possibly a contraction of *devotions*, which was commonly employed to signify consecrated things; or the meaning may be religious vows, which used to be denoted by some outward sign worn on the person, such as a cross, or some particular kind of dress.

† A metaphor drawn from the art of descant, or harmonizing. The flatterer is said to sophisticate truth, as a professor of the art of descant corrupts a simple melody by false notes. Musical notes used to be called pricks, and noted music prick-song.

Upon a rock, his white hair full of showers;
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice.
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice:
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravished love,
To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow;
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire;
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming gums and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price*
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That nought but fires perfumed must give it light.
She loved it so, she grieved to see it burn,
Since it would waste, and soon to ashes turn:
Yet, if it burned not, 'twere not worth her eyes;
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glass of our society!
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert loved for good, held high, given show;
Poor virtue loathed for good, obscured, held low:
Do good, be pined, be deedless good, disgraced;
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend:
When bees make wax, Nature doth not intend
It should be made a torch; but we, that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids; but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her true state,
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief, we fight:
The right of nought is gleaned, but the delight.

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* See *ante*, p. 215.

Up went she: but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended!
She was the rule of wishes, sum, and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend:
Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her desires awakèd,
Her love and virtues clothed him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue;
Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue.
Now at opposed Abydos nought was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods;
Blows of broad axes; pourings out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mixed and stained
With bloody torrent that the shambles rained;
Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followèd.
More blood was spilt, more honours were addrest,
Than could have gracèd any happy feast;
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand; no miser's nuptial joys.
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage-violence;
And no man knew the cause of this expense,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmised:
As short was he of that himself so prized,
As is an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,
That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears
For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears;
Hath seen the hot Low Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet;

And, for your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard
Giving instructions with his very beard;
Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene;
And then puts all his worth in such a face
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his news forth: as when you descry
A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
Now crosseth here, now there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reached, then alters all,
And to another crookèd reach doth fall
Of half a bird-bolt's shoot,* keeping more coil
Than if she danced upon the ocean's toil;
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling ship of vacantry.
And so short of himself in his high thought
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of love that he thought won;
But otherwise he scorns comparison.
Oh, sweet Leander, thy large worth I hide
In a short grave! ill-favoured storms must chide
Thy sacred favour;† I in floods of ink
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
Even as thy beauties did the foul black seas;
I must describe the hell of thy decease,
That heaven did merit: yet I needs must see
Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
The seats of Virtue, cutting short as dust
Her dear-bought issue: ill to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

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* An arrow that was made blunt with a knob or button instead of a point, so that it should strike without piercing, was called a bird-bolt.

'Some boundless ignorance should on sudden shoot
His gross-knobbed burbolt.'

MARSTON—*What You Will*—*Induction.*

† See *ante*, p. 203, note *

Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and the soldiers to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet.
Who feigned he in another ship would pass:
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Formed in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force,
That says a god sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him; to whom he shewed
His guide by sea, and said, 'Oft have you viewed
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister! see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her appears; each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourned
To be by influence of earth out-burned.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth Virtue's train
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign,
Though even the gods themselves do so entreat them
As they did hate, and earth as she would eat them.'
Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt,*
Thickening for haste, one in another, so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel Fates with Àté hasted
To all the Winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy;
And forth they brake, the seas mixed with the sky,
And tossed distressed Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven: bliss not in height doth dwell.

* Clipped, embraced.

The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious Winds with mutual braves
Consume each other: oh, true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus; she denied,—
To Boreas, that, for his Atthæa's sake,
He would some pity on his Hero take,
And for his own love's sake, on his desires:
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.
Then called he Neptune, who, through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wracked Leander's voice,
And up he rose; for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst heaven's hard crystal; his proud waves he smit
With his forked sceptre, that could not obey;
Much greater powers than Neptune's gave them sway.
They loved Leander so, in groans they brake
When they came near him; and such space did take
'Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
And the poor lover took a little breath:
But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile Winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state:
She wept, and prayed for him to every Fate;
And every Wind that whipped her with her hair
About the face, she kissed and spake it fair,
Kneeled to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelties
Even her poor torch envied, and rudely beat
The bating flame from that dear food it eat;
Dear, for it nourished her Leander's life,
Which with her robe she rescued from their strife:
But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break;
And she, dear soul, even as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it; out, oh, out it went!
Leander still called Neptune, that now rent

His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase;
And, burst with ruth, he hurled his marble mace
At the stern Fates: it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune raged, the more he rased
His love's life's fort, and killed as he embraced:
Anger doth still his own mishap increase;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.
Oh, thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poisoned influence!
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things; sense-sport preserves a bear:
But here nought serves our turns: oh, heaven and earth,
How most most wretched is our human birth!
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorned their smart.
She bowed herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him:
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel;—jewel!—her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleased not her
Like his dear name: 'Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander! Oh, my voice,
Turn to Leander! henceforth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases, that show all griefs' wounds,
Analysed in Leander! Oh, black change!
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your clange,
Drive out this change's horror! My voice faints:
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints!'
Thus cried she; for her mixèd soul could tell
Her love was dead: and when the Morning fell

Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did show
Leander brought by Neptune, bruised and torn
With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn,
To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.*
She saw him, and the sight was much, much more
Than might have served to kill her: should her store
Of giant sorrows speak?—Burst,—die,—bleed,
And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.
She fell on her love's bosom, hugged it fast,
And with Leander's name she breathed her last.
Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,
Flung them into the air, and did awake them
Like two sweet birds, surnamed th' Acanthides,
Which we call Thistle-warps,† that near no seas
Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
And feed on thistle-tops, to testify
The hardness of their first life in their last;
The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past:
And so most beautiful their colours show,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
A sable velyet feather covers quite,
Even like the forehead-cloth that, in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies use to wear:
Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mixed appear;
Colours that, as we construe colours, paint
Their states to life;—the yellow shows their saint,
The dainty Venus, left them; blue, their truth;
The red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.
And this true honour from their love-death sprung,—
They were the first that ever poet sung.

* Usuring rocks—rocks as greedy of blood as an usurer who, although he cannot recover his money, will have his debtor's life. The allusion is probably to the story of Shylock, which was familiar in several forms before it was dramatised by Shakspeare.

† The thistle-warp is not the linnet, as stated in a former edition, but the goldfinch, so called because it feeds chiefly on the seeds of the thistle. It is called in French *chardonneret*, from *chardon*, a thistle. The description given in the text of the colours of the bird's plumage exactly agrees with that of the goldfinch.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

[THIS charming song was originally printed (with the exception of the fourth and sixth stanzas) in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a miscellany of poems written by different persons, although fraudulently ascribed on the title-page to Shakspeare. —See Shakspeare's *Poems*, An. Ed., p. 237. *The Passionate Pilgrim* was published in 1599, and in the following year the song, as it is here given, with the exception of the stanza in brackets, appeared under Marlowe's name in *England's Helicon*. In 1653, Isaak Walton reprinted it, with the additional stanza, in his *Complete Angler*. Few compositions of this kind have enjoyed a wider or more enduring popularity, or suggested more remarkable imitations. The music to which it was sung was discovered by Sir John Hawkins in a MS. of the age of Elizabeth, and will be found in Boswell's edition of Malone's *Shakspeare*, and in Chappell's collection of *National English Airs*. Numerous ballads and songs were composed to the air of 'Come live with me and be my love;' and there is some ground for believing that Marlowe's words had displaced a still earlier song, 'Adieu, my dear,' to the same tune. See Chappell's *National Songs*, ii. 139. Shakspeare quotes *The Passionate Shepherd* in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 1, and Raleigh, Herrick, and Donne have either written answers to it, or constructed poems on the plan of which it may be regarded as the model.* Sir John Hawkins, who considers the song to be 'a beautiful one,' nevertheless objects to the want of truthfulness in its pastoral images. 'Buckles of gold,' he observes, 'coral clasps, and amber studs, silver

* Raleigh's answer, from the *Nymph to the Shepherd*, is printed immediately after Marlowe's poem in *England's Helicon*. It is said that in the earliest copies the initials W. R. were subscribed to the verses, but that the common signature, Ignoto, was afterwards pasted over them, because, as it has been generally supposed, Raleigh did not desire to be known. For the full consideration of the question of authorship, see the Rev. John Hannah's careful edition of the poems of Walton, Raleigh, and others, p. 125. The following is the answer, with an additional stanza from the Second Edition of the *Complete*

dishes and ivory tables are luxurious, and consist not with the parsimony and simplicity of rural life and manners.' This criticism would be more just if it were not quite so literal. Allowance should be made for the fanciful treatment of the subject; nor is it at all certain that the silver dishes and ivory tables, which carry the luxuries of the Shepherd's life to the last excess of inconsistency, are really chargeable upon Marlowe. The rest of the poem breathes the pure air of the country, even to the coral clasps and

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Angler, interpolated, possibly by Walton himself. Walton's stanza is enclosed in brackets:—

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

[What should we talk of dainties, then,—
Of better meats than's fit for men?
These are but vain; that's only good,
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.]

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Still more beautiful than this ingenious reply, and presenting a more expanded picture of rural delights than the original poem, is a second piece signed Ignoto in *England's Helicon*, professedly founded on Marlowe's song. It is entitled *Another of the same nature made*

amber studs, which Sir John Hawkins takes to be veritable jewellery, but which, being found in association with a girdle of straw and ivy buds, were apparently intended to typify the blossoms of flowers. For a passage in one of the plays attributed to Marlowe closely resembling the stanza objected to by Hawkins, see Lamb's *Dram. Spec.*, i. 18.]

COME live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

---

since, and begins with the following stanza, in which Marlowe's opening is reproduced:—

Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

Donne's imitation, called *The Bait*, also resumes Marlowe's opening, but takes the subject out of the region of nature into that of artifices and conceits. The following is the first verse:—

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

Herrick's poem, which has more of the true rustic nature than any of the others, follows its model almost as closely in the opening stanza:—

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee;
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board.

Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And, if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

[Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.]*

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

FRAGMENT.†

I WALKED along a stream, for pureness rare,
Brighter than sun-shine; for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious prey
That in the pebble-pavèd channel lay.

No molten crystal, but a richer mine,
Even Nature's rarest alchemy ran there,—
Diamonds resolved, and substance more divine,
Through whose bright-gliding current might appear

A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine,
Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace' gate
Where the day-shining Sun in triumph sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,
The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions, in one union grows,
Folding their twining arms, as oft we see

* This stanza is taken from the reprint of the poem in the Second Edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*. From what source Walton obtained it is unknown. In the same way, it will be seen from the previous note, he supplies an additional stanza to Raleigh's *Answer*.

† Extracted from *England's Parnassus*, 1600.

Turtle-taught lovers either other close,
  Lending to dulness feeling sympathy;
And as a costly valance o'er a bed,
So did their garland-tops the brook o'erspread.

Their leaves, that differed both in shape and show,
  Though all were green, yet difference such in green,
Like to the checkered bent of Iris' bow,
  Prided the running main, as it had been—

DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

[This Dialogue was first published by Mr. Collier in his volume of *Alleyn Papers*, edited for the Shakspeare Society. The original MS., found amongst the documents of Dulwich College, was written in prose on one side of a sheet of paper, with the name 'Kitt Marlowe' inscribed in a modern hand on the back. 'What connexion, if any, he may have had with it,' says Mr. Collier, 'it is impossible to determine, but it was obviously worthy of preservation, as a curious stage relic of an early date, and unlike anything else of the kind that has come down to us.' The words in brackets were deficient in the original, and have been supplied by Mr. Collier. The Dialogue was probably intended as an interlude in a play, or as an entertainment, terminating with a dance, after a play. It is essentially dramatic in character; but it would be rash to speculate upon the authorship from the internal evidence.]

JACK.

SEEST thou not yon farmer's son?
  He hath stolen my love from me, alas!
What shall I do? I am undone;
  My heart will ne'er be as it was.
Oh, but he gives her gay gold rings,
  And tufted gloves [for] holiday,
And many other goodly things,
  That hath stoln my love away.

FRIEND.

Let him give her gay gold rings
Or tufted gloves, were they ne'er so [gay];
Or were her lovers lords or kings,
They should not carry the wench away.

JACK.

But a' dances wonders well,
And with his dances stole her love from me:
Yet she wont to say I bore the bell
For dancing and for courtesy.

DICK.

Fie, lusty younker, what do you here,
Not dancing on the green to-day?
For Pierce, the farmer's son, I fear,
Is like to carry your wench away.

JACK.

Good Dick, bid them all come hither,
And tell Pierce from me beside,
That, if he think to have the wench,
Here he stands shall lie with the bride.

DICK.

Fie, Nan, why use thy old lover so,
For any other new-come guest?
Thou long time his love did know;
Why shouldst thou not use him best?

NAN.

Bonny Dick, I will not forsake
My bonny Rowland for any gold:
If he can dance as well as Pierce,
He shall have my heart in hold.

PIERCE.

Why, then, my hearts, let's to this gear;
And by dancing I may won
My Nan, whose love I hold so dear
As any realm under the sun.

GENTLEMAN.

Then, gentles, ere I speed from hence,
I will be so bold to dance
A turn or two without offence;
For, as I was walking along by chance,
I was told you did agree.

FRIEND.

'Tis true, good sir; and this is she
Hopes your worship comes not to crave her;
For she hath lovers two or three,
And he that dances best must have her.

GENTLEMAN.

How say you, sweet, will you dance with me?
And you [shall] have both land and [hill];
My love shall want nor gold nor fee.

NAN.

I thank you, sir, for your good will,
But one of these my love must be:
I'm but a homely country maid,
And far unfit for your degree;
[To dance with you I am afraid.]

FRIEND.

Take her, good sir, by the hand,
As she is fairest: were she fairer,
By this dance, you shall understand,
He that can win her is like to wear her.

FOOL.

And saw you not [my] Nan to-day,
My mother's maid have you not seen?
My pretty Nan is gone away
To seek her love upon the green.
[I cannot see her 'mong so many:]
She shall have me, if she have any.

NAN.

Welcome, sweetheart, and welcome here,
Welcome, my [true] love, now to me.

This is my love [and my darling dear],
And that my husband [soon] must be.
And boy, when thou com'st home, thou'lt see
Thou art as welcome home as he.

GENTLEMAN.

Why, how now, sweet Nan? I hope you jest.

NAN.

No, by my troth, I love the fool the best:
And, if you be jealous, God give you good-night!
I fear you're a gelding, you caper so light.

GENTLEMAN.

I thought she had jested and meant but a fable,
But now do I see she hath played with his bable.
I wish all my friends by me to take heed,
That a fool come not near you when you mean to [speed.

In obitum honoratissimi viri, ROGERI MANWOOD,* *Militis, Quæstorii Reginalis Capitalis Baronis.*

NOCTIVAGI terror, ganeonis triste flagellum,
Et Jovis Alcides, rigido vulturque latroni,
Urnâ subtegitur. Scelerum, gaudete, nepotes!
Insons, luctificâ sparsis cervice capillis,
Plange! fori lumen, venerandæ gloria legis,
Occidit: heu, secum effœtas Acherontis ad oras
Multa abiit virtus. Pro tot virtutibus uni,
Livor, parce viro; non audacissimus esto
Illius in cineres, cujus tot millia vultus
Mortalium attonuit: sic cum te nuntia Ditis
Vulneret exsanguis, feliciter ossa quiescant,
Famaque marmorei superet monumenta sepulcri.

* Sir Roger Manwood was a native of Sandwich, where he was born in 1525. He went into the profession of the law, in which he early acquired a high reputation, and after having been appointed Justice of the Common Pleas in 1572, was made Chief Baron of the Exchequer, with the dignity of knighthood, in 1578. Sir Roger resided at St. Stephen's, near Canterbury, where he died on the 14th December, 1592. He was buried in the church of St. Stephen's, where there is a costly monument to his memory, which he caused to be erected himself.

THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN.

TO HIS KIND AND TRUE FRIEND, EDWARD BLUNT.

BLUNT, I purpose to be blunt with you, and, out of my dulness, to encounter you with a Dedication in memory of that pure elemental wit, Chr. Marlowe, whose ghost or genius is to be seen walk the Churchyard in, at the least, three or four sheets. Methinks you should presently look wild now, and grow humorously frantic upon the taste of it. Well, lest you should, let me tell you, this spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, *Lucan's First Book translated;* which, in regard of your old right in it, I have raised in the circle of your patronage. But stay now, Edward: if I mistake not, you are to accommodate yourself with some few instructions, touching the property of a patron, that you are not yet possessed of; and to study them for your better grace, as our gallants do fashions. First, you must be proud, and think you have merit enough in you, though you are ne'er so empty; then, when I bring you the book, take physic, and keep state; assign me a time by your man to come again; and, afore the day, be sure to have changed your lodging; in the mean time sleep little, and sweat with the invention of some pitiful dry jest or two, which you may happen to utter, with some little, or not at all, marking of your friends, when you have found a place for them to come in at; or, if by chance something has dropped from you worth the taking up, weary all that come to you with the often repetition of it; censure scornfully enough, and somewhat like a traveller; commend nothing, lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. These things, if you can mould yourself to them, Ned, I make no question but they will not become you. One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is, to give nothing; yes, thy love, I will challenge as my peculiar object, both in this, and, I hope, many more succeeding offices. Farewell: I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this nature: leave to think good of me when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rites of perfect friendship,

THOMAS THORPE.*

WARS worse than civil on Thessalian plains,
And outrage strangling law, and people strong,

* Thorpe, and Blunt, to whom this dedication was addressed, were both booksellers.

We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts
launched,
Armies allied, the kingdom's league uprooted,
Th' affrighted world's force bent on public spoil,
Trumpets and drums, like deadly, threatening other,
Eagles alike displayed, darts answering darts.
Romans, what madness, what huge lust of war,
Hath made barbarians drunk with Latin blood?
Now Babylon, proud through our spoil, should stoop,
While slaughtered Crassus' ghost walks unrevenged,*
Will ye wage war, for which you shall not triumph?
Ah me! oh, what a world of land and sea,
Might they have won whom civil broils have slain!
As far as Titan springs, where night dims heaven,
Ay, to the torrid zone where mid-day burns,
And where stiff winter, whom no spring resolves
Fetters the Euxine Sea with chains of ice;
Scythia and wild Armenia had been yoked,
And they of Nilus' mouth, if there live any.
Rome, if thou take delight in impious war,
First conquer all the earth, then turn thy force
Against thyself: as yet thou wants not foes.
That now the walls of houses half-reared totter,
That rampires fallen down, huge heaps of stone
Lie in our towns, that houses are abandoned,
And few live that behold their ancient seats;
Italy many years hath lien untilled [hinds;—
And choked with thorns; that greedy earth wants
Fierce Pyrrhus, neither thou nor Hannibal
Art cause; no foreign foe could so afflict us:
These plagues arise from wreak of civil power.
But if for Nero, then unborn, the Fates
Would find no other means, and gods not slightly
Purchase immortal thrones, nor Jove joyed heaven
Until the cruel giants' war was done;
We plain not, Heavens, but gladly bear these evils

* Crassus, member of the first triumvirate with Cæsar and Pompey, put to death by Surena, general of the Parthians under Orodes the king, after having lost 20,000 men.

For Nero's sake: Pharsalia groan with slaughter,
And Carthage' souls be glutted with our bloods!
At Munda* let the dreadful battles join;
Add, Cæsar, to these ills, Perusian famine,†
The Mutin toils,‡ the fleet at Leuca§ sunk,
And cruel field near burning Ætna fought!‖
Yet Rome is much bound to these civil arms, [old,
Which made thee emperor. Thee (seeing thou, being
Must shine a star) shall heaven (whom thou lovest)
Receive with shouts; where thou wilt reign as king,
Or mount the Sun's flame-bearing chariot,
And with bright restless fire compass the earth,
Undaunted though her former guide be changed;
Nature and every power shall give thee place,
What god it please thee be, or where to sway.
But neither choose the north t'erect thy seat,
Not yet the adverse reeking southern pole, [beams.¶
Whence thou shouldst view thy Rome with squinting
If any one part of vast heaven thou swayest,
The burdened axis with thy force will bend:
The midst is best; that place is pure and bright;
There, Cæsar, mayst thou shine, and no cloud dim thee.

* A small town in Hispania Bætica, where Cæsar defeated the sons of Pompey.

† An allusion to the siege of Perusia (now Perugia) by Augustus, who compelled L. Antonius to surrender for want of provision.

‡ These were two battles fought at Mutina (now Modena) between the consuls Pansa and Hirtius on the one side, and Marcus Antonius on the other, in which the latter was defeated.

§ An island in the Ionian sea, near the promontory of Actium, where Augustus destroyed the fleet of Marcus Antonius.

‖ Probably an allusion to a naval battle between Octavius and the sons of Pompey, for in the original there is nothing about a field. Rowe, though not generally so close as Marlowe, gives the sense here more faithfully:—

'Though meagre famine in Perusia reign,
Though Mutina with battle fills the plain,
Though Leuca's isle, and wide Ambracia's bay,
Record the rage of Actium's fatal day,' &c.

¶ All the Cæsars were enrolled amongst the gods. The advice to Nero to choose a seat in heaven neither to the north nor south, but in the midst, appears to be an exhortation to impartiality between the parties of Cæsar and Pompey, the former of whom gained his renown by the conquest of the northern, the latter of the southern nations.

Then men from war shall bide in league and ease,
Peace through the world from Janus' fane shall fly,
And bolt the brazen gates with bars of iron.
Thou, Cæsar, at this instant art my god:
Thee if I invocate, I shall not need
To crave Apollo's aid or Bacchus' help;
Thy power inspires the Muse that sings this war.
The causes first I purpose to unfold
Of these garboils,* whence springs a long discourse;
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The Fates are envious, high seats quickly perish,
Under great burdens falls are ever grievous:
Rome was so great it could not bear itself.
So when this world's compounded union breaks,
Time ends, and to old Chaos all things turn,
Confusèd stars shall meet, celestial fire
Fleet† on the floods, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shore, and Phœbe's wain
Chase Phœbus, and enraged affect his placé,
And strive to shine by day, and full of strife
Dissolve the engines of the broken world.
All great things crush themselves; such end the gods
Allot the height of honour; men so strong
By land and sea, no foreign force could ruin.
Oh, Rome, thyself art cause of all these evils,
Thyself thus shivered out to three men's shares!
Dire league of partners in a kingdom last not.
Oh, faintly-joined friends, with ambition blind,
Why join you force to share the world betwixt you?
While th' earth the sea, and air the earth sustains,
While Titan strives against the world's swift course,
Or Cynthia, night's queen, waits upon the day,
Shall never faith be found in fellow kings:
Dominion cannot suffer partnership.
This need[s] no foreign proof nor far-fet story:
Rome's infant walls were steeped in brother's blood;
Nor then was land or sea, to breed such hate;
A town with one poor church set them at odds.

* Turmoils. † Float.

Cæsar's and Pompey's jarring love soon ended,
'Twas peace against their wills; betwixt them both
Stepped Crassus in. Even as the slender isthmus
Betwixt the Ægæan and the Ionian sea
Keeps each from other, but being worn away,
They both burst out, and each encounter other:
So whenas Crassus' wretched death, who stayed them,
Had filled Assyrian Carra's walls with blood,
His loss made way for Roman outrages.
Parthians, y'afflict us more than ye suppose;
Being conquered, we are plagued with civil war.
Swords share our empire: Fortune, that made Rome
Govern the earth, the sea, the world itself,
Would not admit two lords; for Julia,*
Snatched hence by cruel Fates, with ominous howls
Bare down to hell her son, the pledge of peace,
And all bands of that death-presaging alliance.
Julia, had heaven given thee longer life,
Thou hadst restrained thy headstrong husband's rage,
Yea, and thy father too, and, swords thrown down,
Made all shake hands, as once the Sabines did:
Thy death broke amity, and trained to war
These captains emulous of each other's glory. [dim
Thou fear'd'st, great Pompey, that late deeds would
Old triumphs, and that Cæsar's conquering France†
Would dash the wreath thou war'st for pirates' wrack:
Thee war's use stirred, and thoughts that always
A second place. Pompey could bide no equal, [scorned
Nor Cæsar no superior: which of both
Had justest cause, unlawful 'tis to judge:

* The daughter of J. Cæsar, who married her to Pompey, to cement their alliance. Upon her death in childbed, dissensions soon broke out between them.

† Gaul is throughout the poem called France, which is an obvious mistake, as the latter name was not given to Gaul till it had been conquered by the Franks, after the destruction of the Roman Empire. Rowe is here also more accurate:—

'The famed piratic laurel seems to fade
Beneath successful Cæsar's rising blade;
His Gallic wreaths thou view'st with anxious eyes,
Above thy naval crown triumphant rise.'

Each side had great partakers; Cæsar's cause
The gods abetted, Cato liked the other.
Both differed much. Pompey was strook in years,
And by long rest forgot to manage arms,
And, being popular, sought by liberal gifts
To gain the light unstable commons' love,
And joyed to hear his theatre's applause:
He lived secure, boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to uphold him:
Like to a tall oak in a fruitful field,
Bearing old spoils and conquerors' monuments,
Who, though his root be weak, and his own weight
Keep him within the ground, his arms all bare,
His body, not his boughs, send forth a shade:
Though every blast it nod, and seem to fall,
When all the woods about stand bolt upright,
Yet he alone is held in reverence.
Cæsar's renown for war was less; he restless,
Shaming to strive but where he did subdue;
When ire or hope provoked, heady, and bold;
At all times charging home, and making havoc;
Urging his fortune, trusting in the gods,
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when blood and ruin made him way:
So thunder, which the wind tears from the clouds,
With crack of riven air and hideous sound
Filling the world, leaps out and throws forth fire,
Affrights poor fearful men, and blasts their eyes
With overthwarting flames, and raging shoots
Alongst the air, and, not resisting it,
Falls, and returns, and shivers where it lights.
Such humours stirred them up: but this war's seed
Was even the same that wracks all great dominions.
When Fortune made us lords of all, wealth flowed,
And then we grew licentious* and rude;
The soldiers' prey and rapine brought in riot;
Men took delight in jewels, houses, plate,
And scorned old sparing diet, and ware robes

* Pronounced like the French as a word of four syllables.

Too light for women; Poverty, who hatched
Rome's greatest wits, was loathed, and all the world
Ransacked for gold, which breeds the world decay;*
And then large limits had their butting lands;
The ground, which Curius and Camillus tilled,
Was stretched unto the fields of hinds unknown.
Again, this people could not brook calm peace;
Them freedom without war might not suffice:
Quarrels were rife; greedy desire, still poor,
Did vild deeds; then 'twas worth the price of blood,
And deemed renown, to spoil their native town;
Force mastered right, the strongest governed all;
Hence came it that th' edicts were over-ruled,
That laws were broke, tribunes with consuls strove,
Sale made of offices, and people's voices
Bought by themselves and sold, and every year
Frauds and corruption in the Field of Mars;
Hence interest and devouring usury sprang,
Faith's breach, and hence came war, to most men welcome.

Now Cæsar overpassed the snowy Alps;
His mind was troubled, and he aimed at war:
And coming to the ford of Rubicon,
At night in dreadful vision fearful Rome
Mourning appeared, whose hoary hairs were torn,
And on her turret-bearing head dispersed,
And arms all naked; who, with broken sighs,
And staring, thus bespoke: 'What mean'st thou, Cæsar?
Whither goes my standard? Romans if ye be
And bear true hearts, stay here!' This spectacle
Stroke Cæsar's heart with fear; his hair stood up,
And faintness numbed his steps there on the brink.
He thus cried out: 'Thou thunderer that guard'st

* Mr. Dyce suggests a new reading of this line:—

'Ransacked for gold, which breeds the world['s] decay.'

The line appears, however, to be correct as it stands in the text. The construction is, breeds decay to or for the world. Breed in this sense governs an accusative of the thing, and a dative of the person—*world* being here personified. There are many similar examples in Shakspeare and other writers of the period. The form is common—as, such a thing is likely to breed me trouble.

Rome's mighty walls, built on Tarpeian rock!,
Ye gods of Phrygia and Iülus' line,
Quirinus' rites, and Latian Jove advanced
On Alba hill! Oh, vestal flames! Oh, Rome,
My thought's sole goddess, aid mine enterprise!
I hate thee not, to thee my conquests stoop:
Cæsar is thine, so please it thee, thy soldier.
He, he afflicts Rome that made me Rome's foe.'
This said, he, laying aside all lets of war, [ensign:
Approached the swelling stream with drum and
Like to a lion of scorched desert Afric,
Who, seeing hunters, pauseth till fell wrath
And kingly rage increase, then having whisked
His tail athwart his back, and crest heaved up,
With jaws wide-open ghastly roaring out,
Albeit the Moor's light javelin or his spear
Sticks in his side, yet runs upon the hunter.
In summer-time the purple Rubicon,
Which issues from a small spring, is but shallow,
And creeps along the vales, dividing just
The bounds of Italy from Cisalpine France.
But now the winter's wrath, and watery moon
Being three days old, enforced the flood to swell,
And frozen Alps thawed with resolving winds.
The thunder-hoofed horse, in a crookèd line,*
To scape the violence of the stream, first waded;
Which being broke, the foot had easy passage.
As soon as Cæsar got unto the bank
And bounds of Italy, 'Here, here,' saith he,
'An end of peace; here end polluted laws!
Hence, leagues and covenants! Fortune, thee I follow!
War and the Destinies shall try my cause.'
This said, the restless general through the dark,
Swifter than bullets thrown from Spanish slings,†

* This line would be better if read thus:—

'The thunder-hoofèd horse, in crookèd line.'

† *Spanish slings* is not a good translation of *Balearis fundæ*, because, though the Balearic isles, Majorca, Minorca, and Yvica are near the coast of Spain, yet it was their inhabitants, and not those of Spain, who were celebrated for their skill in slinging.

Or darts which Parthians backward shoot, marched on;
And then, when Lucifer did shine alone,
And some dim stars, he Ariminum entered.
Day rose, and viewed these tumults of the war:
Whether the gods or blustering south were cause
I know not, but the cloudy air did frown.
The soldiers having won the market-place,
There spread the colours, with confused noise
Of trumpet's clang, shrill cornets, whistling fifes.*
The people started; young men left their beds,
And snatched arms near their household-gods hung up,
Such as peace yields; worm-eaten leathern targets,
Through which the wood peered, headless darts, old
With ugly teeth of black rust foully scarred. [swords
But seeing white eagles,† and Rome's flags well known,
And lofty Cæsar in the thickest throng,
They shook for fear, and cold benumbed their limbs,
And muttering much, thus to themselves complained:
'Oh walls unfortunate, too near to France!
Predestinate to ruin! all lands else
Have stable peace: here war's rage first begins;
We bide the first brunt. Safer might we dwell
Under the frosty bear, or parching east,
Waggons or tents, than in this frontier town.
We first sustained the uproars of the Gauls
And furious Cimbrians, and of Carthage Moors:
As oft as Rome was sacked, here 'gan the spoil.'
Thus sighing whispered they, and none durst speak,
And show their fear or grief: but as the fields
When birds are silent thorough winter's rage,
Or sea far from the land, so all were whist.
Now light had quite dissolved the misty night,
And Cæsar's mind unsettled musing stood;
But gods and fortune pricked him to this war,
Infringing all excuse of modest shame,

* The three instruments mentioned in the original are the *lituræ*, the *tuba*, and the *cornu*. It must surely be an anachronism to represent a Roman army marching to the sound of the fife.

† The original is *Ut notæ fulsere aquilæ*.

And labouring to approve his quarrel good.
The angry senate, urging Gracchus' deeds,
From doubtful Rome wrongly expelled the tribunes
That crossed them: both which now approached the camp,
And with them Curio, sometime tribune too,
One that was fee'd for Cæsar, and whose tongue
Could tune the people to the nobles' mind.'
'Cæsar,' said he, 'while eloquence prevailed,
And I might plead, and draw the commons' minds
To favour thee, against the senate's will,
Five years I lengthened thy command in France;
But law being put to silence by the wars,
We, from our houses driven, most willingly
Suffered exile: let thy sword bring us home.
Now, while their part is weak and fears, march hence:
Where men are ready, lingering ever hurts.
In ten years wonn'st thou France: Rome may be won
With far less toil, and yet the honour's more;
Few battles fought with prosperous success
May bring her down, and with her all the world.
Nor shalt thou triumph when thou com'st to Rome,
Nor Capitol be adorned with sacred bays;
Envy denies all; with thy blood must thou
Aby* thy conquest past: the son decrees
To expel the father: share the world thou canst not:
Enjoy it all thou mayst.' Thus Curio spake;
And therewith Cæsar, prone enough to war,
Was so incensed as are Eleus' steeds† [stalls,‡
With clamours, who, though locked and chained in

* This word, meaning to atone for, or to bear the consequences of, is variously written in old English, abigge, abugge, abye, abie.

† 'Old edition, 'Elcius *steedes*.' Is it possible that Marlowe could have taken the adjective '*Eleus*' ('*Eleus* sonipes') for a substantive?'—Dyce. Eleus is an adjective, meaning of, or belonging to, Elis, which was celebrated for its breed of horses.

‡ The original is:—

'—— quamvis jam carcere clauso
Immineat foribus, pronusque repagula laxet.'

Marlowe has mistaken the meaning. The allusion is to the barriers by which the horses were confined before they started in the race at the Olympic games, and not to their stalls, or the walls of their stables.

Souse down the walls, and make a passage forth.
Straight summoned he his several companies
Unto the standard: his grave look appeased
The wrestling tumult, and right hand made silence;
And thus he spake: 'You that with me have borne
A thousand brunts, and tried me full ten years,
See how they quit our bloodshed in the north,
Our friends' death, and our wounds, our wintering
Under the Alps! Rome rageth now in arms
As if the Carthage Hannibal* were near;
Cornets of horse are mustered for the field;
Woods turned to ships; both land and sea against us.
Had foreign wars ill-thrived, or wrathful France
Pursued us hither, how were we bested,
When, coming conqueror, Rome afflicts me thus?
Let come their leader whom long peace hath quailed,
Raw soldiers lately pressed, and troops of gowns,†
Brabbling‡ Marcellus, Cato whom fools reverence!
Must Pompey's followers, with strangers' aid [king?
(Whom from his youth he bribed), needs make him
And shall he triumph long before his time,
And, having once got head, still shall he reign?
What should I talk of men's corn reaped by force,
And by him kept of purpose for a dearth?
Who sees not war sit by the quivering judge,
And sentence given in rings of naked swords,§
And laws assailed, and armed men in the senate?
'Twas his troop hemmed in Milo‖ being accused;
And now, lest age might wane his state, he casts

* Carthage is here an adjective for Carthaginian.

† *Partesque in bella togatæ.* The toga or gown was the dress of peace, and therefore adopted as its emblem.

‡ This is the genuine old English word, and, in its original sense, meant squabbling, or quarrelling. Mr. Dyce substitutes babbling, as being closer to the text.

§ Ring is a happy translation of *Corona.* The original is:—

'—— gladii cum triste minantes
Judicium insolitâ, trepidum cinxere coronâ.'

‖ A candidate for the consulship, banished for the murder of Clodius, tribune of the people.

For civil war, wherein through use he's known
To exceed his master, that arch-traitor Sylla.*
As brood of barbarous tigers, having lapped
The blood of many a herd, whilst with their dams
They kennelled in Hyrcania, evermore
Will rage and prey; so Pompey, thou, having licked
Warm gore from Sylla's sword, art yet athirst:
Jaws fleshed with blood continue murderous.
Speak, when shall this thy long-usurped power end?
What end of mischief? Sylla teaching thee,
At last learn, wretch, to leave thy monarchy!†
What, now Sicilian pirates are suppressed,
And jaded king of Pontus poisoned slain,
Must Pompey as his last foe plume on me,‡
Because at his command I wound not up§
My conquering eagles? say I merit nought,‖
Yet, for long service done, reward these men,
And so they triumph, be't with whom ye will.
Whither now shall these old bloodless souls repair?
What seats for their deserts? what store of ground
For servitors to till? what colonies
To rest their bones? say, Pompey, are these worse

* Pompey inherited the aristocratic or parliamentary principles of Sylla; Cæsar, though a patrician by birth, the democratic principles of Marius, which, in a military nation like Rome, inevitably led to the empire.

† An allusion to Sylla's having, true to his parliamentary principles, resigned the dictatorship as soon as he had vindicated the supremacy of the senate against the democratic attempt of Marius.

‡ *Ultima Pompeio dabitur provincia Cæsar.* Marlowe substitutes for the original metaphor one of his own, taken from falconry. He makes Cæsar say, 'Must I be given up to Pompey as his last victim, as the last bird that is killed is given to the hawk, as a reward, to plume upon, or amuse herself with tearing out its feathers.'

§ Marlowe seems to think the Roman eagles were flags with eagles emblazoned on them. The original is *deponere*.

‖ 'Unless we understand this in the sense of I receive no reward (and in Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*, 'merit' means derive profit), it is a wrong translation of 'mihi si merces erepta laborum est.'—DYCE. *Mereor* is used in the sense of to earn, get, gain, acquire, by Cicero, Horace, Livy, and other classical writers; and is almost invariably employed by theologians to signify *to obtain*.

Than pirates of Sicilia? they had houses. [conquered!
Spread, spread these flags that ten years' space* have
Let's use our tried force: they that now thwart right,
In wars will yield to wrong: the gods are with us;
Neither spoil nor kingdom seek we by these arms,
But Rome, at thraldom's feet, to rid from tyrants.'
This spoke, none answered, but a murmuring buzz
Th' unstable people made: their household-gods
And love to Rome (though slaughter steeled their hearts,
And minds were prone) restrained them; but war's [love
And Cæsar's awe dashed all. Then Lælius,
The chief centurion, crowned with oaken leaves
For saving of a Roman citizen,
Stepped forth, and cried: 'Chief leader of Rome's force,
So be, I may be bold to speak a truth,
We grieve at this thy patience and delay.
What, doubt'st thou us? even now when youthful [blood
Pricks forth our lively bodies, and strong arms
Can mainly throw the dart, wilt thou endure
These purple grooms,† that senate's tyranny?
Is conquest got by civil war so heinous?
Well, lead us, then, to Syrtes' desert shore,
Or Scythia, or hot Libya's thirsty sands.
This hand, that all behind us might be quailed,
Hath with thee passed the swelling ocean,
And swept the foaming breast of Arctic Rhene.
Love over-rules my will; I must obey thee,
Cæsar: he whom I hear thy trumpets charge,‡

* *Tollite jam pridem victricia tollite signa.* *Ten years' space* ought, perhaps, to be *ten years' peace.*

† That is, these senators, who are no better really than grooms, and who are yet clad in purple. The original is, *degenerem paliere togam*, and we ought possibly for *grooms* to read *gowns*, but this would not be nearly so strong or expressive. The toga was itself generally white, but senators and various magistrates wore a toga which was *prætexta*, or bordered with purple.

‡ The centurion characteristically talks bad grammar. *He* ought to be *him* in the accusative case, governed by *hold*.

I hold no Roman; by these ten blest ensigns
And all thy several triumphs, shouldst thou bid me
Entomb my sword within my brother's bowels,
Or father's throat, or women's groaning womb,
This hand, albeit unwilling, should perform it;
Or rob the gods, or sacred temples fire, [Jove;*
These troops should soon pull down the church of
If to encamp on Tuscan Tiber's streams,
I'll boldly quarter out the fields of Rome:
What walls thou wilt be levelled to the ground,
These hands shall thrust the ram, and make them fly,
Albeit the city thou wouldst have so razed
Be Rome itself.' Here every band applauded,
And, with their hands held up, all jointly cried
They'll follow where he please. The shouts rent
As when against pine-bearing Ossa's rocks [heaven,
Beats Thracian Boreas, or when trees, bowed down
And rustling, swing up as the wind fets breath.
When Cæsar saw his army prone to war,
And Fates so bent, lest sloth and long delay
Might cross him, he withdrew his troops from France,
And in all quarters musters men for Rome.
They by Lemannus' nook forsook their tents;
They whom the Lingones foiled with painted spears,
Under the rocks by crookèd Vogesus;
And many came from shallow Isara,
Who, running long, falls in a greater flood,
And, ere he sees the sea, loseth his name;
The yellow Ruthens left their garrisons;
Mild Atax glad it bears not Román boats,
And frontier Varus that the camp is far,
Sent aid; so did Alcides' port, whose seas
Eat hollow rocks, and where the north-west wind
Nor zephyr rules not, but the north alone

* Old writers continually apply words of their own time to ancient institutions. Thus Chaucer speaks of the church of Pallas in Troy, and calls Amphiaräus, the priest of Apollo, a bishop. But we are guilty of quite as glaring an anachronism ourselves when we call the ministers of the heathen gods priests, for priest is a corruption of presbyter, a term unknown to the heathen mythology.

Turmoils the coast, and enterance forbids;
And others came from that uncertain shore
Which is nor sea nor land, but ofttimes both,
And changeth as the ocean ebbs and flows;
Whether the sea rolled always from that point
Whence the wind blows, still forcèd to and fro;
Or that the wandering main follow the moon;
Or flaming Titan, feeding on the deep,
Pulls them aloft, and makes the surge kiss heaven;
Philosophers, look you; for unto me,
Thou cause, whate'er thou be whom God assigns
This great effect, art hid. They came that dwell
By Nemes' fields and banks of Satirus,
Where Tarbell's winding shores embrace the sea;
The Santons that rejoice in Cæsar's love;
Those of Bituriges, and light Axon pikes;
And they of Rhene and Leuca, cunning darters,
And Sequana that well could manage steeds;
The Belgians apt to govern British cars;
Th' Averni too, which boldly feign themselves
The Romans' brethren, sprung of Ilian race;
The stubborn Nervians stained with Cotta's blood;
And Vangions who, like those of Sarmata,
Wear open slops; and fierce Batavians,
Whom trumpet's clang incites; and those that dwell
By Cinga's stream, and where swift Rhodanus
Drives Araris to sea; they near the hills,
Under whose hoary rocks Gebenna hangs;
And, Trevier, thou being glad that wars are past thee;
And you, late-shorn Ligurians, who were wont
In large-spread hair to exceed the rest of France;
And where to Hesus and fell Mercury
They offer human flesh, and where Jove seems
Bloody like Dian, whom the Scythians serve.
And you, French Bardi, whose immortal pens
Renown the valiant souls slain in your wars,
Sit safe at home and chant sweet poesy.
And, Druides, you now in peace renew
Your barbarous customs and sinister rites:

In unfelled woods and sacred groves you dwell;
And only gods and heavenly powers you know,
Or only know you nothing; for you hold
That souls pass not to silent Erebus
Or Pluto's bloodless kingdom, but elsewhere
Resume a body; so (if truth you sing)
Death brings long life. Doubtless these northern men,
Whom death, the greatest of all fears, affright not,
Are blest by such sweet error; this makes them
Run on the sword's point, and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is won.
You likewise that repulsed the Cayc foe,
March towards Rome; and you, fierce men of Rhene,
Leaving your country open to the spoil.
These being come, their huge power made him bold
To manage greater deeds; the bordering towns
He garrisoned; and Italy he filled with soldiers.
Vain fame increased true fear, and did invade
The people's minds, and laid before their eyes
Slaughter to come, and swiftly bringing news
Of present war, made many lies and tales:
One swears his troops of daring horsemen fought
Upon Mevania's plain, where bulls are grazed;
Other that Cæsar's barbarous bands were spread
Along Nar flood that into Tiber falls,
And that his own ten ensigns and the rest
Marched not entirely, and yet hid the ground;
And that he's much changed, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous than the French, his vassals;
And that he lags behind with them, of purpose,
Born 'twixt the Alps and Rhene, which he hath brought
From out their northern parts, and that Rome,
He looking on, by these men should be sacked.
Thus in his fright did each man strengthen fame,
And, without ground, feared what themselves had
Nor were the commons only strook to heart [feigned.
With this vain terror; but the court, the senate,
The fathers selves leaped from their seats, and, flying,
Left hateful war decreed to both the consuls.

Then, with their fear and danger all-distract,
Their sway of flight carries the heady rout,
That in chained troops break forth at every port:
You would have thought their houses had been fired,
Or, dropping-ripe, ready to fall with ruin.
So rushed the inconsiderate multitude
Thorough the city, hurried headlong on,
As if the only hope that did remain
To their afflictions were t' abandon Rome.
Look how, when stormy Auster from the breach
Of Libyan Syrtes rolls a monstrous wave,
Which makes the main-sail fall with hideous sound,
The pilot from the helm leaps in the sea,
And mariners, albeit the keel be sound,
Shipwreck themselves; even so, the city left,
All rise in arms; nor could the bed-rid parents
Keep back their sons, or women's tears their husbands:
They stayed not either to pray or sacrifice;
Their household-gods restrain them not; none lingered,
As loth to leave Rome whom they held so dear:
Th' irrevocable people fly in troops.
Oh, gods, that easy grant men great estates,
But hardly grace to keep them! Rome, that flows
With citizens and captives, and would hold
The world, were it together, is by cowards
Left as a prey, now Cæsar doth approach.
When Romans are besieged by foreign foes,
With slender trench they escape night-stratagems,
And sudden rampire raised of turf snatched up,
Would make them sleep securely in their tents.
Thou, Rome, at name of war runn'st from thyself,
And wilt not trust thy city-walls one night:
Well might these fear, when Pompey feared and fled.
Now evermore, lest some one hope might ease
The commons' jangling minds, apparent signs arose,
Strange sights appeared; the angry threatening gods
Filled both the earth and seas with prodigies.
Great store of strange and unknown stars were seen
Wandering about the north, and rings of fire

Fly in the air, and dreadful bearded stars,
And comets that presage the fall of kingdoms;
The flattering sky glittered in often flames,
And sundry fiery meteors blazed in heaven,
Now spear-like long, now like a spreading torch;
Lightning in silence stole forth without clouds,
And, from the northern climate snatching fire,
Blasted the Capitol; the lesser stars,
Which wont to run their course through empty night,
At noon-day mustered; Phœbe, having filled
Her meeting horns to match her brother's light,
Strook with th' earth's sudden shadow, waxèd pale;
Titan himself, throned in the midst of heaven,
His burning chariot plunged in sable clouds,
And whelmed the world in darkness, making men
Despair of day; as did Thyestes' town,
Mycenæ, Phœbus flying through the east.
Fierce Mulciber unbarrèd Ætna's gate,
Which flamèd not on high, but headlong pitched
Her burning head on bending Hespery.
Coal-black Charybdis whirled a sea of blood.
Fierce mastives howled. The vestal fires went out;
The flame in Alba, consecrate to Jove,
Parted in twain, and with a double point
Rose, like the Theban brothers' funeral fire.
The earth went off her hinges; and the Alps
Shook the old snow from off their trembling laps.
The ocean swelled as high as Spanish Calpe
Or Atlas' head. Their saints and household-gods
Sweat tears, to show the travails of their city:
Crowns fell from holy statues. Ominous birds
Defiled the day; and wild beasts were seen,
Leaving the woods, lodge in the streets of Rome.
Cattle were seen that muttered human speech;
Prodigious births with more and ugly joints
Than nature gives, whose sight appals the mother;
And dismal prophecies were spread abroad:
And they whom fierce Bellona's fury moves
To wound their arms, sing vengeance; Cybel's priests,

Curling their bloody locks, howl dreadful things.
Souls quiet and appeased sighed from their graves;
Clashing of arms was heard; in untrod woods
Shrill voices schright;* and ghosts encounter men.
Those that inhabited the suburb-fields
Fled: foul Erinnys stalked about the walls,
Shaking her snaky hair and crookèd pine
With flaming top; much like that hellish fiend
Which made the stern Lycurgus wound his thigh,
Or fierce Agave mad; or like Megæra
That scared Alcides, when by Juno's task
He had before looked Pluto in the face.
Trumpets were heard to sound; and with what noise
An armèd battle joins, such and more strange
Black night brought forth in secret. Sylla's ghost
Was seen to walk, singing sad oracles;
And Marius' head above cold Tav'ron peering,
His grave broke open, did affright the boors.
To these ostents, as their old custom was,
They call th' Etrurian augurs: amongst whom
The gravest, Arruns, dwelt in forsaken Luca,
Well-skilled in pyromancy; one that knew
The hearts of beasts, and flight of wandering fowls.
First he commands such monsters Nature hatched
Against her kind, the barren mules' loathed issue,
To be cut forth and cast in dismal fires;
Then, that the trembling citizens should walk
About the city; then, the sacred priests
That with divine lustration purged the walls,
And went the round, in and without the town;
Next, an inferior troop, in tucked-up vestures,
After the Gabine manner; then, the nuns†
And their veiled matron, who alone might view
Minerva's statue; then, they that keep and read
Sibylla's secret works, and wash their saint

* Schright, or shright, is the past tense of schrichen, or shr'chen, to shriek. It occurs in Chaucer:—

'Shright Emely, and howlèd Palamon.'

† *Nun*, *i. e.*, vestal virgin. See *ante*, p. 250, note *.

In Almo's flood; next, learnèd augurs follow;
Apollo's soothsayers, and Jove's feasting priests;
The skipping Salii with shields like wedges;
And Flamens last, with net-work woollen veils.
While these thus in and out had circled Rome,
Look what the lightning blasted, Arruns takes,
And it inters with murmurs dolorous,
And calls the place Bidental. On the altar
He lays a ne'er-yoked bull, and pours down wine,
Then crams salt leaven on his crookèd knife:
The beast long struggled, as being like to prove
An awkward sacrifice; but by the horns
The quick priest pulled him on his knees, and slew him:
No vein sprung out, but from the yawning gash,
Instead of red blood, wallowed venomous gore.
These direful signs made Arruns stand amazed,
And searching farther for the god's displeasure,
The very colour scared him; a dead blackness
Ran through the blood, that turned it all to jelly,
And stained the bowels with dark loathsome spots;
The liver swelled with filth; and every vein
Did threaten horror from the host of Cæsar;
A small thin skin contained the vital parts;
The heart stirred not; and from the gaping liver
Squeezed matter through the caul; the entrails peered;
And which (ah me!) ever pretendeth ill,
At that bunch where the liver is, appeared
A knob of flesh, whereof one half did look
Dead and discoloured, the other lean and thin.
By these he seeing what mischiefs must ensue,
Cried out, 'Oh, gods, I tremble to unfold
What you intend! great Jove is now displeased;
And in the breast of this slain bull are crept
Th' infernal powers. My fear transcends my words;
Yet more will happen than I can unfold:
Turn all to good, be augury vain, and Tages,
Th' art's master, false!' Thus, in ambiguous terms
Involving all, did Arruns darkly sing.
But Figulus, more seen in heavenly mysteries,

Whose like Ægyptian Memphis never had
For skill in stars and tuneful planeting,
In this sort spake: 'The world's swift course is lawless
And casual; all the stars at random range;
Or if Fate rule them, Rome. thy citizens
Are near some plague. What mischief shall ensue?
Shall towns be swallowed? shall the thickened air
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barren?
Shall water be congealed and turned to ice?
Oh, gods, what death prepare ye? with what plague
Mean ye to rage? the death of many men
Meets in one period. If cold noisome Saturn
Were now exalted, and with blue beams shined,
Then Ganymede would renew Deucalion's flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drenched.
Oh, Phœbus, shouldst thou with thy rage now singe
The fell Nemæan beast, th' earth would be fired,
And heaven tormented with thy chafing heat:
But thy fires hurt not. Mars, 'tis thou inflam'st
The threatening Scorpion with the burning tail,
And fir'st his cleyes*: why art thou thus enraged?
Kind Jupiter hath low declined himself;
Venus is faint; swift Hermes retrograde;
Mars only rules the heaven. Why do the planets
Alter their course, and vainly dim their virtue?
Sword-girt Orion's side glisters too bright:
War's rage draws near; and to the sword's strong hand
Let all laws yield, sin bear the name of virtue:
Many a year these furious broils let last:
Why should we wish the gods should ever end them?
War only gives us peace. Oh, Rome, continue
The course of mischief, and stretch out the date
Of slaughter! only civil broils make peace.'
These sad presages were enough to scare
The quivering Romans; but worse things affright them.
As Mænas full of wine on Pindus raves,
So runs a matron through th' amazèd streets,

* Claws.

Disclosing Phœbus' fury in this sort:
'Pæan, whither am I haled? where shall I fall,
Thus borne aloft? I see Pangæus' hill
With hoary top, and, under Hæmus' mount,
Philippi plains. Phœbus, what rage is this?
Why grapples Rome, and makes war, having no foes?
Whither turn I now? thou lead'st me towards th' east,
Where Nile augmenteth the Pelusian sea:
This headless trunk* that lies on Nilus' sand
I know. Now throughout the air I fly
To doubtful Syrtes and dry Afric, where
A Fury leads the Emathian bands. From thence
To the pine-bearing hills; thence to the mounts
Pyrene; and so back to Rome again.
See, impious war defiles the senate-house!
New factions rise. Now through the world again
I go. Oh, Phœbus, show me Neptune's shore,
And other regions! I have seen Philippi.'
This said, being tired with fury, she sunk down.

* The body of Pompeius, murdered by order of Ptolemy the king.

POEMS

OF

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON.

1573—1637.

THE family of Jonson, or Johnson,* appear to have been originally settled at Annandale, in Scotland, from whence they removed to Carlisle, in the reign of Henry VIII. The first member of the family of whom any notice has been preserved was in the service of the king, and, as may be inferred from subsequent circumstances, embraced the Protestant faith. Nothing more is known of him, except that he possessed an estate, which descended to his son, the father of the poet. The religious persecutions which followed the accession of Queen Mary fell heavily on this gentleman, who was thrown into prison, and deprived of his estate. At a later period he entered the Church, and for the rest of his life exercised the functions of a minister of the Gospel. He died in 1573.

A month afterwards Ben Jonson was born in Westminster.† Fuller in vain endeavoured to ascertain the exact locality of his birth, but traced him, while he was yet 'a little child,' to 'Harts-horn lane, near Charing Cross, where,' he adds, 'his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband.'

* The name is spelt Johnson wherever it occurs in the parish registers, recording the christenings or burials of the poet's children. See Collier's *Memoirs of Actors*, xxiii. It also appears on the title-page of *Bartholomew Fair*, 1631; although in *The Devil's an Ass*, printed in the same year, it is spelt Jonson. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, ii., 167, draws attention to an autograph poem, amongst the papers of the Digby family, entitled the 'Picture of the Mind of Lady Venetia Digby,' and signed 'Ben Johnson.' This poem is, no doubt, the same as that which forms part of 'Eupheme.' See *post*, p. 529.

† Gifford maintains that Jonson was born in 1574. Mr. Laing has shown how this mistake arose. See *Conversations with Drummond*, p. 39.

Malone concludes, from an entry in the registry of St. Martin's church, that this second union took place in November 1575, when a Mrs. Margaret Jonson was married to Mr. Thomas Fowler; and Gifford, convinced 'that the person here named was unquestionably the poet's mother,' fuses Fuller's statement into Malone's speculation, and describes Mr. Fowler (whom he erroneously calls Jonson's father-in-law) as a master bricklayer. Later researches have shown that there is no foundation for any of these assumptions. Jonson's mother was certainly living in 1604 or 1605;* and the Mrs. Margaret Fowler supposed by Malone to be his mother was buried in St. Martin's church, on the 2nd of April, 1590.† Mr. Thomas Fowler died in 1595, and the inscription upon his tomb in the old church sets forth that he survived his three wives, Ellen, Margaret, and Elizabeth; it also informs us that he was comptroller and pay-master of the works under Queen Mary, and for the first ten years of Queen Elizabeth.‡ It is clear, therefore, that as this gentleman outlived all his wives, he could not have been married to a lady who was undoubtedly alive some nine or ten years after his death.

The statement that Jonson's mother married again, and that her second husband was a bricklayer, rests mainly on the authority of Fuller;§ but who the bricklayer was, remains yet to be ascertained.

Jonson was first sent to a parish school in St. Martin's, and afterwards placed at Westminster by the friendship of Camden, at that time holding the appointment of second-master. The obligation was never forgotten by the poet, who retained to the end of his life the most affectionate regard for his early benefactor and instructor.‖

* See *post*, p. 265.

† See Shakspeare Society's Papers, i. 11, Art. iii., communicated by Mr. Peter Cunningham.

‡ These particulars appear in a note on Collier's Shakspeare, furnished by Mr. Peter Cunningham. The inscription is published in Strype's edition of Stow's *Survey*.

§ *Worthies of England*, ii. 424. Ed. 1840.

‖ He dedicated to Camden his first play, *Every Man in his Humour*.—See also Epigram xiv., *post*, p. 287.

Drummond tells us that Jonson was taken from school, and 'put to one other craft, I think [it] was to be a wright or a bricklayer.' There can be no doubt that the 'craft' was that of a bricklayer. The fact was current amongst Jonson's contemporaries;* and Fuller says that 'he helped in the structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.' Fuller and Aubrey state that he was afterwards sent to Cambridge; but they differ in the order of circumstances, and in the name of the college. Jonson makes no reference to Cambridge in his communications to Drummond; and he would scarcely have omitted so conspicuous a circumstance if it had occurred. On the contrary, according to his own relation, there was no interval between his schooling and his first step in life, when it was possible he could have gone to the University. The story about Cambridge is still further discredited by the silence of the University Register. No such name occurs on the books.

Jonson did not continue to work long at his step-father's business; and the aversion with which he regarded it led him to avail himself of the earliest opportunity of embracing a more congenial occupation. The army, then serving in Flanders, presented the only accessible opening; and he entered it as a volunteer. During the short period he served with the troops he distinguished himself by his gallantry, on one occasion killing an enemy in single combat, and carrying off the spoils, in the presence of the two hostile camps. To that brief experience of the career of a soldier of fortune he often afterwards referred with pride, and has left

* Amongst the numerous allusions to Jonson's early occupation (the most remarkable of which occurs in a letter of Henslowe's, see *post*, p. 265), there is one in a volume of epigrams, published in 1613, entitled, *Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springes to Catch Woodcocks*, by H. P. The initials H. P. are supposed to be those of Henry Parrot, and it was, probably, in consequence of this petty lampoon that Jonson made a contemptuous reference to Parrot, coupled with the name of Pooly, another obscure poetaster, in one of his epigrams.—See *post*, p. 321.

upon record a memorable testimony of his attachment for the profession of arms.* But his true genius lay in another direction; and, yearning for the pursuits to which Camden had early trained his ambition, he soon returned to England.

Without friends or resources, only two alternatives lay before him, from which there was a hope of extracting a subsistence; either to return to the craft which he had not long before fled from in disgust, or to try his fortune in literature through the then profitable channel of the stage. His choice was speedily made.

The circumstances under which he became connected with the theatres are involved in obscurity. All that can be collected from the satires of Dekker and the statements of Wood and Aubrey is that he obtained his first engagement at the Curtain in Shoreditch, where he seems to have been employed in the double capacity of player and dramatist.

No trace remains of the literary labours in which he was thus engaged; and for an interval of several years, the only incident which can be stated with certainty, is that he increased the difficulties of his struggle by taking a wife. The exact date of his marriage is matter of conjecture. There is some ground for supposing that it took place about 1592.

The first authentic notice we have of Jonson after this event occurs in Henslowe's *Diary*, where the manager, under the date of the 28th July, 1597, acknowledges the receipt of 3^{s} 9^{d} as part of 'Bengemenes Johnsone's share;' which implies that by this time Jonson had become a sharer in Henslowe's company at the Rose on the Bankside. It appears by another entry in a different part of the *Diary* that on the same day Henslowe lent him four pounds; and on the 3rd of December following there is a memorandum of 20^{s} 'lent unto Bengemen Johnsone upon a book which he was to write for us before Christmas next after the date hereof, which he showed the plot unto the company.' These facts, although

* See Epigram cviii., *post*, p. 326.

barren enough in other respects, show that he had acquired some reputation by his productions, and was already established as a writer in the employment of Henslowe.

From the Rose we follow him to the Globe, where we find him for the first time associated with Shakspeare. The story that runs through all the biographies respecting the circumstances under which their acquaintance was formed is honourable to both. Jonson is said to have placed his play for perusal in the hands of a member of the company, who, looking over it carefully, was about to return it to the author, when Shakspeare, being struck by some particular passage, read the piece himself, and recommended it to the theatre.

This fortunate play was *Every Man in his Humour*. It was cast with the whole strength of the company. Shakspeare vindicated his opinion of its merits by playing in it himself; and amongst the other actors were Burbage, Condell, Slye, and Kempe. Its reception encouraged Jonson, and he followed up his success by taking a different view of the comic side of humanity, under the contrasted title of *Every Man out of his Humour*.

About this time an incident occurred to him which very nearly brought his life to a close at the moment when his prospects were beginning to brighten. This circumstance is thus related by Drummond: 'Since his coming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary, who hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his; for the which he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows.' Who the person was that Jonson had thus killed in a duel, long remained a subject of speculation, but was at last ascertained from the following passage in one of Henslowe's letters to Alleyne: 'Since you were with me I have lost one of my company which hurteth me greatly, that is Gabriel, for he is slain in Hoxton Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer.'* The date of this letter,

* *Memoirs of Edward Alleyne*, p. 51.

26th Sept. 1598, fixes the period of the duel, which must have taken place only a few days before, as the slain man was buried on the 24th September, in the churchyard of St Leonard's, Shoreditch. The register of the parish states that he was killed, but does not mention his antagonist.* The name of the actor was Gabriel Spencer, here called Gabriel, according to the familiar usage of the players. He seems to have occupied an inferior position in the theatre.

This unfortunate catastrophe made a deep impression on Jonson's mind. He was thrown into prison on a charge of murder, and, as he informed Drummond, had a narrow escape of being hanged. We may presume from his acquittal, that the chief blame of the transaction lay upon Spencer, who was the challenger, and who acted dishonourably in the combat by fighting with a sword ten inches longer than that of his adversary. Jonson tacitly confesses that up to this time he had no settled faith; and the circumstances in which he was placed, wounded, and lying in prison, with an ignominious death impending over him, were sufficiently admonitory to give a serious direction to his thoughts. At this favourable juncture he was visited by a priest, and the poet, as he himself tells us, taking his religion upon trust, turned Catholic. For twelve years he continued in that communion; and then, publicly renouncing it, returned to the Church of England.

That his recent successes awakened some jealousy on the part of the actors at the Rose seems extremely probable; and, perhaps, out of these feelings arose the dispute with Spencer. However that may be, the dramatists who still remained in the pay of Henslowe, especially Marston and Dekker, now began to regard his growing popularity with envy, and to depreciate his merits in a variety of ways. Queen Elizabeth had attended one of the representations of *Every Man out of his Humour*, and the obscure playwright and indifferent actor of the Curtain was already distinguished by the notice of the most eminent people in the kingdom. This

* *Memoirs of Actors in the Plays of Shakspeare*, p. xxii.

sudden acquisition of fame provoked the hostility of the writers whom he had so rapidly distanced; and the feelings thus engendered on both sides soon broke out into an open feud, not very creditable to the good taste either of Jonson or his literary rivals.

In 1600 he produced *Cynthia's Revels*, acted before the Court by the children of the Royal Chapel. He had already, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, given great offence by the arrogant and magisterial tone he adopted towards contemporary authors; and the offence was deepened by the scathing ridicule with which, in *Cynthia's Revels*, he exposed the reigning vices and fopperies. Dekker and the rest who felt themselves aggrieved prepared to take their revenge. Jonson, warned of their intention, anticipated them in the *Poetaster*, acted at the Blackfriars in 1601. This piece transcended all previous example in the violence and boldness of its satire, and was at once prohibited by authority. The advantage was now on the side of Dekker, who, in the following year, produced his *Satiromastix*, into which he introduced all the known incidents of Jonson's origin and history, and carried the war of abuse to the last extremity. These unworthy contentions sometimes degenerated into personal quarrels; and Jonson told Drummond that on one occasion he beat Marston, and took his pistol from him; an exploit celebrated in one of his epigrams.* Their differences, however, entailed no lasting enmity. The belligerent poets were soon afterwards reconciled, and wrote plays together; and in 1604, as a public testimony of their friendship, Marston dedicated *The Malcontent* to Jonson. Even Dekker was ultimately admitted to a sort of armed truce.

Jonson's first tragedy was *Richard Crook-back*,† for

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* See *post*, p. 305.

† Shakspeare's *Richard III.* had been at this time eight or nine years before the public; and there was a still earlier play on the same subject, besides a Latin drama by Dr. Legge; so that Jonson had to deal with an exhausted theme. Possibly he did not succeed to his satisfaction, and for that reason excluded the tragedy from the folio of 1616.

which, with certain additions to Kyd's *Jeronimo*, he received an advance of 10*l.* from Henslowe in June 1602. This piece has perished with many others. It was probably acted at the Fortune. *Sejanus*, written in conjunction with another hand,* followed in 1603; but met so violent an opposition that it was withdrawn. Jonson subsequently omitted the scenes supplied by his colleague, substituting others of his own, and re-produced the play with success.

At the accession of James I., most of the Elizabethan dramatists still held possession of the theatre, and the literature of the stage was further enriched by the contributions of Beaumont and Fletcher. Jonson's position amongst them was peculiar. He had been less fortunate than many of them in his productions. One of his pieces had been suppressed by authority; another had failed; and all of them had brought down upon him private odium and ill-will. Yet, notwithstanding these checks, and an overbearing temper which exposed him to continual hostility, he had succeeded in establishing a special reputation by the solidity and scholarship of his writings. These qualities, which none of his contemporaries possessed in an equal degree, drew round him influential friends who were unaffected by professional jealousies. Involved on the one hand in continual contests with players, playwrights, and audiences, he was forming on the other close intimacies with such men as Bacon, Selden, and Raleigh. To these associations may be traced the distinction conferred upon him under the new reign of being selected from the whole fraternity to write masques and pageants for the court. He had hitherto given no indication of any aptitude for this species of composition. On the contrary, the massive character of his plays would seem to have

* Generally supposed to be Shakspeare, who played in it on its first representation. This conjecture is founded on a passage in the introduction to the second version, in which Jonson speaks of the 'happy genius' of his former coadjutor; an equivocal compliment at the moment when he was cutting out of the play every line his coadjutor had written.

marked him out as the dramatist least likely to succeed in such fanciful exercises. But the experiment was made with an implicit trust in his genius; and it may be presumed that he was thought to have succeeded, since he continued for many years afterwards to supply Whitehall and the nobility with similar entertainments.

His first masque was prepared for the City of London, to be presented upon the reception of the new king. In this work, strangely enough, he found himself associated with his former antagonist Dekker, to whom the greater part of the invention had been assigned. Other pageants immediately followed, in which Jonson was exclusively engaged; one at Althorpe, for the Queen and Prince Henry, when they rested there on their way from Scotland; another acted before the royal family at the seat of Sir William Cavendish; a masque at Whitehall, by command of the Queen, who appeared in it herself, with several of her ladies; another performed at the palace, on the marriage of the Earl of Essex; and several poetical tributes delivered before the court at Theobald's.

While thus occupied, his course was again interrupted by an unlucky accident. A comedy called *Eastward Hoe*, written jointly by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, and produced about 1604 or 1605, contained a passage which was construed into a reflection upon the Scotch. The king, sensitive on the national point, took offence, and Chapman and Marston were arrested. Jonson, considering himself equally responsible, although not included in the process, voluntarily accompanied his friends to prison. At first it was reported that their ears and noses were to be slit; but interest was made in their favour; a second edition of the comedy was published, with the offending passage expunged, and they were set free. On his liberation, Jonson gave a banquet, at which Selden, then a young man, Camden, and others were present, and amongst them the aged mother of the poet, who, drinking to her son, exhibited to the company a paper of poison she had prepared to mix in his wine, having determined to drink of it first herself, if the threatened sentence

had been carried into execution. Fortunately the fierce old lady was spared the tragedy she contemplated; but the anecdote is curious, as revealing the source from whence Jonson derived his hot blood and indomitable spirit.

Their escape from punishment in this instance had little effect apparently in curbing the satire of the dramatists; for shortly afterwards Chapman and Jonson were again imprisoned, in consequence of some personal reflections in another play, the name of which is unknown. Jonson, however, obtained a release by applications to the Earl of Salisbury and the Lord Chamberlain.

Several plays and masques are crowded into the next few years: *Volpone*, 1605; *Epicene*, 1609; the *Alchemist*, 1610; and *Catiline*, 1611; and, at intervals, the *Queen's Masque*, the *Masque of Beauty*, the *Masque of Queens*, *Oberon*, the *Barriers*, and others, in the performance of some of which royalty itself condescended to participate. In the midst of this brilliant career, Jonson returned to the Church of England, drinking off a full cup of wine at his first communion in token of his complete reconciliation. He did everything lustily!

His life was now at its height of prosperity and enjoyment. At this time flourished the Mermaid Tavern, in Bread-street, where that famous club was held which is said, we know not upon what authority, to have been founded by Raleigh, and which is immortalized in the well-known lines of Beaumont, and in the poems of Jonson.* Here Shakspeare, before he retired to Stratford, and often afterwards on his visits to town, Donne, Selden, Chapman, Fletcher, Beaumont, and the rest, nightly assembled; and here took place those 'wit-combats' between Jonson and Shakspeare, in which old Fuller compares the former to a great Spanish galleon, 'built far higher in learning' than his opponent, and 'solid but slow in performance;' and the latter to an English man-of-war, 'lesser

* See *post*, pp. 321, 341.

in bulk, but lighter in sailing, turning with all tides, tacking about, and taking advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention.' The comparison conveys an accurate reflection of the contrast presented in the persons and genius of the two poets. Opposed to 'gentle Shakspeare,' as Jonson designated him, 'a handsome, well-shaped man,' says Aubrey, graceful and light of limb, and displaying in his dress some degree of refinement harmonizing with the expression of his pale, tranquil face, his intellectual forehead, and thoughtful eyes, we have 'rare Ben' over his 'beloved liquor,' Canary, a man of enormous girth and colossal height, weighing close upon twenty stone,* his stormy head looking as solid and wild as a sea rock, his rugged face knotted and seamed by jovial excesses acting on a scorbutic habit, and his brawny person enveloped in a great slovenly wrapper, 'like a coachman's great-coat, with slits under the arm-pits,' which Lacy, the player, told Aubrey was his usual costume. While the robust man lays down the law, and thunders out despotic canons, enforced by classical authority, his nimble antagonist undermines his positions with a rapid fire of wit which, if it do not convince the judgment of the spectators, is at least sure to carry off the applause. Such were the pastimes of the two great dramatic poets, who, differing in some prominent traits of character, were united by strong affinities in their common pursuit and their kindred powers of observation. Aubrey tells us that they gathered humours of men daily wherever they went; and we may fill up the outline, without hazarding much speculation, by following them on their night rambles through the metropolis, and out into the suburbs, collecting materials for future comedies; Jonson being specially attracted by the peccant eccentricities of such places as Smithfield, with its world of cut-purses, drolls, and 'motions,' Moorfields, where ballad-mongers and cudgel-players abounded, and the rookeries of the Bermudas, reeking with ale and tobacco. Of the jealousy of Shakspeare ascribed

* See *post*, pp. 484, 485.

to Jonson by some editors there is no proof; but of his friendship for him there is incontestible evidence in prose and verse. 'I loved the man,' said Jonson, 'and do honour to his memory on this side idolatry as much as any can.'

In 1613 Jonson accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh's son in the capacity of governor, or travelling tutor, to France. Although few men were better qualified to direct the studies of a youth, the social habits Jonson had contracted were not calculated to secure the requisite control over the conduct of his pupil, as the sequel showed. Young Raleigh soon detected the besetting weakness of his governor, and, being knavishly inclined, made him 'dead drunk,' as Jonson afterwards described the incident to Drummond, and in that condition caused him to be drawn on a car through the streets, exhibiting him at every corner to the bystanders, with a profane jest at his expense. The scene of this unseemly frolic appears to have been Paris, where, in the same year, Jonson met with Cardinal du Perron, and told him, in his out-spoken way, that his translation of Virgil was worthless.

On his return to London in the ensuing year Jonson produced his *Bartholomew Fair*, followed in 1616 by the capital comedy of *The Devil's an Ass*. The interval between these pieces was occupied in the preparation of several of his plays, masques, and entertainments for the press, accompanied by his first book of *Epigrams*, and the collection of miscellaneous poems called *The Forest*, the whole of which were published in 1616. He evidently contemplated a complete edition of his works; but never executed his intention. Early in the same year he and Drayton visited Shakspeare at Stratford, when that 'merry meeting' took place, to which Ward in his *Diary* ascribes the fever that terminated in the death of Shakspeare.

For nine or ten years after this time Jonson withdrew from the theatre. His literary labours in the interval appear to have been chiefly limited to the production of masques, which he found more profitable and less precarious than plays. In the summer of 1618 he made a journey on foot to

Scotland, where he remained several months; paying a visit of some weeks to Drummond of Hawthornden, who noted down his conversations, and preserved a record of Jonson's life and opinions, to which we are indebted for nearly all the authentic information we possess concerning him.*

In the spring of 1619 Jonson was again in London. Soon after his arrival he was invited to Oxford, where the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him in full convocation. Later in the year he received additional honours, accompanied by more substantial marks of favour, the king appointing him to the dignity of Poet Laureate, with a pension of a hundred marks, and the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels. From the latter, however, he reaped no advantage, as the office did not fall vacant during his life-time. The king, desiring to mark still more emphatically his personal regard for the poet, proposed to bestow a knighthood upon him; but Jonson prudently declined a title which he could not adequately support, and which had been rendered too common to convey any creditable personal distinction, his majesty having created no less than two hundred and thirty-seven knights within six weeks after his accession to the throne.

Jonson's wife is supposed to have died some time before his visit to Scotland. Their union does not appear to have been attended with much happiness. He told Drummond that she was honest, but a shrew, and that for five years he had lived apart from her, residing during that period in the house of Lord Aubigny. We collect from other sources that he

* Drummond noted down Jonson's literary gossip, solely for his own satisfaction, and never made any other use of his memoranda, which were not published till nearly a hundred years afterwards, and then only in an abridged form. Gifford's denunciation of Drummond is merely a rabid misrepresentation of facts. As a strict matter of taste, it is, no doubt, indefensible to take notes of private conversations; but Drummond lived in an age when contemporary biography was rare, and the news of literature difficult to collect, and his desire to preserve some memorials of his time is less open to censure than half the diaries that have come down to us. At all events, posterity should be grateful to him. Who does not wish there had been a Drummond at Stratford or the Bankside to chronicle the conversations of Shakspeare?

spent much of his time in visiting the houses of the nobility in the country, and that he was frequently received at Windsor, where he was on familiar terms with the royal family. During the latter years of the reign of James, ample sources of emolument were open to him from the court, the city companies, and the nobility. The Earl of Pembroke used to send him annually £20 on New Year's Day to buy books, and he acknowledges many favours of a like kind from other quarters. But he lived lavishly, and, even under the most prosperous circumstances, his necessities generally anticipated his means. Throughout all his vicissitudes, however, he accumulated a valuable library; but it was unfortunately destroyed by fire, together with many MSS., including his Commentary on the *Poetics*, his Journey into Scotland, his unfinished Life of Henry V., and several poems and plays, the loss of which he deplores in the lines entitled *An Execration upon Vulcan.**

While he was writing for the theatres, Jonson appears to have lived on the Bankside; he afterwards took up his residence at the house of a comb-maker, outside Temple Bar. In this locality he was close to the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, which under his auspices became as famous as the Mermaid had been in former years. Most of the old dramatists were gone; and Jonson collected round him in the Apollo Club, founded by himself, a new race of younger poets, who were destined to form the links between the age of Elizabeth and that of the Restoration. In the Apollo he ruled supreme. The laws of the club, written by himself in pure Latin, were engraved over the mantel-piece, and a poetical inscription surmounted the entrance to the room.† Here were to be found the enthusiastic spirits who aspired to be 'sealed of the tribe of Ben,' with many more, including a wide range of intellectual power—Herrick, Suckling, Kenelm Digby, Carew, Browne, Morley, Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, and a score of others. Jonson was the literary patriarch of the assembly; and if the regulations he prescribed were really

* See *post*, p. 461. † See *post*, p. 541.

carried into practice, the orgies of the Apollo differed from those of the Mermaid in this remarkable particular,—that they were sometimes enlivened by the presence of ladies.

Every Twelfth Night Jonson produced a masque. The last piece of this kind which he furnished for the court of James I. was *Pan's Anniversary*, presented in 1625. The death of the king, shortly afterwards, suddenly reduced him to an extremity, for which his thoughtless habits left him ill provided, and which was rendered still more severe by the menacing approaches of disease. It was under these circumstances he again turned to the theatre for support, bringing out the *Staple of News* in 1625. Towards the close of the year he was attacked by palsy, which gave a shock to his naturally strong constitution from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. In 1626 he wrote the anti-masque of *Jophiel*, and in 1627 the *Fortunate Isles*. These, however, yielded slender returns in lieu of his usual employment from the court, and he was once more forced by necessity to resort to the play-house. The *New Inn* was acted in January 1629-30. The ancient feeling of hostility still followed him; and the piece was driven from the stage, notwithstanding a melancholy appeal in the epilogue referring to his distress and sickness. But the appeal was not wholly ineffectual, as it drew from the king a present of £100, which Jonson gratefully acknowledged in a triad of poems. Upon a pleasant petition from the poet, his Majesty afterwards enlarged his pension from a hundred marks to a hundred pounds, with the addition of an annual tierce of canary.*

Having succeeded in attracting the notice of the court, Jonson was once more employed to furnish the usual entertainments for the new year in conjunction with Inigo Jones, who, as the inventor of the machinery and paraphernalia, had frequently been his coadjutor before. They produced two pageants in 1630; *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, and *Chloridia*. The former succeeded, but the latter, which

* See *post*, p. 514.

cost three thousand pounds in decorations, was indifferently received, and its joint authors seem to have thrown the blame upon each other. Jonson was ill and in distress; Jones was basking in prosperity; and both were men of high pretensions and impatient tempers. Acrimonious feelings had long before existed between them. So far back as 1618, Jonson spoke of Jones in terms of contempt and opprobrium, and was supposed to have satirized him in *Bartholomew Fair*. They afterwards became reconciled, and worked together again; but the old rankling feeling was revived upon the publication of *Pan's Anniversary* in 1625, with the architect's name on the title-page taking precedence of the poet's. When *Chloridia* appeared, Jonson reversed the order, and placed his own name first. The smothered feud now broke out into an open quarrel. Jones used his influence at court to procure the dismissal of Jonson as the writer of masques, and the substitution of Aurelian Townsend, an obscure poetaster, in his place. Irritated by an act of hostility which deprived him of one of his principal sources of income, and galled by many subsequent indignities, Jonson revenged himself upon his antagonist by some bitter pasquinades,* which were eagerly circulated, and at last found their way to Whitehall. The king took offence at the freedom of these invectives; and Jonson was induced, by the remonstrances of his friends, to recal the lampoons, and destroy all the copies of them he could recover. But it was too late. He was excluded from any further participation in masques and pageants; and, the tide of favour having set in against him, the city followed the example of the court, and withdrew their annual bounty of a hundred nobles which they had hitherto paid to him for his services.

These accumulated misfortunes fell heavily upon a frame debilitated by disease. He had been twice stricken with palsy, and was afflicted with dropsy and a complication of other disorders, which for the last few years of his life almost con-

* See *post*, p. 509.

stantly confined him to his room. Latterly he had been obliged to relinquish his former pleasant haunts in Fleet-street, and seclude himself in Westminster, where he lived, says Aubrey, 'in the house under which you pass to go out of the church-yard into the old palace.' His children were all dead; and the care of tending him in his retirement devolved on a female companion whose relations to him are involved in obscurity.* There is some ground for supposing that Jonson married a second time in the year 1623; and, if the conjecture be correct, his housekeeper in Westminster may have been his second wife.†

The extremity to which he was reduced by disease and want is shown in letters to some of his former patrons pleading the misery of his situation and asking temporary succour. Nothing but this urgent necessity could have forced him to risk the theatre again. It was the only resource left. His last plays, *The Magnetic Lady* and *The Tale of a Tub*, were produced in 1632 and 1633. These pieces, which Dryden calls his 'dotages,' are painfully marked by traces of the struggle through which he was passing. Happily his sufferings obtained some relief from the kindness of the Earl of Newcastle, who, in the spring of 1633, engaged him to furnish a short entertainment to be presented before

* The authority for this is Izaac Walton who communicated the fact to Aubrey.

† The register of St. Giles's church, Cripplegate, contains an entry of the marriage of Ben. Johnson and Hester Hopkins, on the 27th of July, 1623. Mr. Collier supposes that this was the poet.—See *Memoirs of Actors*, p. xxiv. Mr. Collier furnishes some interesting particulars, not previously known, concerning Jonson's children. It appears that, towards the close of 1599, Jonson lost a son, named Joseph, who was buried on the 9th December, at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and that on the 1st October in the following year, Benjamin Jonson, infant, was interred at St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. Another boy was christened Benjamin at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, on the 20th February, 1607-8; and this son died three years afterwards, and was buried, on the 18th November, 1611, in the burial-ground of the same church. No memorial has been found of the death of the son who expired in 1635, or of Mary, whose loss is lamented in the touching epitaph beginning, 'Here lies, to each her parents' ruth.'—See *post*, p. 289.

the king on his journey into Scotland; and to this revival of the discarded poet may, probably, be attributed the renewal of Jonson's salary from the city in the following year, at the express solicitation of the king.* This slight addition to his means appears to have reinvigorated him with a gleam of his early power; and it was at this time, literally upon his death-bed, that he produced that exquisite fragment of a pastoral drama, the *Sad Shepherd*, which, in beauty and freshness of conception and treatment, is the most youthful of all his works. It was the last effort of his pen. He died on the 6th of August, 1637, and was buried on the 9th in Westminster Abbey. A subscription was set on foot for the erection of a monument, but the political troubles of the time interfered with the execution of the design. Meanwhile, a gentleman of Oxfordshire, Sir John Young, familiarly called Jack Young, happening to pass through the Abbey, gave one of the masons eighteenpence to cut upon the common pavement stone which covered the grave the brief epitaph 'O rare Ben Jonson!'

The smallness of the surface occupied by the grave-stone is explained by the fact that the coffin was deposited in an upright position; possibly, as has been surmised, to diminish the fee by economy of space. The tradition that Jonson had been interred in this manner was generally discredited until the grave was opened a few years ago, when the remains of the poet were discovered in an erect posture.

Jonson has drawn his own portrait with unmistakeable fidelity.† The 'mountain belly' and 'rocky face,' the 'prodigious waist' and 'stooping back,' which he has himself depicted, bring his whole person clearly before us. His dominant temper was fitly lodged in a bulky and muscular frame; and if he was boastful and arrogant, these exceptional qualities were undoubtedly associated with conspicuous boldness and courage. The habits of his life were those of a voluptuary,

* See Mr. Dyce's *Life of Middleton*.
† See *post*, pp. 394 481.

to the utmost extent of his means and opportunities. He indulged freely in wine, and Howell testifies to the epicurean luxury with which he entertained his friends. But wine was not his ruling passion. His admiration of beauty carried him into other, and, perhaps, more dangerous excesses. He was proud of his intimacy with ladies of rank, some of whom played in his masques at court and elsewhere; and it was for charging him with this general devotion to the sex, that he originally quarrelled with Marston.

Whalley has carefully summed up in the following passage some of the chief features in Jonson's character:—'He was laborious and indefatigable in his studies; his reading was copious and extensive; his memory so tenacious and strong, that, when turned of forty, he could have repeated all that he had ever wrote; his judgment accurate and solid; and often consulted by those who knew him well in branches of very curious learning, and far remote from the flowery paths loved and frequented by the muses. The Lord Falkland celebrates him as an admirable scholar; and saith, that the extracts he took, and the observations which he made on the books he read, were themselves a treasure of learning, though the originals should happen to be lost. By the death of Jonson his family itself became extinct, the only issue he left being his plays and poems.'

If nothing remained of Jonson, but his plays, we should arrive at very imperfect and erroneous conclusions upon his personal and poetical character. We could never know him from his plays, as we believe we know Shakspeare. The rough vigour, the broad satire, and the tendency to exhibit the coarse and base aspects of the world in preference to the gentle and noble, convey an inadequate, and in some respects a false, impression of his genius. It is in his minor poems we must look for him as he lived, felt, and thought. Here his express qualities are fully brought out; his close study of the classics; his piety, sound principles, and profound knowledge of mankind; his accurate observation of social modes and habits; and that strong common sense,

taking the most nervous and direct forms of expression, in which we may trace the germs of Dryden more clearly than in any other writer. Here, too, and here alone, we find him surrounded by the accomplished society in the midst of which he lived, and of whose principal celebrities he has transmitted to us a gallery of imperishable portraits.

His pictures of town life, of the lowest dens and denizens of the metropolis, and of interior morals from the palace to the hot-house, are no less conspicuous in his minor poems than in his plays. But it is in the poems alone, with the exception of the *Sad Shepherd*, and a few passages in the masques, otherwise overweighted with lead, that he developes his fine vein of pastoral feeling. His descriptions of country life, and rural scenery and associations, are no less remarkable for their truthfulness than their relishing sweetness. The lines on Penshurst, and the epistle to Sir Robert Wroth, may be selected as special examples of excellence in this kind of writing.

The predominant merit of his poems lies in their practical wisdom. Making reasonable allowances for the aberrations of flattery in an age of patronage, he is everywhere the inflexible advocate of truth and virtue, the scorner of false pretensions, and the scourger of vice and meanness. His lines are pregnant with thought applicable to the conduct of life; and without any of the affectation of aphorisms, multitudes of his couplets might be separated from the context, and preserved apart for their axiomatic completeness.

POEMS

OF

BEN JONSON.

Epigrams.*

DEDICATION.

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOUR AND VIRTUE, THE MOST NOBLE WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE,† LORD CHAMBERLAIN, &c.

My Lord,—While you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your title: it was that made it, and not I. Under which name, I here offer to your Lordship the ripest of my studies, my Epigrams; which, though they carry danger in the sound, do not, therefore, seek your shelter; for, when I made

* The text of this edition is printed from the original folio, published in 1616, under the supervision of Jonson. The title-page announces these Epigrams as Book I., Jonson evidently intending to make additional collections of similar pieces; a design which he never carried into effect. The folio is printed with much greater care than is usual in books of that period; and it is here strictly followed, except when it was necessary to remove obsolete forms, or to make slight changes in the punctuation. Gifford's text, printed also from the folio of 1616, has been consulted throughout, but it supplies no emendations, and is in many instances inaccurate.

Jonson was not happy in any of the titles he gave to these collections. Thus under the head of 'Epigrams' he includes numerous pieces which have nothing in common with that form of composition. The collection, as observed by Gifford, is really an Anthology. But Gifford is wrong in saying that Jonson meant by an epigram a short poem chiefly restricted to one idea, a description which would better apply to the sonnet. He showed that he clearly understood the conditions of the epigram, when he condemned the epigrams of Harrington and Owen as being bare narrations.

† This distinguished nobleman has been supposed by some commentators, with an obvious disregard of dates and other circumstances,

them, I had nothing in my conscience, to expressing of which I did need a cipher. But, if I be fallen into those times, wherein, for the likeness of vice, and facts, every one thinks another's ill deeds objected to him; and that in their ignorant and guilty mouths, the common voice is, for their security, 'Beware the Poet!' confessing therein so much love to their diseases, as they would rather make a party for them, than be either rid, or told of them; I must expect, at your Lordship's hand, the protection of truth and liberty, while you are constant to your own goodness. In thanks whereof, I return you the honour of leading forth so many good and great names (as my verse) mention on the better part) to their remembrance with posterity. Amongst whom, if I have praised, unfortunately, any one, that doth not deserve; or, if all answer not, in all numbers, the pictures I have made of them: I hope it will be forgiven me that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the persons. But I foresee a nearer fate to my book than this: that the vices therein will be owned before the virtues (though there I have avoided all particulars, as I have done names) and that some will be so ready to discredit me, as they will have the impudence to belie themselves. For, if I meant them not, it is so. Nor, can I hope otherwise. For why should they remit anything of their riot, their pride, their self-love, and other inherent graces, to consider truth or virtue; but, with the trade of the world, lend their long ears against men they love not: and hold their dear mountebank, or jester, in far better condition than all the study, or studiers of humanity. For such, I would rather know them by their vizards still, than they should publish their faces, at their peril, in my theatre, where Cato, if he lived, might enter without scandal.

Your Lordship's most faithful honourer,

BEN JONSON.

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to have been the Mr. W. H. of Shakspeare's sonnets. It was to the Earl of Pembroke, and his brother, the Earl of Montgomery, that Heminge and Condell, in 1623, dedicated the folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, in which they are said to have been assisted by Jonson—a statement entirely unsupported by evidence. The first play exhibited in England before James I. was presented by Shakspeare's company in the Earl of Pembroke's house at Wilton. His lordship was a munificent friend to Jonson, and used to send him £20 on every New Year's Day to buy books, as we learn from the Conversations preserved by Drummond. The poet's wants, however, occasionally overtook his purchases, for it appears, from the same authority, that 'sundry times he devoured his books, *i. e.*, sold them all for necessity.'

I. TO THE READER.

PRAY thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well; that is, to understand.

II. TO MY BOOK.

It will be looked for, Book, when some but see
Thy title, Epigrams, and named of me,
Thou shouldst be bold, licentious, full of gall,
Wormwood, and sulphur, sharp, and toothed withal,
Become a petulant thing, hurl ink and wit,
As madmen stones; not caring whom they hit.
Deceive their malice, who could write it so;
And, by thy wiser temper, let men know
Thou art not covetous of least self-fame
Made from the hazard of another's shame;
Much less, with lewd, profane, and beastly phrase,
To catch the world's loose laughter, or vain gaze.
He that departs with his own honesty
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy.

III. TO MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and, wisely well,
Call'st a book good, or bad, as it doth sell,
Use mine so, too; I give thee leave; but crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy stall till it be sought;
Not offered, as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls,*
Or in cleft sticks, advanced to make calls

* It was the custom to paste advertisements not only on the dead walls of the metropolis, but on the numerous posts which stood in the public places, in front of great houses; hence the term *posters*, which is still applied to mural advertisements; although the special propriety of its application has long ceased. The term 'Knights of the Post,' has a similar origin.—See BUTLER'S Hudibras I. Can. 1.

For termers,* or some clerk-like serving-man,
Who scarce can spell th' hard names; whose knight less can.
If, without these vile arts, it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklers-bury,† there 'twill well.

IV. TO KING JAMES.

How, best of kings, dost thou a sceptre bear?
How, best of poets,‡ dost thou laurel wear?
But two things rare the Fates had in their store,
And gave thee both, to show they could no more.
For such a poet, while thy days were green,
Thou wert, as chief of them are said t' have been.
And such a prince thou art, we daily see,
As chief of those still promise they will be.
Whom should my muse then fly to, but the best
Of kings, for grace; of poets, for my test?

V. ON THE UNION.§

When was there contract better driven by Fate,
Or celebrated with more truth of state?
The world the temple was, the priest a king,
The spousèd pair two realms, the sea a ring.

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note ‡. It appears from the passage in the text that the publishers were in the habit of announcing their new works by pasting the title-pages on walls and posts.

* Persons who resorted to London during term time, when the town was crowded, for the purposes of carrying on intrigues, or practising cheats and tricks.

† Equivalent to saying 'Send it to the trunk-makers.' Bucklersbury, or more properly Buckle's-bury, was chiefly inhabited, according to Stow, by druggists and grocers.

‡ This panegyric on King James's poetry, if not egregious flattery, is at least gross exaggeration; notwithstanding Bishop Percy's opinion that the 'Basilicon Doron' would not discredit any writer of that time, King James's best claim to literary distinction lay in his learning, and his patronage of learned men.

§ More correctly, the junction of the two crowns. The legislative union between England and Scotland was not accomplished till long afterwards.

VI. TO ALCHEMISTS.

If all you boast of your great art be true,
Sure, willing poverty lives most in you.*

VII. ON THE NEW HOT-HOUSE.†

Where lately harboured many a famous whore,
A purging bill, now fixed upon the door,
Tells you it is a hot-house; so it may,
And still be a whore-house: they're synonyma.

VIII. ON A ROBBERY.

Ridway robbed Duncote of three hundred pound;
Ridway was ta'en, arraigned, condemned to die;
But, for this money, was a courtier found,
Begged Ridway's pardon: Duncote now doth cry,
Robbed both of money, and the law's relief,
'The courtier is become the greater thief.'

IX. TO ALL TO WHOM I WRITE.

May none whose scattered names honour my book,
For strict degrees of rank or title look:
'Tis 'gainst the manners of an epigram;
And I a poet here, no herald am.

X. TO MY LORD IGNORANT.

Thou call'st me poet, as a term of shame;
But I have my revenge made, in thy name.

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* That is, If it be true that you can convert the baser metals into gold, how is it that you are yourselves so poor? Jonson held alchemy, astrology, and all similar popular superstitions, in contempt. But he could set horoscopes, although he employed them only in jests. Drummond relates an anecdote of his prevailing upon a lady to meet an old astrologer in the suburbs, and it was himself, he adds, 'disguised in a long gown and a white beard at the light of dim-burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ladder.'

† So called from the hot baths used in them. They were generally bagnios.

XI. ON SOMETHING, THAT WALKS SOMEWHERE.

At court I met it, in clothes brave enough
To be a courtier; and looks grave enough
To seem a statesman: as I near it came,
It made me a great face; I asked the name.
A Lord, it cried, buried in flesh and blood,
And such from whom let no man hope least good,
For I will do none; and as little ill,
For I will dare none: Good Lord, walk-dead still.*

XII. ON LIEUTENANT SHIFT.

Shift, here in town, not meanest amongst squires
That haunt Pickt-hatch, Marsh-Lambeth, and White-friars,†
Keeps himself, with half a man, and defrays
The charge of that state, with this charm, God pays.‡
By that one spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrays
Himself; his whole revenue is, God pays.
The quarter-day is come; the hostess says,
She must have money: he returns, God pays.
The tailor brings a suit home; he it essays,
Looks o'er the bill, likes it: and says, God pays.
He steals to ordinaries; there he plays
At dice his borrowed money—which, God pays.
Then takes up fresh commodities, for days;
Signs to new bonds; forfeits; and cries, God pays.
That lost, he keeps his chamber, reads essays,
Takes physic, tears the papers; still, God pays.
Or else by water goes, and so to plays;
Calls for his stool, adorns the stage:§ God pays.

* 'He [Jonson] never esteemed a man,' says Drummond, 'for the name of a Lord.'

† Noted haunts of the most vicious and profligate classes.

‡ A cant blasphemy current amongst swindlers and disbanded soldiers, who, running up scores wherever they could get credit, lived by a succession of impudent frauds. This piece presents a catalogue of the practices of these sharpers. See also Epigram cvii. p. 325.

§ It was the custom for young men of fashion to sit upon the stage.

To every cause he meets, this voice he brays:
His only answer is to all, God pays.
Not his poor cockatrice but he betrays
Thus; and for his lechery-scores, God pays.
But see! th' old bawd hath served him in his trim,
Lent him a pocky whore.—She hath paid him.

XIII. TO DOCTOR EMPIRIC.

When men a dangerous disease did 'scape
Of old, they gave a cock to Esculape:*
Let me give two, that doubly am got free—
From my disease's danger, and from thee.

XIV. TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.†

Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know—
How nothing's that! to whom my country owes
The great renown, and name wherewith she goes!
Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
More high, more holy, that she more would crave.
What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
What sight in searching the most antique springs!
What weight, and what authority in thy speech!
Men scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee.
Many of thine, this better could, than I;
But for their powers, accept my piety.

---

for which they were charged extra. A three-legged stool, says Mr. Collier [*Annals of the Stage*], which Dekker (1609) dignifies by the style of 'a tripos' seems to have been usually hired on these occasions, and for this sixpence, and subsequently a shilling, was paid. The entrance to the stage for persons who availed themselves of this privilege was through the 'tiring-house.

* A custom arising from the last injunction of Socrates.

† Camden was the 'friend' who put Jonson to school, and was his master at Westminster. Not only in these lines, but on several other occasions, especially in the dedication of *Every Man in his Humour*, Jonson testified the reverence in which he held him.

XV. ON COURT-WORM.

All men are worms: but this no man. In silk
'Twas brought to court first wrapped, and white as milk;
Where, afterwards, it grew a butterfly,
Which was a caterpillar: so 'twill die.

XVI. TO BRAIN-HARDY.

Hardy, thy brain is valiant, 'tis confessed;
Thou more, that with it every day dar'st jest
Thyself into fresh brawls; when, called upon,
Scarce thy week's swearing brings thee off, of one.
So, in short time, thou'rt in arrearage grown
Some hundred quarrels, yet dost thou fight none;
Nor need'st thou; for those few, by oath released,
Make good what thou dar'st do in all the rest.
Keep thyself there, and think thy valour right,
He that dares damn himself, dares more than fight.

XVII. TO THE LEARNED CRITIC.

May others fear, fly, and traduce thy name,
As guilty men do magistrates; glad I,
That wish my poems a legitimate fame,
Charge them, for crown, to thy sole censure hie.
And, but a sprig of bays, given by thee,
Shall outlive garlands stolen from the chaste tree.*

XVIII. TO MY MERE ENGLISH CENSURER.

To thee my way in Epigrams seems new,
When both it is the old way, and the true.
Thou sayest that cannot be, for thou hast seen
Davis, and Weever,† and the best have been,

* The laurel. The epithet is happily selected in reference to the transformation of Daphne.

† Contemporaries of Jonson; the former a writing-master at Oxford, who published a collection of epigrams called *A Scourge of*

And mine come nothing like. I hope so. Yet,
As theirs did with thee, mine might credit get,
If thou'dst but use thy faith, as thou didst then,
When thou wert wont t' admire, not censure men.
Prythee, believe still, and not judge so fast,
Thy faith is all the knowledge that thou hast.

XIX. ON SIR COD, THE PERFUMED.*

That Cod can get no widow, yet a knight,
I scent the cause: he woos with an ill sprite.

XX. TO THE SAME SIR COD.

Th' expense in odours is a most vain sin,
Except thou couldst, Sir Cod, wear them within.

XXI. ON REFORMED GAMESTER.

Lord, how is Gamester changed! his hair close cut!
His neck fenced round with ruff! his eyes half shut!
His clothes two fashions off, and poor! his sword,
Forbid his side? and nothing, but the word
Quick in his lips!† who hath this wonder wrought?
The late ta'en bastinado. So I thought.
What several ways men to their calling have!
The body's stripes, I see, the soul may save.

XXII. ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,‡
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
Yet, all heaven's gifts, being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.

Polly, and the latter a compiler of old inscriptions and epitaphs which he published under the title of *Funeral Monuments*.

* The little bag in which perfumes were carried was called a cod.

† The whole description strictly answers to that of the Puritans of a later date. Similar descriptions will be found in the poems of Cleveland and Butler.

‡ Pity or compassion.

At six months' end, she parted hence,
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed amongst her virgin-train;
Where, while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

XXIII. TO JOHN DONNE.*

Donne, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remains so yet;
Longer a knowing, than most wits do live,
And which no affection praise enough can give!
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife.
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should.

XXIV. TO THE PARLIAMENT.

There's reason good that you good laws should make;
Men's manners ne'er were viler for your sake.

XXV. ON SIR VOLUPTUOUS BEAST.

While Beast instructs his fair and innocent wife
In the past pleasures of his sensual life,

* Of all his poetical contemporaries, Jonson appears to have held Donne's genius in the highest estimation, although he thought his *Anniversary* profane, and said that he deserved hanging for not 'keeping of accent,' and that he would perish from not being understood. 'He esteemeth John Donne,' records Drummond, 'the first poet in the world in some things; his verses of the *Lost Chain* he hath by heart; and that passage of *The Calm*, "That dust and feathers do not stir, all was so quiet." He affirmeth Donne to have written all his best pieces ere he was twenty-five years old.' There is no such passage in *The Calm*. The words are—

——in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.

Telling the motions of each petticoat,
And how his Ganymede moved, and how his goat,
And now her hourly her own cucquean makes,
In varied shapes, which for his lust she takes:
What doth he else, but say, Leave to be chaste,
Just wife, and, to change me, make woman's haste!

XXVI. ON THE SAME BEAST.

Then his chaste wife, though Beast now know no more,
He adulters still, his thoughts lie with a whore.

XXVII. ON SIR JOHN ROE.*

In place of 'scutcheons that should deck thy hearse,
Take better ornaments, my tears and verse.
If any sword could save from Fates, Roe's could;
  If any muse out-live their spite, his can;
If any friend's tears could restore, his would;
  If any pious life e'er lifted man
To heaven, his hath: O happy state! wherein
We, sad for him, may glory, and not sin.

---

* Gifford conjectures that this gentleman was one of the four sons of Sir Thomas Roe, a London merchant of great eminence, who died about 1570. The allusions to him in the Epigrams do not supply very satisfactory suggestions in support of this conjecture. They indicate the character of a man of pleasure, fond of literature and travelling, and in the enjoyment of an independence which enabled him to indulge his tastes. He appears to have fought two duels, and at one time to have served with the army in the Low Countries. Jonson esteemed few men so highly, and was as ardently loved in return. Sir John Roe was a prodigal liver, and Jonson related of him that he used to say 'when he had no more to spend he could die.' It is not improbable that his extravagance finally impaired his fortune. He died of the plague in Jonson's arms, and Jonson furnished 20*l.* for the charges of the funeral, which, however, he was afterwards repaid. Sir John Roe had some talent for verse, and once upon leaving a masque with Jonson, wrote an epistle to him, beginning 'That next to plays, the court and the state are the best. God threateneth kings, kings lords, lords do us.' This piece, incorrectly quoted by Drummond, who records the anecdote, is printed amongst Donne's poems, under the date of January 6, 1603. See Mr. Laing's edition of Jonson's *Conversations with Drummond*, printed for the Shakspeare Society.

XXVIII. ON DON SURLY.

Don Surly, to aspire the glorious name
Of a great man, and to be thought the same,
Makes serious use of all great trade he knows.
He speaks to men with a rhinoceros' nose,*
Which he thinks great; and so reads verses, too;
And that is done, as he saw great men do.
H' has tympanies of business in his face,
And can forget men's names with a great grace.
He will both argue, and discourse in oaths,
Both which are great, and laugh at ill-made clothes;
That's greater yet, to cry his own up neat.
He doth at meals, alone, his pheasant eat,
Which is main greatness; and, at his still board,
He drinks to no man: that's, too, like a lord.
He keeps another's wife, which is a spice
Of solemn greatness; and he dares, at dice,
Blaspheme God greatly; or some poor hind beat,
That breathes in his dog's way, and this is great.
Nay more, for greatness' sake, he will be one
May hear my epigrams, but like of none.
Surly, use other arts, these only can
Style thee a most great fool, but no great man.

XXIX. TO SIR ANNUAL TILTER.

Tilter, the most may admire thee, though not I;
And thou, right guiltless, mayst plead to it, why?
For thy late sharp device. I say 'tis fit
All brains, at times of triumph, should run wit:
For then, our water-conduits do run wine;
But that's put in, thou'lt say. Why, so is thine.

---

* That is, I believe, with a nose elate, or curled up into a kind of sneer, scornfully, contemptuously. This, at least, is the meaning of the expression in Martial's lively address to his book lib. i. iv.—G.

XXX. TO PERSON GUILTY.

Guilty, be wise; and though thou know'st the crimes
Be thine, I tax, yet do not own my rhymes:
'Twere madness in thee to betray thy fame,
And person, to the world, ere I thy name.

XXXI. ON BANKS THE USURER.

Banks feels no lameness of his knotty gout,
His moneys travel for him in and out;
And though the soundest legs go every day,
He toils to be at hell as soon as they.

XXXII. ON SIR JOHN ROE.

What two brave perils of the private sword
Could not effect, nor all the Furies do,
That self-divided Belgia did afford;
What not the envy of the seas reached to,
The cold of Moscow, and fat Irish air,
His often change of clime, though not of mind,
All could not work; at home, in his repair,
Was his blest fate, but our hard lot to find.
Which shows, wherever death doth please t' appear,
Seas, sèrenes,* swords, shot, sickness, all are there.

XXXIII. TO THE SAME.

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear' more,
Glad-mentioned Roe; thou art but gone before,
Whither the world must follow; and I, now,
Breathe to expect my When, and make my How;
Which if most gracious heaven grant like thine,
Who wets my grave, can be no friend of mine.

---

* A blight, the damp of evening.—NARES. Jonson uses the word elsewhere;—

'Some serene blast me.'—*Volpone*, ii. 6.

XXXIV. OF DEATH.

He that fears death, or mourns it, in the just,
Shows of the Resurrection little trust.

XXXV. TO KING JAMES.

Who would not be thy subject, James, t' obey
A Prince that rules by example, more than sway?
Whose manners draw, more than thy powers constrain,
And in this short time of thy happiest reign,
Hast purged thy realms, as we have now no cause
Left us of fear, but first our crimes, then laws;
Like aids 'gainst treasons who hath found before,
And, than in them, how could we God know more?
First thou preservèd wert our king to be;
And since, the whole land was preserved for thee.*

XXXVI. TO THE GHOST OF MARTIAL.

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
To thy Domitian, than I can to my James;
But in my royal subject I pass thee,
Thou flatter'dst thine, mine cannot flattered be.

XXXVII. ON CHEVERIL THE LAWYER.

No cause, nor client fat, will Cheveril leese,
But as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
And pleaseth both; for while he melts his grease,
For this, that wins for whom he holds his peace.

XXXVIII. TO PERSON GUILTY.

Guilty, because I bade you late be wise,†
And to conceal your ulcers did advise,

* Gifford thinks that this epigram was written in 1604, the allusion at the end being to the plague which broke out soon after the death of Elizabeth. The 'treasons' are probably those of the Gowries and Raleigh.

† See Epigram xxx. p. 293.

You laugh when you are touched, and, long before
Any man else, you clap your hands, and roar,
And cry, 'Good! Good!' This quite perverts my sense,
And lies so far from wit, 'tis impudence.
Believe it, Guilty, if you lose your shame,
I'll lose my modesty, and tell your name.

XXXIX. ON OLD COLT.

For all night-sins with others' wives unknown,
Colt now doth daily penance with his own.

XL. ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE.*

M arble weep! for thou dost cover,
A dead beauty underneath thee,
R ich as nature could bequeath thee;
G rant then, no rude hand remove her.
A ll the gazers in the skies,
R ead not in fair heaven's story
E xpresser truth, or truer glory,
T han they might in her bright eyes.

R are as wonder was her wit,
A nd, like nectar, ever flowing;
T ill time, strong by her bestowing,
C onquered hath both life and it;
L ife, whose grief was out of fashion
I n these times. Few so have rued
F ate in a brother.† To conclude,
F or wit, feature, and true passion,
E arth, thou hast not such another.

---

* This lady appears to have been the sister of Sir John Ratcliffe.—See Epigram xciii. p. 316.

† The deaths of four brothers are mentioned in the epigram referre to in the previous note.

XLI. ON GIPSY.

Gipsy, new bawd, is turned physician,
And gets more gold than all the college can;
Such her quaint practice is, so it allures,
For what she gave, a whore—a bawd, she cures.

XLII. ON GILES AND JOAN.

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;
But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would never,
By his free will, be in Joan's company;
No more would Joan he should. Giles riseth early,
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is Joan: but turning home is sad;
And so is Joan. Ofttimes when Giles doth find
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind;
All this doth Joan: or that his long-yearned life
Were quite out-spun; the like wish hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, Giles swears are none
Of his begetting; and so swears his Joan.
In all affections she concurreth still.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self-same things a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree!

XLIII. TO ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY.*

What need hast thou of me, or of my muse,
Whose actions so themselves do celebrate?
Which, should thy country's love to speak refuse,
Her foes enough would fame thee in their hate.

* The younger son of Lord Burleigh. The panegyrics of poets are not to be implicitly relied upon. If Drummond may be trusted, Jonson's private opinion of Salisbury was not very high. He said of him that 'he never cared for any man longer nor he could make use of him.'

Tofore, great men were glad of poets; now,
I, not the worst, am covetous of thee;
Yet dare not to my thought least hope allow
Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,
When in my book men read but Cecil's name,
And what I write thereof find far, and free
From servile flattery, common poets' shame,
As thou stand'st clear of the necessity.

XLIV. ON CHUFFE,

BANKS THE USURER'S KINSMAN.

Chuffe, lately rich in name, in chattels, goods,
And rich in issue to inherit all,
Ere blacks were bought for his own funeral,
Saw all his race approach the blacker floods:
He meant they thither should make swift repair,
When he made him executor, might be heir.

XLV. ON MY FIRST SON.*

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy;
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
Oh! could I lose all father, now! for why,
Will man lament the state he should envy?

* The following remarkable circumstance relating to the death of Jonson's son is related by Drummond:—'When the king came in England at that time the pest was in London, Jonson, being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, saw in a vision his eldest son, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but an apprehension of his fantasy, at which he should not be dejected; in the mean time comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.'

To háve so soon 'scaped world's, and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age!
Rest in soft peace, and, asked, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry;
For whose sake, henceforth, all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

XLVI. TO SIR LUCKLESS WOO-ALL.

Is this the Sir who, some waste wife to win,
A knighthood bought, to go a-wooing in?
'Tis Luckless, he that took up one on band
To pay at's day of marriage. By my hand
The knight-wright's cheated then! he'll never pay:
Yes, now he wears his knighthood every day.

XLVII. TO THE SAME.

Sir Luckless, troth, for luck's sake pass by one;
He that woos every widow will get none.

XLVIII. ON MUNGRIL ESQUIRE.

His bought arms Mung' not liked; for his first day
Of bearing them in field, he threw 'em away:
And hath no honour lost, our duellists say.

XLIX. TO PLAYWRIGHT.*

Playwright me reads, and still my verses damns,
He says I want the tongue of Epigrams;
I have no salt: no bawdry, he doth mean;
For witty, in his language, is obscene.
Playwright, I loathe to have thy manners known
In my chaste book; profess them in thine own.

L. TO SIR COD.

Leave, Cod, tobacco-like, burned gums to take,
Or fumy clysters, thy moist lungs to bake:
Arsenic would thee fit for society make.

* Probably Dekker.

LI. TO KING JAMES.

UPON THE HAPPY FALSE RUMOUR OF HIS DEATH, THE 22ND OF MARCH, 1606.*

That we thy loss might know, and thou our love,
Great heaven did well, to give ill fame free wing;
Which though it did but panic terror prove,
And far beneath least pause of such a king;
Yet give thy jealous subjects leave to doubt,
Who this thy 'scape from rumour gratulate,
No less than if from peril; and devout,
Do beg thy care unto thy after-state.
For we, that have our eyes still in our ears,
Look not upon thy dangers, but our fears.

LII. TO CENSORIOUS COURTLING.

Courtling, I rather thou shouldst utterly
Dispraise my work, than praise it frostily:
When I am read, thou feign'st a weak applause,
As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dst a cause.
This but thy judgment fools: the other way
Would both thy folly and thy spite betray.

LIII. TO OLDEND GATHERER.

Long-gathering Oldend, I did fear thee wise,
When having pilled a book which no man buys,
Thou wert content the author's name to lose:
But when, in place, thou didst the patron's choose,
It was as if thou printed hadst an oath,
To give the world assurance thou wert both;
And that, as puritans at baptism do,
Thou art the father, and the witness too.

* The false report was that his majesty had been assassinated while he was out hunting near Woking in Surrey. The rumour was so circumstantial in its details, even to the poisoned knife with which the regicide was said to have been committed, that it obtained immediate credence, and produced universal consternation.

For, but thyself, where, out of motley, 's he*
Could save that line to dedicate to thee?

LIV. ON CHEVERIL.

Cheveril cries out, my verses libels are;
And threatens the Star-chamber, and the Bar:
What are thy petulant pleadings, Cheveril, then,
That quit'st the cause so oft, and rail'st at men?

LV. TO FRANCIS BEAUMONT.†

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,
That unto me dost such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st;
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee.

LVI. ON POET-APE.

Poor Poet-ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage is become so bold a thief,
As we, the robbed, leave rage, and pity it.

---

* That is, except yourself, who but a fool, &c.

† This little piece will at once recall to the reader Beaumont's lines on the things they had 'seen done at the Mermaid,' in which the companionship of the poets is celebrated under its social aspect. Beaumont died before he was thirty years of age, early in March, 1616—the year in which these Epigrams were published, and in which Shakspeare died. Jonson, who seems to have been all throughout in a splenetic mood when he was at Hawthornden, said that Francis Beaumont 'loved too much himself and his own verses.' The remark is of little value, and detracts nothing from the praises here bestowed on the young poet. It would apply probably with greater truth to Jonson himself.

At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
Buy the reversion of old plays; now grown
To a little wealth, and credit in the scene,
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own:
And, told of this, he slights it. Tut, such crimes
The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
He marks not whose 'twas first: and after-times
May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
Fool! as if half eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece.

LVII. ON BAWDS AND USURERS.

If, as their ends, their fruits were so the same,
Bawdry and usury were one kind of game.

LVIII. TO GROOM IDIOT.

Idiot, last night, I prayed thee but forbear
To read my verses; now I must to hear:
For offering, with thy smiles, my wit to grace,
Thy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.
And so my sharpness thou no less disjoints,
Than thou didst late my sense, losing my points.
So have I seen at Christmas sports one lost,
And hood-winked, for a man embrace a post.

LIX. ON SPIES.

Spies, you are lights in state, but of base stuff,
Who, when you've burned yourselves down to the snuff,
Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough.

LX. TO WILLIAM LORD MOUNTEAGLE.*

Lo, what my country should have done (have raised
An obelisk, or column to thy name,
Or, if she would but modestly have praised
Thy fact, in brass or marble writ the same)

* The nobleman who received the mysterious letter which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. Lord Mounteagle is here designated

I, that am glad of thy great chance, here do!
And, proud my work shall out-last common deeds,
Durst think it great, and worthy wonder too,
But thine, for which I do't, so much exceeds!
My country's parents I have many known;
But saver of my country thee alone.

LXI. TO FOOL, OR KNAVE.

Thy praise, or dispraise is to me alike,
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

LXII. TO FINE LADY WOULD-BE.

Fine Madame Would-be, wherefore should you fear,
That love to make so well, a child to bear?
The world reputes you barren; but I know
Your 'pothecary, and his drug says no.
Is it the pain affrights? that's soon forgot.
Or your complexion's loss? you have a pot
That can restore that. Will it hurt your feature?
To make amends, you're thought a wholesome creature.
What should the cause be? Oh, you live at court:
And there's both loss of time, and loss of sport
In a great belly. Write then on thy womb,
'Of the not born, yet buried, here's the tomb.'

LXIII. TO ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY.

Who can consider thy right courses run,
With what thy virtue on the times hath won,
And not thy fortune? Who can clearly see
The judgment of the king so shine in thee;
And that thou seek'st reward of thy each act,
Not from the public voice, but private fact?

---

the 'saver' of his country. The appellation might be transferred with greater propriety to his sister, who furnished the hint on which the plot was detected.

Who can behold all envy so declined
By constant suffering of thy equal mind,
And can to these be silent, Salisbury,
Without his, thine, and all time's injury?
Cursed be his Muse, that could lie dumb, or hid
To so true worth, though thou thyself forbid.

LXIV. TO THE SAME.

UPON THE ACCESSION OF THE TREASURERSHIP TO HIM.*

Not glad, like those that have new hopes, or suits,
With thy new place, bring I these early fruits
Of love, and, what the golden age did hold
A treasure, art, contemned in th' age of gold.
Nor glad as those, that old dependents be,
To see thy father's rights new laid on thee.
Nor glad for fashion; nor to show a fit
Of flattery to thy titles, nor of wit.
But I am glad to see that time survive,
Where merit is not sepulchred alive;
Where good men's virtues them to honours bring,
And not to dangers; when so wise a king
Contends t' have worth enjoy, from his regard,
As her own conscience, still, the same reward.
These, noblest Cecil, laboured in my thought,
Wherein what wonder see thy name hath wrought!
That whilst I meant but thine to gratulate,
I've sung the greater fortunes of our state.

LXV. TO MY MUSE.

Away, and leave me, thou thing most abhorred
That hast betrayed me to a worthless lord;
Made me commit most fierce idolatry
To a great image through thy luxury.
Be thy next master's more unlucky Muse,
And, as thou'st mine, his hours and youth abuse.

* The Earl of Salisbury was made Lord High Treasurer in 1608.

Get him the time's long grudge, the court's ill-will,
And, reconciled, keep him suspected still.
Make him lose all his friends, and, which is worse,
Almost all ways to any better course.
With me thou leav'st a happier muse than thee,
And which thou brought'st me, welcome Poverty;
She shall instruct my after-thoughts to write
Things manly, and not smelling parasite.
But I repent me: stay—Whoe'er is raised,
For worth he has not, he is taxed, not praised.

LXVI. TO SIR HENRY CARY.*

That neither fame nor love might wanting be
To greatness, Cary, I sing that, and thee;
Whose house, if it no other honour had,
In only thee, might be both great and glad;
Who, to upbraid the sloth of this our time,
Durst valour make almost, but not a crime.
Which deed I know not, whether were more high,
Or thou more happy, it to justify
Against thy fortune; when no foe, that day,
Could conquer thee, but chance, who did betray.
Love thy great loss, which a renown hath won,
To live when Broeck not stands, nor Roor doth run.†
Love honours, which of best example be,
When they cost dearest, and are done most free,
Though every fortitude deserves applause,
It may be much, or little, in the cause.
He's valiant'st, that dares fight, and not for pay;
That virtuous is, when the reward's away.

---

* The first Lord Falkland, son of Sir Edward Cary, and father of the gallant Lucius, Lord Falkland. Sir Henry Cary was appointed by King James, Lord Deputy of Ireland. He died 1620, in consequence of having broken his leg on a stand at Theobald's.

† The castle and river near where he was taken.—Note by JONSON. The incident occurred in 1605, when Spinola defeated Count Maurice in an attempt made by the latter to surprise one of his covering parties at the passage of the Roor.

LXVII. TO THOMAS, EARL OF SUFFOLK.*

Since men have left to do praiseworthy things,
Most think all praises flatteries. But truth brings
That sound, and that authority with her name,
As, to be raised by her, is only fame.
Stand high, then, Howard, high in eyes of men,
High in thy blood, thy place, but highest then,
When, in men's wishes, so thy virtues wrought,
As all thy honours were by them first sought;
And thou designed to be the same thou art,
Before thou wert it, in each good man's heart.
Which, by no less confirmed, than thy king's choice,
Proves that is God's, which was the people's voice.

LXVIII. ON PLAYWRIGHT.†

Playwright, convict of public wrongs to men,
Takes private beatings, and begins again.
Two kinds of valour he doth show at once:
Active in's brain, and passive in his bones.

LXIX. TO PERTINAX COB.

Cob, thou nor soldier, thief, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy weapon liv'st: thou'st one good part.

LXX. TO WILLIAM ROE.‡

When nature bids us leave to live, 'tis late
Then to begin, my Roe! He makes a state
In life, that can employ it; and takes hold
On the true causes, ere they grow too old.

* Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, raised to the peerage by James I. in 1603, and made Lord High Treasurer in 1615.

† The allusion to 'private beatings' identifies Marston as the playwright of this epigram. 'He had many quarrels with Marston,' says Drummond, 'beat him, and took his pistol from him.'

‡ Probably, as Gifford supposes, one of the brothers of Sir John Roe.

Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst;
Each best day of our life escapes us first.
Then, since we, more than many, these truths know,
Though life be short, let us not make it so.

LXXI. ON COURT PARROT.

To pluck down mine, Poll sets up new wits still,
Still, 'tis his luck to praise me 'gainst his will.

LXXII. TO COURTLING.

I grieve not, Courtling, thou art started up
A chamber-critic, and dost dine and sup
At madam's table, where thou mak'st all wit
Go high or low, as thou wilt value it.
'Tis not thy judgment breeds the prejudice,
Thy person only, Courtling, is the vice.

LXXIII. TO FINE, GRAND.

What is't, fine Grand, makes thee my friendship fly
Or take an epigram so fearfully,
As 'twere a challenge, or a borrower's letter?
The world must know your greatness is my debtor.
Imprimis, Grand, you owe me for a jest
. lent you, on mere acquaintance, at a feast.
Item, a tale or two, some fortnight after,
That yet maintains you and your house in laughter.
Item, the Babylonian song you sing;
Item, a fair Greek posy for a ring:
With which a learned madam you belie.
Item, a charm surrounding fearfully,
Your partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn
In solemn cypress, th' other cobweb lawn.
Item, a gulling imprese for you, at tilt.
Item, your mistress' anagram, i' your hilt.
Item, your own, sewed in your mistress' smock.
Item, an epitaph on my lord's cock,

In most vile verses, and cost me more pain,
Than had I made 'em good, to fit your vein.
Forty things more, dear Grand, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

LXXIV. TO THOMAS, LORD CHANCELLOR EGERTON.*

Whilst thy weighed judgments, Egerton, I hear,
And know thee, then, a judge not of one year;
Whilst I behold thee live with purest hands;
That no affection in thy voice commands;
That still thou'rt present to the better cause;
And no less wise, than skilful in the laws;
Whilst thou art certain to thy words, once gone,
As is thy conscience, which is always one:
The Virgin, long since fled from earth, I see,
To our times returned, hath made her heaven in thee.

LXXV. ON LIPPE, THE TEACHER.

I cannot think there's that antipathy
'Twixt puritans and players, as some cry;
Though Lippe, at Paul's, ran from his text away,
To inveigh 'gainst plays—what did he then but play?

* Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, was one of the most remarkable men in an age of great lawyers and eminent statesmen. He was descended from an old family in Cheshire, and applying himself with unwearied assiduity to his profession, was early marked out for its highest honours; passing successively, during the reign of Elizabeth, through the offices of Solicitor and Attorney-General, Master of the Rolls, and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; in which latter capacity he received King James, who, with special marks of favour, continued him in his high appointment. Lord Ellesmere was distinguished by the clearness of his judgment, and the dignity and integrity of his life. 'Surely all Christendom,' says Fuller, 'afforded not a person who carried more gravity in his countenance and behaviour than Sir Thomas Egerton, inasmuch that many have gone to the Chancery on purpose only to see his venerable garb (happy they who had no other business!) and were highly pleased at so acceptable a spectacle.' He survived Jonson's panegyric scarcely a year, and died on the 15th March, 1617, in his seventy-seventh year, having resigned the great seal less than a fortnight before.

LXXVI. ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.*

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honour, serve, and love, as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet.
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learnèd and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she!

LXXVII. TO ONE THAT DESIRED ME NOT TO NAME HIM.

Be safe, nor fear thyself so good a fame,
That, any way, my book should speak thy name;
For, if thou shame, ranked with my friends, to go,
I'm more ashamed to have thee thought my foe.

LXXVIII. TO HORNET.

Hornet, thou hast thy wife dressed for the stall,
To draw thee custom; but herself gets all.

* This lady, sister and co-heir of the second Lord Harrington, was distinguished alike by the variety of her attainments, and her liberal patronage of men of genius. Amongst those upon whom she specially bestowed her munificence were Jonson, Drayton, Daniel, and Donne, and they have all paid poetical homage to her merits and her bounty. 'Sir Thomas Roe,' says Granger, 'has addressed a letter to her as one skilled in medals; and she is celebrated by Sir William Temple for projecting the most perfect figure of a garden that he ever saw.' She died in 1627.

LXXIX. TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.*

That poets are far rarer births than kings,
Your noblest father proved; like whom, before,
Or then, or since, about our Muses' springs,
Came not that soul exhausted so their store.
Hence was it, that the destinies decreed
(Save that most masculine issue of his brain)†
No male unto him: who could so exceed
Nature, they thought, in all that he would feign.
At which, she happily displeased, made you;
On whom, if he were living now, to look,
He should those rare and absolute numbers view,
As he would burn, or better far his book.

LXXX. OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds:
Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilful blind is he, then, that would stray,
And hath it in his powers to make his way!
This world death's region is, the other life's:
And here it should be one of our first strifes,

---

* Daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, by his wife Frances Walsingham, only daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. She was not only a patroness of poets, but was herself a poetess of no ordinary mark. Jonson appears to have enjoyed the privilege of her friendship in a high degree, unless we are to suppose that in his social revelations to Drummond he suffered his vanity to exaggerate the truth. One of these entries runs as follows:—'The Countess of Rutland was nothing inferior to her father, Sir Philip Sidney, in poesie. Sir Thomas Overbury was in love with her, and caused Ben to read his *Wife* to her, which he, with an excellent grace did, and praised the author. That the morn thereafter he discoursed with Overbury, who would have him to intend a suit that was unlawful The lines my lady kept in remembrance, 'He comes too near, who comes to be denied.'' A subsequent entry shows the intimate terms on which Jonson was received:—'Ben one day being at table with my lady Rutland, her husband, coming in, accused her that she kept table to poets, of which she wrote a letter to him [Jonson], which he answered. My lord intercepted the letter, but never challenged him.' Lady Rutland died in 1612, surviving her husband less than two months.

† The *Arcadia*.

So to front death, as men might judge us past it:
For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

LXXXI. TO PROWLE, THE PLAGIARY.

Forbear to tempt me, Prowle, I will not show
A line unto thee, till the world it know;
Or that I've by two good sufficient men,
To be the wealthy witness of my pen:*
For all thou hear'st, thou swear'st thyself didst do.
Thy wit lives by it, Prowle, and belly too.
Which, if thou leave not soon, though I am loth,
I must a libel make, and cozen both.

LXXXII. ON CASHIERED CAPTAIN SURLY.

Surly's old whore in her new silks doth swim:
He cast, yet keeps her well! No; she keeps him.

LXXXIII. TO A FRIEND.

To put out the word whore, thou dost me woo,
Throughout my book. Troth, put out woman too.

LXXXIV. TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Madam, I told you late how I repented,
I asked a lord a buck, and he denied me;
And, ere I could ask you, I was prevented,
For your most noble offer had supplied me.
Straight went I home; and there, most like a poet,
I fancied to myself, what wine, what wit
I would have spent; how every Muse should know it,
And Phœbus' self should be at eating it.
O Madam, if your grant did thus transfer me,
Make it your gift! See whither that will bear me.

* A pure Latinity: *testis locuples* is the phrase for a full and sufficient evidence.—WHALLEY.

LXXXV. TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.*

Goodyere, I'm glad and grateful to report
Myself a witness of thy few days' sport:
Where I both learned why wise men hawking follow,
And why that bird was sacred to Apollo;
She doth instruct men by her gallant flight,
That they to knowledge so should tower upright,
And never stoop but to strike ignorance;
Which, if they miss, they yet should re-advance
To former height, and there in circle tarry,
Till they be sure to make the fool their quarry.
Now, in whose pleasures I have this discerned,
What would his serious actions me have learned?

LXXXVI. TO THE SAME.

When I would know thee, Goodyere, my thought looks
Upon thy well made choice of friends and books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends;
Now, I must give thy life and deed the voice
Attending such a study, such a choice;
Where, though 't be love, that to thy praise doth move,
It was a knowledge, that begat that love.

LXXXVII. ON CAPTAIN HAZARD, THE CHEATER.†

Touched with the sin of false play, in his punk,
Hazard a month forswore his; and grew drunk

---

* A gentleman of fortune who resided at Polesworth, in Warwickshire, and who is frequently alluded to in the literary history of the time from his extensive intercourse with men of letters. He was the intimate associate of Donne. Jonson justly compliments him in the succeeding epigram, one of the happiest in the collection, on his choice of friends and books. Sir Henry Goodyere, however, did not cultivate literature with much success himself.

† Whalley says that in Jonson's age the terms cheater and gamester were synonymous. But cheater has always meant a person who played with false dice, or otherwise unfairly. That Jonson here intended it

Each night to drown his cares; but when the gain
Of what she'd wrought came in, and waked his brain,
Upon th' account, hers grew the quicker trade;
Since when, he's sober again, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII. ON ENGLISH MONSIEUR.

Would you believe, when you this Monsieur see,
That his whole body should speak French, not he?
That so much scarf of France, and hat, and feather,
And shoe, and tie, and garter should come hither,
And land on one whose face durst never be
Toward the sea, farther than half-way tree?*
That he, untravelled, should be French so much,
As Frenchmen in his company should seem Dutch?
Or had his father, when he did him get,
The French disease, with which he labours yet?
Or hung some Monsieur's picture on the wall,
By which his dam conceived him, clothes and all?
Or is it some French statue? No; 't doth move,
And stoop, and cringe. O then, it needs must prove
The new French tailor's motion, monthly made,
Daily to turn in Paul's, and help the trade.

LXXXIX. TO EDWARD ALLEN.†

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Feared not to boast the glories of her stage,

---

in that sense is obvious from the first couplet. Thus also it is employed by Shakspeare:—

'Cheater call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater.—*2 Hen. IV.* ii. 4.

* It is supposed by Whalley that this is an allusion to some remarkable tree which stood on the road half way between London and Dover.

† The connexion of Allen's name (usually spelt Alleyn, but now printed Allen) with the munificent endowment of Dulwich College has eclipsed his reputation as an actor; but, independently of this high encomium by Jonson, ample evidence has been traced not only of the influential position he held in relation to the stage, but of his

As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men,
Yet crowned with honours, as with riches, then;
Who had no less a trumpet of their name
Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame;
How can so great example die in me,
That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee?
Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Outstripped, than they did all that went before;
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown. 'Tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.

XC. ON MILL, MY LADY'S WOMAN.

When Mill first came to court, the unprofiting fool,
Unworthy such a mistress, such a school,
Was dull, and long ere she would go to man;
At last, ease, appetite, and example wan
The nicer thing to taste her lady's page;
And, finding good security in his age,
Went on; and proving him still, day by day,
Discerned no difference of his years or play. [amber,
Not though that hair grew brown, which once was
And he grown youth, was called to his lady's chamber.
Still Mill continued: nay, his face growing worse,
And he removed to gentleman of the horse,

---

great skill as a player. He appears to have been the chief manager of the business of the company for Henslowe, with whom he was part proprietor of the Fortune, and to whose step-daughter he was married. He negotiated with authors, and made engagements with actors, for which he was better qualified in some respects than Henslowe, who, although an excellent man of business, was illiterate. There is reason to believe, also, from certain entries in Henslowe's diary, that he sometimes helped to reconstruct, or adapt, pieces for the stage. As an actor he certainly stood in the first rank, and his special merits in particular parts are testified by Nash, Dekker, and Heywood. All the particulars of his life that are now likely to be recovered have been collected by Mr. Collier in the *Memoir* of him, and in the *Alleyn Papers*, published by the Shakspeare Society.

Mill was the same. Since, both his body and face
Blown up; and he (too unwieldy for that place)
Hath got the steward's chair; he will not tarry
Longer a day, but with his Mill will marry.
And it is hoped, that she, like Milo, will
First bearing him a calf, bear him a bull.

XCI. TO SIR HORACE VERE.*

Which of thy names I take, not only bears
A Roman sound, but Roman virtue wears,
Illustrious Vere, or Horace, fit to be
Sung by a Horace, or a muse as free;
Which thou art to thyself: whose fame was won
In the eye of Europe, where thy deeds were done,
When on thy trumpet she did sound a blast,
Whose relish to eternity shall last.
I leave thy acts, which should I prosecute
Throughout, might flattery seem; and to be mute
To any one, were envy: which would live
Against my grave, and time could not forgive.
I speak thy other graces, not less shown,
Nor less in practice, but less marked, less known;
Humanity and piety, which are
As noble in great chiefs as they are rare,
And best become the valiant man to wear,
Who more should seek men's reverence, than fear.

---

* One of the two grandsons, by his son Geffrey Vere, of John Vere, fifteenth Earl of Oxford. Fuller draws a contrast between the two brothers Francis and Horace, showing that the former was of a fiery spirit, rigid and undaunted courage, and that the latter had as much valour and more meekness, with so great a sense of piety that he first made his peace with God before he went out to war with man. 'Had one seen him returning from a victory,' says Fuller, 'he would, by his silence, have suspected that he lost the day; and had he beheld him in a retreat, he would have collected him a conqueror, by the cheerfulness of his spirit.' He was created Baron Vere of Tilbury, in 1625, the first baron of King Charles I.'s creation. The title became extinct at his death.

XCII. THE NEW CRY.

Ere cherries ripe!* and strawberries! be gone,
Unto the cries of London I'll add one;
Ripe statesmen, ripe! They grow in every street;
At six-and-twenty, ripe. You shall them meet,
And have them yield no savour but of state.
Ripe are their ruffs, their cuffs, their beards, their gait,
And grave as ripe, like mellow as their faces.
They know the states of Christendom, not the places;
Yet they have seen the maps, and bought them too,
And understand them, as most chapmen do.
The councils, projects, practices they know,
And what each prince doth for intelligence owe,
And unto whom: they are the almanacks
For twelve years yet to come, what each state lacks.
They carry in their pockets Tacitus,
And the Gazetti, or Gallo-Belgicus;
And talk reserved, locked up, and full of fear;
Nay, ask you how the day goes, in your ear.
Keep a Star-chamber sentence close twelve days,
And whisper what a proclamation says.
They meet in sixes, and at every mart
Are sure to con the catalogue by heart;
Or, every day, some one at Rimee's looks,
Or Bill's, and there he buys the names of books.
They all get Porta,† for the sundry ways
To write in cipher, and the several keys
To ope the character. They've found the sleight
With juice of lemons, onions, piss, to write.
To break up seals, and close them. And they know
If the States make [not]‡ peace, how it will go

* One of the common cries in the streets of London in the days of Elizabeth and James. The cry has obtained poetical immortality in the well-known lines of Herrick.

† The first two were booksellers; the last was the famous Neapolitan Johannes Baptista Porta, who has a treatise extant in Latin, *De furtivis literarum notis, vulgo de Ziferis*, printed at Naples 1563. He died in 1615.—WHALLEY.

‡ The word in brackets is inserted by Gifford.

With England. All forbidden books they get,
And of the Powder-plot they will talk yet.
At naming the French king, their heads they shake,
And at the Pope and Spain slight faces make.
Or 'gainst the bishops, for the brethren rail
Much like those brethren; thinking to prevail
With ignorance on us, as they have done
On them; and, therefore, do not only shun
Others more modest, but contemn us too,
That know not so much state, wrong, as they do.

XCIII. TO SIR JOHN RATCLIFFE.*

How like a column, Ratcliffe, left alone
For the great mark of virtue, those being gone
Who did, alike with thee, thy house upbear,
Stand'st thou, to show the times what you all were!
Two bravely in the battle-field fell, and died,†
Upbraiding rebels' arms, and barbarous pride;
And two that would have fallen as great as they,
The Belgic fever ravished away.
Thou, that art all their valour, all their spirit,
And thine own goodness to increase thy merit,
Than whose I do not know a whiter soul,
Nor could I, had I seen all nature's roll;
Thou yet remain'st, unhurt in peace or war,
Though not unproved; which shows thy fortunes are
Willing to expiate the fault in thee,
Wherewith, against thy blood, they offenders be.

XCIV. TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD,‡ WITH MR. DONNE'S SATIRES.

Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Life of the Muses' day, their morning star!
If works, not the authors, their own grace should look,
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?

---

* See Epigram xl. p. 295.

† In Ireland.—Note by JONSON.

‡ See Epigram lxxvi. p. 308.

But these, desired by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare poems ask rare friends.
Yet, satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see;
For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense,
But when they heard it taxed, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter's bred,
Dare for these poems yet both ask and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best; and 'mongst those, best are you:
Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
The Muses' evening, as their morning-star.

XCV. TO SIR HENRY SAVILE.*

If, my religion safe, I durst embrace
That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I should believe the soul of Tacitus
In thee, most weighty Saville, lived to us:
So hast thou rendered him in all his bounds,
And all his numbers, both of sense and sounds.
But when I read that special piece, restored,
Where Nero falls, and Galba is adored,
To thine own proper I ascribe then more,
And gratulate the breach I grieved before;
Which fate, it seems, caused in the history,
Only to boast thy merit in supply.
O, wouldst thou add like hand to all the rest!
Or, better work! were thy glad country blessed

* The founder of the Professorship which bears his name at Oxford, and one of the most learned men of his age. His most remarkable labour was an edition of the works of Chrysostom, in eight folio volumes. Fuller tells us that French emissaries surreptitiously procured the sheets as they passed through the press, and sent them to Paris, where they were re-printed, with a Latin translation and considerable additions, immediately after the appearance of Sir Henry's edition in England, which at first they considerably outstripped in sale. Sir Henry was provost of Eton, where he died in 1621, with the reputation, says Aubrey, of having been so 'severe a governor, that the scholars hated him for his austerity.'

To have her story woven in thy thread,
Minerva's loom was never richer spread.
For who can master those great parts like thee,
That liv'st from hope, from fear, from faction free?
Thou hast thy breast so clear of potent crimes,
Thou need'st not shrink at voice of after-times;
Whose knowledge claimeth at the helm to stand,
But wisely thrusts not forth a forward hand,
No more than Sallust in the Roman state:
As then his cause, his glory emulate.
Although to write be lesser than to do,
'Tis the next deed, and a great one too.
We need a man that knows the several graces
Of history, and how to apt their places;
Where brevity, where splendour, and where height,
Where sweetness is required, and where weight;
We need a man can speak of the intents,
The councils, actions, orders, and events
Of states, and censure them; we need his pen
Can write the things, the causes, and the men;
But most we need his faith (and all have you)
That dares not write things false, nor hide things true.

XCVI. TO JOHN DONNE.

Who shall doubt, Donne, where* I a poet be,
When I dare send my Epigrams to thee,
That so alone canst judge, alone dost make;†
And in thy censures evenly dost take
As free simplicity, to disavow,
As thou hast best authority t' allow?
Read all I send; and if I find but one
Marked by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's sealed. Those that for claps do write,
Let pui'nees', porters', players' praise delight,

* Whether—a common form of contraction.

† A slight liberty has been taken with this line to adjust the measure. The folio reads—

'That so alone canst judge, so alone dost make.'

And, till they burst, their backs, like asses, load:
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

XCVII. ON THE NEW MOTION.*

See you yon' motion? not the old fa-ding,
Nor Captain Pod,† nor yet the Eltham thing;‡
But one more rare, and in the case so new:
His cloak with orient velvet lined quite through;
His rosy ties and garters so o'erblown,
By his each glorious parcel to be known!
He wont was to encounter me aloud,
Where'er he met me;—now he's dumb or proud.
Know you the cause? he has neither land nor lease,
Nor bawdy stock that travels for increase,
Nor office in the town, nor place in court,
Nor 'bout the bears, nor noise to make lords sport.
He is no favourite's favourite, no dear trust
Of any madam, hath need o' squires, and must.
Nor did the King of Denmark§ him salute,
When he was here; nor hath he got a suit
Since he was gone, more than the one he wears,
Nor are the queen's most honoured maids by th' ears
About his form. What then so swells each limb?
Only his clothes have over-leavened him.

XCVIII. TO SIR THOMAS ROE.‖

Thou hast begun well, Roe, which stand well to,
And I know nothing more thou hast to do.

---

* A puppet-show. The term was sometimes applied to a puppet. Ben Jonson has frequent allusions to these entertainments in his plays. *New London*, *Rome*, *Nineveh*, and *The Prodigal Son*, were amongst the most popular. In the epigram, the term is applied to an individual.

† A well-known master of a puppet-show.

‡ A similar allusion occurs in *The Silent Woman:* 'The perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.'

§ Christian IV., who visited this country in 1606.—G.

‖ Nephew of Sir John Roe,—see Epigram xxvii. p. 291,—and the most distinguished member of his family. He was knighted by James I., and appointed ambassador to the Mogul, at the instance of the East India

He that is round within himself, and straight,
Need seek no other strength, no other height;
Fortune upon him breaks herself, if ill,
And what would hurt his virtue, makes it still.
That thou at once then nobly mayst defend
With thine own course the judgment of thy friend,
Be always to thy gathered self the same;
And study conscience more than thou wouldst fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got without the first.

XCIX. TO THE SAME.

That thou hast kept thy love, increased thy will,
Bettered thy trust to letters; that thy skill
Hast taught thyself worthy thy pen to tread:
And that to write things worthy to be read;
How much of great example wert thou, Roe,
If time to facts, as unto men would owe?
But much it now avails, what's done, of whom.
The self-same deeds, as diversely they come,
From place or fortune, are made high or low,
And e'en the praiser's judgment suffers so.
Well, though thy name less than our great ones be,
Thy fact is more; let truth encourage thee.

C. ON PLAYWRIGHT.

Playwright, by chance, hearing some toys I'd writ,
Cried to my face, they were th' elixir of wit:
And I must now believe him; for to-day
Five of my jests, then stolen, past him a play.

CI. INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER.

To-night, grave sir, both my poor house and I
Do equally desire your company;

Company, to whom he rendered valuable services during the four years he held the appointment. He died in 1644.

Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast,
With those that come; whose grace may make that
Something, which else could hope for no esteem. [seem
It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some bitter salad
Ushering the mutton; with a short-legged hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,
Lemons, and wine for sauce: to these, a coney
Is not to be despaired of for our money;
And though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks,
The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come:
Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
May yet be there; and godwit if we can;
Knat, rail, and ruff, too. Howsoe'er, my man*
Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livy, or of some better book to us,
Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;
And I'll profess no verses to repeat:
To this if aught appear, which I not know of,
That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be;
But that which most doth take my muse and me,
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's† now, but shall be mine:
Of which had Horace, or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted.
Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
Are all but Luther's beer, to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooly' or Parrot by;

* Richard Brome, to whom he afterwards addressed some verses.—See *post*, p. 414.

† The tavern in Bread-street. This passage Gifford traces to Horace's invitation to Virgil.

Nor shall our cups make any guilty men;
But at our parting, we will be, as when
We innocently met. * No simple word
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board,
Shall make us sad next morning; or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.*

CII. TO WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE.†

I do but name thee, Pembroke, and I find
It is an epigram on all mankind;
Against the bad, but of, and to, the good:
Both which are asked, to have thee understood.
Nor could the age have missed thee in this strife
Of vice and virtue, wherein all great life
Almost is exercised; and scarce one knows
To which, yet, of the sides he owes.‡
They follow virtue for reward to-day;
To-morrow vice, if she give better pay;
And are so good, and bad, just at a price,
As nothing else discerns the virtue or vice.
But thou, whose noblesse keeps one stature still,
And one true posture, though besieged with ill
Of what ambition, faction, pride can raise;
Whose life, even they that envy it, can praise;
That art so reverenced, as thy coming in,
But in the view, doth interrupt their sin;
Thou must draw more: and they that hope to see
The commonwealth still safe, must study thee.

CIII. TO MY LADY MARY WROTH.§

How well, fair crown of your fair sex, might he
That but the twilight of your sprite did see,

* The plan of the whole epigram is from a little poem of Martial, lib. x. epig. 48, of which Jonson has many incidental imitations, particularly of the concluding lines.—G.

† See *ante*, p. 281, note †

‡ Owns, belongs.

§ Daughter of the Earl of Leicester, a younger brother to Sir Philip Sidney, and wife of Sir Robert Wroth, of Durance, in Middlesex, who

And noted for what flesh such souls were framed,
Know you to be a Sidney, though unnamed!
And, being named, how little doth that name
Need any muse's praise to give it fame,
Which is, itself, the impress of the great,
And glory of them all, but to repeat!
Forgive me then, if mine but say you are
A Sidney: but in that extend as far
As loudest praisers, who perhaps would find
For every part a character assigned.
My praise is plain, and wheresoe'er professed,
Becomes none more than you, who need it least.

CIV. TO SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.*

Were they that named you, prophets? Did they see
Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?
Or did our times require it, to behold
A new Susanna, equal to that old?
Or, because some scarce think that story true,
To make those faithful, did the Fates send you?
And to your scene lent no less dignity
Of birth, of match, of form, of chastity;
Or, more than born for the comparison
Of former age, or glory of our own,
Were you advanced, past those times, to be
The light and mark unto posterity?
Judge they that can: here I have raised to show,
A picture, which the world for yours must know,

is reported by Jonson to have been jealous of her. She acquired some literary reputation by a pastoral romance in imitation of *The Arcadia*, called *Urania*, published in 1621. A couple of samples of her verse are preserved by Mr. Dyce in his *Specimens of British Poetesses*. They will scarcely tempt the reader to look for any more. To this lady Jonson paid a still higher compliment in the dedication of *The Alchemist*.

* Grand-daughter of William, Lord Burleigh, and wife of Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, brother of Lord Pembroke. She was the author of a pious essay called *Eusebia*. Her name appears amongst the performers in several of Jonson's masques at court.

And like it too, if they look equally;
If not, 'tis fit for you some should envy.

CV. TO MARY LADY WROTH.*

Madam, had all antiquity been lost,
All history sealed up, and fables crossed,
That we had left us, nor by time, nor place
Least mention of a nymph, a muse, a grace,
But even their names were to be made anew,
Who could not but create them all, from you?
He, that but saw you wear the wheaten hat,
Would call you more than Ceres, if not that;
And, dressed in shepherd's tire, who would not say
You were the bright Œnone, Flora', or May?
If dancing, all would cry the Idalian Queen
Were leading forth the Graces on the green;
And, armèd to the chase, so bare her bow
Diana' alone, so hit, and hunted so.
There's none so dull that for your style would ask,
That saw you put on Pallas' plumèd casque;
Or, keeping your due state, that would not cry,
There Juno sate, and yet no peacock by:
So you are Nature's index, and restore,
I' yourself, all treasure lost of th' age before.

CVI. TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT.†

If men get name for some one virtue, then
What man art thou that art so many men,

* See Epigram ciii. p. 322.

† Afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury, author of a strange and self contradictory work against revealed religion, called *De veritate, prout distinguitur à revelatione, à verisimili, à possibili, à falso*; a memoir of Henry VIII.; a small volume of poems; and his own life, the most singular of all his productions. Collecting his character from his autobiography, and seeing that the actions he has recorded of himself are those of a mere fighting-man, and not of a man of intellect and scholarly attainments, (which he undoubtedly was, nevertheless,) Jonson's unmixed panegyric will strike the reader with surprise. Gifford excuses it on the ground that Herbert's excellent qualities

All-virtuous Herbert! on whose every part
Truth might spend all her voice, Fame all her art?
Whether thy learning they would take, or wit,
Or valour, or thy judgment, seasoning it,
Thy standing upright to thyself, thy ends
Like straight, thy piety to God, and friends;
Their latter praise would still the greatest be,
And yet they, all together, less than thee.

CVII. TO CAPTAIN HUNGRY.*

Do what you come for, captain, with your news,
That's sit, and eat; do not my ears abuse.
I oft look on false coin to know't from true;
Not that I love it more than I will you.
Tell the gross Dutch those grosser tales of yours,
How great you were with their two emperors;
And yet are with their princes: fill them full
Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull;
Tell them what parts you've ta'en, whence run away,
What states you've gulled, and which yet keeps you' in pay;
Give them your services, and embassies
In Ireland, Holland, Sweden, pompous lies!
In Hungary, and Poland, Turkey too;
What at Ligorne, Rome, Florence you did do;

---

were all that were known of him when this epigram appeared; but he should have remembered that Herbert's reckless eccentricities, as recorded by himself, belong to the earlier part of his career, and must have been known to Jonson. Granger's summary of Lord Herbert's character expresses clearly its extraordinary antagonisms: 'The same man was wise and capricious; redressed wrongs and quarrelled for punctilios; hated bigotry in religion, and was himself a bigot to philosophy. He exposed himself to such dangers as other men of courage would have carefully declined; and called in question the fundamentals of a religion which none had the hardiness to dispute besides himself.'—*Biog. Hist.* ii. 145.

* In this epigram we have the type of a class of marauders by whom the country became infested early in the reign of James I., the ferocious, gasconading, and dissolute soldiers of fortune who were disbanded at the sudden close of the long war between England and Spain, and, casting themselves upon the community, lived, as they could, by frauds and impudent lies. See also Epigram xii. p. 286.

And, in some year, all these together heaped,
For which there must more sea and land be leaped,
If but to be believed you have the hap,
Than can a flea at twice skip i' the map.
Give your young statesmen (that first make you drunk,
And then lie with you, closer than a punk,
For news) your Villeroys, and Silleries,
Janins, your Nuncios, and your Tuileries,
Your Arch-dukes' agents, and your Beringhams,
That are your words of credit. Keep your names
Of Hannow, Shieter-huissen, Popenheim,
Hans-spiegle, Rotteinberg, and Boutersheim,
For your next meal; this you are sure of. Why
Will you part with them here, unthriftily?
Nay, now you puff, tusk, and draw up your chin,
Twirl the poor chain you run a feasting in:—
Come, be not angry, you are Hungry, eat;
Do what you come for, captain, there's your meat.

CVIII. TO TRUE SOLDIERS.*

Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view,
Such as are miscalled captains, and wrong you,
And your high names; I do desire that thence
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence.
I swear by your true friend, my muse, I love
Your great profession, which I once did prove;†
And did not shame it with my actions then
No more than I dare now do with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vowed thus much,
But's angry for the captain, still—is such.

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* The object of this epigram is evidently to remove any misapprehension as to the intention of the preceding satire, and to show that Jonson entertained a sincere respect for the army, in which, as he here states, he had formerly served himself.

† 'In his service in the Low Countries,' Drummond records, 'he [Jonson] had, in the face of both the camps, killed one enemy, and taken *opima spolia* from him.'

CIX. TO SIR HENRY NEVIL.*

Who now calls on thee, Nevil, is a muse
That serves nor fame nor titles; but doth choose
Where virtue makes them both, and that's in thee,
Where all is fair beside thy pedigree.
Thou art not one seek'st miseries with hope,
Wrestlest with dignities, or feign'st a scope
Of service to the public, when the end
Is private gain, which hath long guilt to friend.
Thou rather striv'st the matter to possess,
And elements of honour, than the dress;
To make thy lent life good against the Fates;
And first to know thine own state, then the state's.
To be the same in root thou art in height,
And that thy soul should give thy flesh her weight.
Go on, and doubt not what posterity,
Now I have sung thee thus, shall judge of thee.
Thy deeds unto thy name will prove new wombs,
Whilst others toil for titles to their tombs.

CX. TO CLEMENT EDMONDS,

ON HIS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES OBSERVED, AND TRANSLATED.†

Not Cæsar's deeds, nor all his honours won,
In these west parts; nor, when that war was done,

* Whalley says that this Sir Henry Nevil was a son of Lord Abergavenny; but Gifford thinks this a mistake, and that the person intended was a son of Sir Henry Nevil, of Billingham, a distinguished statesman, much employed by the Queen, to whom he was introduced by Cecil. The epigram is not sufficiently distinct in its personal allusions to determine the identity.

† This piece was originally prefixed to the work it commends. Clement Edmonds, son of Sir Thomas Edmonds, born in 1566, held the office of secretary to Queen Elizabeth for the French language, and was afterwards appointed Remembrancer of the City of London, Master of the Requests, and one of the clerks of the Council. He was knighted in 1617, and died in 1622. Edmonds was a man of learning and general attainments, particularly in the 'art military,' as we are informed by his epitaph. He published his observations on Cæsar's *Commentaries* in three parts, the first two in 1600, and the third in 1609.

The name of Pompey for an enemy,
Cato's to boot, Rome, and her liberty,
All yielding to his fortune; nor, the while,
To have engraved these acts with his own style,
And that so strong and deep, as't might be thought,
He wrote with the same spirit that he fought;
Nor that his work lived in the hands of foes
Unargued then, and yet hath fame from those;
Not all these, Edmonds, or what else put to,
Can so speak Cæsar as thy labours do.
For where his person lived scarce one just age,—
And that midst envy and parts, then fell by rage;
His deeds too dying, but in books whose good
How few have read! how fewer understood!—
Thy learnèd hand, and true Promethean art,
As by a new creation, part by part,
In every counsel, stratagem, design,
Action, or engine, worth a note of thine,
T' all future time not only doth restore
His life, but makes that he can die no more.

CXI. TO THE SAME, ON THE SAME.

Who, Edmonds, reads thy book, and doth not see
What th' antique soldiers were, the modern be?
Wherein thou show'st how much the later are
Beholden to this master of the war;
And that in action there is nothing new,
More than to vary what our elders knew;
Which all but ignorant captains will confess:
Nor to give Cæsar this, makes ours the less.
Yet thou, perhaps, shalt meet some tongues will grutch
That to the world thou shouldst reveal so much,
And thence deprave thee and thy work: to those
Cæsar stands up, as from his urn late rose
By thy great help, and doth proclaim by me,
They murder him again that envy thee.

CXII. TO A WEAK GAMESTER IN POETRY.

With thy small stock why art thou venturing still
At this so subtle sport, and play'st so ill?
Think'st thou it is mere fortune that can win,
Or thy rank setting, that thou dar'st put in
Thy all, at all; and whatsoe'er I do,
Art still at that, and think'st to blow me up too?
I cannot for the stage a drama lay,
Tragic or comic, but thou writ'st the play.*
I leave thee there, and, giving way, intend
An epic poem; thou hast the same end.
I modestly quit that, and think to write,
Next morn, an ode; thou mak'st a song ere night.
I pass to elegies; thou meet'st me there;
To satires, and thou dost pursue me. Where,
Where shall I 'scape thee? In an epigram?
'O,' thou criest out, 'that is my proper game.'
Troth, if it be, I pity thy ill luck;
That both for wit and sense so oft dost pluck,
And never art encountered, I confess;
Nor scarce dost colour for it, which is less.
Prithee, yet save thy rest; give o'er in time:
There's no vexation that can make thee prime.†

CXIII. TO SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.‡

So Phœbus make me worthy of his bays,
As but to speak thee, Overbury, 's praise:

* The sense would, perhaps, be rendered more clear by reading—'but thou writ'st a play.'

† This word 'prime' is a key to the figure that runs through the whole piece. Jonson compares the driveller who hunts and imitates him at every turn to a shallow player at primero, who closely follows the shifts of his antagonist, without possessing either the advantage in his cards, or a sufficient knowledge of the game, to enable him to secure the victory.

‡ The date of this epigram may be referred, as Gifford suggests, to the return of Sir Thomas Overbury from his travels. 'To his haughty and overbearing temper may ultimately be ascribed his murder in the Tower. Accustomed to be consulted freely on all occasions by his

So where thou liv'st, thou mak'st life understood,
Where, what makes others great, doth keep thee good!
I think, the fate of court thy coming craved,
That the wit there and manners might be saved:
For since, what ignorance, what pride is fled,
And letters and humanity in the stead!
Repent thee not of thy fair precedent,
Could make such men and such a place repent;
Nor may any fear to lose of their degree,
Who in such ambition can but follow thee.

CXIV. TO MISTRESS PHILIP SIDNEY.*

I must believe some miracles still be,
Where Sidney's name I hear, or face I see:
For Cupid, who at first took vain delight
In mere out-forms, until he lost his sight,
Hath changed his soul, and made his object you;
Where, finding so much beauty met with virtue,
He hath not only gained himself his eyes,
But, in your love, made all his servants wise.

CXV. ON THE TOWN'S HONEST MAN.

You wonder who this is, and why I name
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame:

friend Carr, Earl of Somerset, he did not hesitate to oppose that nobleman's contemplated marriage with the divorced Countess of Essex; and maintaining his opposition with his habitual obstinacy, he made them both his enemies. By their powerful influence he was committed to the Tower, where he was soon afterwards poisoned at the instigation of the Countess. 'Old Sir Robert Harley,' Aubrey tells us, 'would say 'twas a great question who was the proudest, Sir Walter Raleigh or Sir Thomas Overbury, but the difference that was, was judgment on Sir Thomas's side.' Jonson and Overbury were, at one period, upon intimate terms—see *ante*, p. 309, note *—but their friendship was afterwards broken up; at what time, or from what cause, has not transpired. 'Overbury,' says Drummond, 'was first his friend, then turned his mortal enemy.'

* Daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and wife of Sir Philip Sidney.

Naming so many too! But this is one
Suffers no name, but a description;
Being no vicious person, but the Vice
About the town; and known, too, at that price.
A subtle thing that doth affections win
By speaking well o' the company it's in,
Talks loud and bawdy, has a gathered deal
Of news and noise, to sow out a long meal.
Can come from Tripoli,* leap stools, and wink,
Do all that 'longs to th' anarchy of drink,
Except the duel; can sing songs and catches;
Give every one his dose of mirth; and watches
Whose name's unwelcome to the present ear,
And him it lays on—if he be not there.
Tells of him all the tales itself then makes;
But if it shall be questioned, undertakes
It will deny all, and forswear it too;
Not that it fears, but will not have to do
With such a one, and therein keeps its word.
'Twill see its sister naked, ere a sword.
At every meal, where it doth dine or sup,
The cloth's no sooner gone, but it gets up
And, shifting of its faces, doth play more
Parts than the Italian could do with his door;†
Acts old Iniquity;‡ and, in the fit
Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit;

---

* To come from Tripoli was a current phrase signifying that the person to whom it was applied could perform feats of strength and agility in the manner of the Moors. Jonson uses it elsewhere:—

'I protest, Sir John, you came on high from Tripoli, as I do every whit; and lift as many joined stools, and leap over 'em, if you would use it.'—*Epicœne*, v. 1.

Thus also Fletcher:—

'Get up to the window there, and presently,
Like a most complete gentleman, come from Tripoli.'
Monsieur Thomas, iv. 2.

† An Italian well known for his skill in such feats; possibly, as suggested by Whalley, the person alluded to under the name of Scoto in King James's *Dæmonology*.

‡ The Vice of old Moralities.

Executes men in picture; by defect,
From friendship, is its own fame's architect;
An engineer in slanders of all fashions,
That, seeming praises, are yet accusations.
Described, it's thus: defined would you it have?
Then, the town's honest man's her arrant'st knave.

CXVI. TO SIR WILLIAM JEPHSON.*

Jephson, thou man of men, to whose loved name
All gentry yet owe part of their best fame![†]
So did thy virtue inform, thy wit sustain
That age, when thou stood'st up the master-brain:
Thou wert the first mad'st merit know her strength;
And those that lacked it, to suspect, at length,
'Twas not entailed on title; that some word
Might be found out as good, and not 'my Lord;'
That nature no such difference had impressed
In men, but every bravest was the best:
That blood not minds, but minds did blood adorn;
And to live great was better than great born.
These were thy knowing arts; which who doth now
Virtuously practise, must at least allow
Them in, if not from thee, or must commit
A desperate solecism in truth and wit.

CXVII. ON GROINE.

Groine, come of age, his 'state sold out of hand
For 's whore; Groine doth still occupy his land.

CXVIII. ON GUT.

Gut eats all day, and lechers all the night,
So all his meat he tasteth over twice;
And, striving so to double his delight,
He makes himself a thoroughfare of vice.

---

* The name of this gentleman, who seems to have achieved distinction in his own day by the force of his merits, does not appear elsewhere among the contemporaries of Jonson.

† The folio reads "flame."

Thus, in his belly, can he change a sin,
Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

CXIX. TO SIR RALPH SHELTON.*

Not he that flies the court for want of clothes
At hunting rails, having no gift in oaths,
Cries out 'gainst cocking, since he cannot bet,
Shuns prease,† for two main causes, pox and debt;
With me can merit more than that good man,
Whose dice not doing well, to a pulpit ran.
No, Shelton, give me thee, canst want all these,
But dost it out of judgment, not disease;
Dar'st breathe in any air, and with safe skill,
Till thou canst find the best, choose the least ill;
That to the vulgar canst thyself apply,
Treading a better path, not contrary;
And, in their error's maze, thine own way know;
Which is to live to conscience, not to show.
He that, but living half his age, dies such,
Makes the whole longer than 'twas given him, much.

CXX. EPITAPH ON S. P.,‡ A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.

Weep with me all you that read
This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed,
Death's self is sorry.

---

* Nothing is known of this person, except that he was the companion of Mr. Hayden in the escapade celebrated by Jonson under the title of *The Voyage*.—See *post*, p. 340.

† Press—crowd.

'The king is at hand, stand close in the prease.'
Damon and Pythias.

‡ Salathiel Pavy. 'The subject of this beautiful epitaph,' says Mr. Gifford, 'acted in *Cynthia's Revels* and in the *Poetaster*, 1600 and 1601, in which [latter] year he probably died. The poet speaks of him with interest and affection, and it cannot be doubted that he was a boy of extraordinary talents.'

'Twas a child, that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel;
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly;
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late!
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But, being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

CXXI. TO BENJAMIN RUDYERD.*

Rudyerd, as lesser dames to great ones use,
My lighter comes to kiss thy learnèd muse;
Whose better studies while she emulates,
She learns to know long difference of their states.
Yet is the office not to be despised,
If only love should make the action prized;
Nor he for friendship can be thought unfit,
That strives his manners should precede his wit.

CXXII. TO THE SAME.

If I would wish, for truth and not for show,
The aged Saturn's age and rites to know;

* Afterwards knighted; one of the most accomplished men of his time, a scholar, a poet, a distinguished speaker in Parliament, and the intimate friend of Pembroke.

If I would strive to bring back times, and try
The world's pure gold, and wise simplicity;
If I would virtue set as she was young,
And hear her speak with one, and her first tongue;
If holiest friendship, naked to the touch,
I would restore, and keep it ever such;
I need no other arts, but study thee,
Who prov'st all these were, and again may be.

CXXIII. TO THE SAME.

Writing thyself, or judging others' writ,
I know not which thou'st most, candour, or wit
But both thou'st so, as who affects the state
Of the best writer and judge, should emulate.

CXXIV. EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.*

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? Reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
If, at all, she had a fault
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death.
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

CXXV. TO SIR WILLIAM UVEDALE.†

Uvedale, thou piece of the first times, a man
Made for what nature could, or virtue can;

* The name of the lady upon whom this most exquisite epitaph was written is unknown. Jonson wished it to be concealed, and the secret seems to have been carefully kept until the means of tracing it were lost.

† Nothing appears to be known of this gentleman's history. Gifford says he was of Wickham, in the county of Southampton.

Both whose dimensions lost, the world might find
Restorèd in thy body, and thy mind!
Who sees a soul in such a body set,
Might love the treasure for the cabinet.
But I, no child, no fool, respect the kind,
The full, the flowing graces there enshrined;
Which, would the world not miscall flattery,
I could adore, almost t' idolatry!

CXXVI. TO HIS LADY, THEN MRS. CARY.

Retired, with purpose your fair worth to praise,
'Mongst Hampton shades, and Phœbus' grove of bays,
I plucked a branch; the jealous god did frown,
And bade me lay th' usurpèd laurel down;
Said I wronged him, and, which was more, his love.
I answered, Daphne now no pain can prove.
Phœbus replied, Bold head, it is not she,
Cary my love is, Daphne but my tree,

CXXVII. TO ESME, LORD AUBIGNY?*

Is there a hope that man would thankful be,
If I should fail in gratitude to thee
To whom I am so bound, loved Aubigny?
No, I do, therefore, call posterity
Into the debt; and reckon on her head
How full of want, how swallowed up, how dead
I and this muse had been, if thou hadst not
Lent timely succours, and new life begot;
So, all reward, or name, that grows to me
By her attempt, shall still be owing thee.
And, than this same, I know no abler way
To thank thy benefits, which is, to pay.

* Brother to the Duke of Lenox, whom he succeeded. In the epigram Jonson acknowledges the large obligations he owed to his lordship; and we are enabled by a passage in Drummond's notes to estimate the nature of them. 'He [Jonson] married a wife who was a shrew, yet honest; five years he had not bedded with her, but remained with my Lord Aubigny.'

CXXVIII. TO WILLIAM ROE.*

Roe, and my joy to name, thou'rt now to go
Countries and climes, manners and men to know,
T' extract and choose the best of all these known,
And those to turn to blood, and make thine own.
May winds as soft as breath of kissing friends,
Attend thee hence; and there, may all thy ends,
As the beginning here, prove purely sweet,
And perfect in a circle always meet!
So when we, blest with thy return, shall see
Thyself, with thy first thoughts brought home by thee,
We each to other may this voice inspire;—
This is that good Æneas, passed through fire,
Through seas, storms, tempests; and, embarked for hell,
Came back untouched. This man hath travelled well.

CXXIX. TO MIME.

That not a pair of friends each other see,
But the first question is, When one saw thee?
That there's no journey set, or thought upon,
To Brentford, Hackney, Bow, but thou mak'st one;
That scarce the town designeth any feast
To which thou'rt not a week bespoke a guest;
That still thou'rt made the supper's flag, the drum,
The very call, to make all other come.
Think'st thou, Mime, this is great? or, that they strive
Whose noise shall keep thy miming most alive,
Whilst thou dost raise some player from the grave,
Out-dance the babion, or outboast the brave;†

* Supposed by Gifford to be the younger brother, or cousin, of Sir Thomas Roe.—See *ante*, p. 291. Gifford adds that this gentleman seems to have been in a mercantile or diplomatic capacity, and to have entered the profession of arms, quoting a passage from a letter of Howell's to the effect that William Roe had returned from the wars wounded in the arm, and confessing himself 'an egregious fool to leave his mercership for a musket.' But there is nothing in the epigram to sustain any of these suppositions. The William Roe addressed by the poet appears to have gone abroad expressly upon his travels.

† That is—out-dance the baboon, or out-boast the bully.

Or, mounted on a stool, thy face doth hit
On some new gesture that's imputed wit?
O, run not proud of this. Yet, take thy due.
Thou dost outzany Cokely, Pod, nay, Gue,*
And thine own Coriat† too. But wouldst thou see,
Men love thee not for this: they laugh at thee.

CXXX. TO ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO,‡ ON HIS BOOK.

To urge, my loved Alphonso, that bold fame
Of building towns, and making wild beasts tame,
Which music had; or speak her known effects,
That she removeth cares, sadness ejects,
Declineth anger, persuades clemency,
Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten piety,
And is to a body, often, ill inclined,
No less a sovereign cure than to the mind;
T' allege that greatest men were not ashamed,
Of old, even by her practice to be famed;
To say indeed, she were the soul of heaven,
That the eighth sphere, no less than planets seven,
Moved by her order, and the ninth more high,
Including all, were thence called harmony;
I yet had uttered nothing on thy part,
When these were but the praises of the art.
But when I've said the proofs of all these be
Shed in thy songs, 'tis true, but short of thee.

CXXXI. TO THE SAME.

When we do give, Alphonso, to the light
A work of ours, we part with our own right;
For then all mouths will judge, and their own way:
The learned have no more privilege than the lay.

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* Well-known masters of puppet-shows.

† Tom Coriat, the author of the *Crudities*, and the common target for the wits of his time.

‡ The composer of the music of most of Jonson's masques, to whose merits the poet on other occasions bears the warmest testimony.

And though we could all men, all censures hear,
We ought not give them taste we had an ear.
For if the humorous world will talk at large,
They should be fools, for me, at their own charge.
Say this or that man they to thee prefer;
Even those for whom they do this, know they err;
And would, being asked the truth, ashamèd say,
They were not to be named on the same day.
Then stand unto thyself, not seek without
For fame, with breath soon kindled, soon blown out.

CXXXII. TO MR. JOSHUA SYLVESTER.*

If to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy work and merit raise:
But, as it is, the child of ignorance,
And utter stranger to all air of France,
How can I speak of thy great pains, but err?
Since they can only judge, that can confer.
Behold! the reverend shade of Bartas stands
Before my thought, and, in thy right, commands
That to the world I publish, for him, this:
'Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.'
So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the translation thought,

* The translator of Bartas. Few productions of that age obtained more popularity, and deserved it less, than this eccentric translation. Vicars called Sylvester the 'best of poets,' and Dryden, in his boyhood, thought Spenser mean in comparison. Jonson, who was one of Sylvester's intimate friends, and by some said to have been his relative, here assigns to his translation the merit of an original; but it is proper to add that he afterwards recanted this panegyric, declaring that when he wrote it he was not sufficiently acquainted with French to be able to judge adequately of the translation, which he considered 'not well done.' Of Bartas himself he thought very indifferently, saying that he was 'not a poet, but a verser.' Sylvester was born in 1563, and died in Holland in 1618. There is little more known of him, except that he was singularly neglected by the age that esteemed him so highly, and that he passed the greater part of his life in a struggle with poverty, which finally drove him into exile to escape a jail at home.

Thine the original; and France shall boast
No more, those maiden glories she hath lost.

CXXXIII. ON THE FAMOUS VOYAGE.*

No more let Greece her bolder fables tell
Of Hercules, or Theseus going to hell,
Orpheus, Ulysses: or the Latin Muse,
With tales of Troy's just knight, our faiths abūse:
We have a Shelton, and a Heyden got,
Had power to act, what they to feign had not.
All that they boast of Styx, of Acheron,
Cocytus, Phlegethon, ours have proved in one;
The filth, stench, noise: save only what was there
Subtly distinguished, was confusèd here.
Their wherry had no sail, too; ours had none:†
And in it, two more horrid knaves than Charon.
Arses were heard to croak instead of frogs;
And for one Cerberus, the whole coast was dogs.
Furies there wanted not; each scold was ten.
And for the cries of ghosts, women and men,
Laden with plague-sores and their sins, were heard,
Lashed by their consciences, to die, afeard.
Then let the former age, with this content her,
She brought the poets forth, but ours th' adventer.

---

* This 'famous voyage' was a mad adventure undertaken by Sir Ralph Shelton and a Mr. Heyden to row down Fleet-ditch from Bridewell to Holborn—a feat which was successfully accomplished, in spite of the revolting obstructions minutely described by Jonson. Fleet-ditch was the name given to that part of the City ditch which extended from Fleet-lane, where the rivulet called the Fleet ran into it, by Bridewell-dock and Holborn to the Thames at Blackfriars-bridge. It was the common receptacle of every species of filth and offal, the horrors of which are by no means exaggerated by the poet. Of the gentlemen who embarked in this strange frolic, it is difficult to form any very favourable opinion; yet Sir Ralph Shelton is highly commended by Jonson for his brains and his virtues.—See Epigram cxix. p. 333.

† This is the reading of the folio. It is thus altered by Gifford:—

'Their wherry had no sail too; ours had ne'er one.'

THE VOYAGE ITSELF.

I sing the brave adventure of two wights,
And pity 'tis, I cannot call 'em knights:
One was; and he, for brawn and brain, right able
To have been stylèd of King Arthur's table.
The other was a squire of fair degree;
But, in the action, greater man then he,
Who gave, to take at his return from hell,
His three for one. Now, lordings, listen well.
It was the day, what time the powerful moon
Makes the poor Bankside creature wet its shoon,
In 'ts own hall; when these (in worthy scorn
Of those that put out monies on return
From Venice, Paris, or some in-land passage
Of six times to and fro, without embassage,
Or him that backward went to Berwick, or which
Did dance the famous Morris unto Norwich)*
At Bread-street's Mermaid,† having dined, and merry,
Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry:
A harder task than either his to Bristo',
Or his to Antwerp. Therefore, once more, list ho.
A dock there is, that called is Avernus,
Of some Bridewell, and may, in time, concern us
All, that are readers:—but, methinks, 'tis odd
That all this while I have forgot some god,
Or goddess to invoke, to stuff my verse;
And, with both bombard-style and phrase, rehearse
The many perils of this port, and how
Sans help of Sibyl, or a golden bough,

---

* The persons alluded to in these lines are William Kempe, Taylor, the water poet, and Coryat.—G.

† The celebrated rendezvous of the wits. It would seem from this allusion that Shelton and Heyden were amongst the frequenters of the house. In another place, see *ante*, p. 321, Jonson lets us know that he used to send to the Mermaid for his Canary wine. It is curious enough that the house was kept at this time by a vintner of the name of Johnson.

Or magic sacrifice, they passed along!
Alcides, be thou succouring to my song.
Thou hast seen hell, some say, and know'st all nooks there,
Canst tell me best how every Fury looks there,
And art a god, if fame thee not abuses,
Always at hand, to aid the merry muses.
Great club-fist, though thy back and bones be sore
Still, with thy former labours, yet, once more,
Act a brave work, call it thy last adventry:—
But hold my torch, while I describe the entry
To this dire passage. Say, thou stop thy nose:
'Tis but light pains: indeed this dock's no rose.
In the first jaws appeared that ugly monster,
Yclepèd mud, which, when their oars did once stir,
Belched forth an air as hot as at the muster
Of all your night-tubs when the carts do cluster,
Who shall discharge first his merd-urinous load:
Thorough her womb they make their famous road,
Between two walls; where, on one side, to scar men,*
Were seen your ugly centaurs, ye call car-men,
Gorgonian scolds, and harpies: on the other
Hung stench, diseases, and old filth, their mother,
With famine, wants, and sorrows many a dozen,
The least of which was to the plague a cousin.
But they unfrighted pass, though many a privy,
Spake to them louder than the ox in Livy;
And many a sink poured out her rage anenst 'em;
But still their valour and their virtue fenced 'em,
And on they went, like Castor brave and Pollux,
Ploughing the main. When, see, the worst of all lucks!
They met the second prodigy, would fear a
Man, that had never heard of a chimera.
One said, 'twas bold Briareus, or the beadle,
Who hath the hundred hands when he doth meddle;

* Altered by Gifford to 'scare men.'

The other thought it Hydra, or the rock
Made of the trull that cut her father's lock;*
But, coming near, they found it but a lighter,
So huge, it seemed they could by no means quite her
Back, cried their brace of Charons; they cried, No,
No going back; on still, you rogues, and row.
How hight the place? a voice was heard, Cocytus.
Row close then, slaves. Alas! they will beshite us.
No matter, stinkards, row. What croaking sound
Is this we hear? of frogs? No, guts wind-bound,
Over your heads; well, row. At this a loud
Crack did report itself, as if a cloud
Had burst with storm, and down fell, *ab excelsis*,
Poor Mercury, crying out on Paracelsus
And all his followers, that had so abused him,
And in so shitten sort so long had used him;
For, where he was the god of eloquence,
And subtilty of metals, they dispense
His spirits now in pills, and eke in potions,
Suppositories, cataplasms, and lotions.
'But many moons there shall not wane,' quoth he,
'In the mean time let 'em imprison me,
But I will speak, and know I shall be heard,
Touching this cause, where they will be afeard
To answer me.' And sure, it was the intent
Of the grave fart late let in parliament,
Had it been seconded, and not in fume
Vanished away, as you must all presume
Their Mercury did now. By this, the stem
Of the hulk touched, and, as by Polypheme
The sly Ulysses stole in a sheep-skin,
The well-greased wherry now had got between,
And bade her farewell sough unto the lurden;†
Never did bottom more betray her burden;

* Possibly, Scylla, who cut the golden hair from the head of her father, Nisus; but, as Whalley observes, Scylla was turned into a bird, not into a rock.

† Lourden, or, as spelt in the text, lurden, is a heavy, or lumpish fellow, from *lourd*, heavy. *Lourdin* Fr. Jonson applies it

The meat-boat of bear's college, Paris-garden,
Stunk not so ill; nor, when she kissed, Kate Arden.
Yet one day in the year for sweet 'tis voiced,
And that is when it is the Lord Mayor's foist.
By this time had they reached the Stygian pool
By which the masters swear, when, on the stool
Of worship, they their nodding chins do hit
Against their breasts. Here, several ghosts did flit,
About the shore, of farts but late departed,
White, black, blue, green, and in more forms out-started,
Than all those *atomi* ridiculous,
Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas,*
One said, the other swore, the world consists.
These be the cause of those thick frequent mists
Arising in that place, through which, who goes,
Must try the unused valour of a nose:
And that ours did. For yet, no nare† was tainted,
Nor, thumb, nor finger, to the stop acquainted,
But open, and unarmed, encountered all:
Whether it languishing stuck upon the wall,
Or were precipitated down the jakes,
And after, swam abroad in ample flakes,
Or that it lay heaped like an usurer's mass,
All was to them the same, they were to pass,
And so they did, from Styx to Acheron,
The ever-boiling flood; whose banks upon
Fair Fleet-lane furies, and hot cooks do dwell,
That with still-scalding steams make the place hell.
The sinks ran grease, and hair of measled hogs,
The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides of dogs;
For, to say truth, what scullion is so nasty
To put the skins and offal in a pasty?

---

to the great lumbering lighter which obstructed the course of the wherry.

* Nicholas Hill, a fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, who, according to Antony Wood, adopted the notions of Democritus about atoms, and was a great patron of the Corpuscular philosophy.

† Nose; from *nares*.

Cats there lay, divers had been flayed and roasted,
And after mouldy grown, again were toasted;
Then, selling not, a dish was ta'en to mince them,
But still, it seemed, the rankness did convince 'em.
For here they were thrown in with the melted pewter,
Yet drowned they not; they had five lives in future.
But 'mongst these tiberts,* who do you think there
Old Banks, the juggler, one Pythagoras, [was?
Grave tutor to the learnèd horse; both which
Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,†
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat,
And now, above the pool, a face right fat,
With great grey eyes, it lifted up, and mewed;
Thrice did it spit; thrice dived; at last it viewed

---

* Cats were called tiberts, or tyberts, of which there is an early example in the story of *Reynard the Fox*. Shakspeare plays upon the name of Tybalt, from its affinity to the name given to the cats, and makes *Mercutio* call him 'rat-catcher' and 'king of cats.' The modern name tabby is, apparently, a descendant of tibert.

† Banks and his famous horse Marocco, whom he taught to dance and perform a variety of feats, are frequently alluded to by the writers of the time, and had the honour of being specially mentioned by Sir Walter Raleigh in his *History of the World*. Shakspeare is supposed to refer to Marocco, as the 'dancing horse' in *Love's Labour Lost*; but dancing was one of the least of his acquirements. Banks taught him a variety of tricks; and one of his most notable feats was an ascent to the top of St. Paul's. Dekker speaks of this achievement in his *Gull's Horn-book*: 'Hence you may descend, to talk about the horse that went up; and strive, if you can, to know his keeper; take the day of the month, and the number of the steps; and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a horse, but something else in the likeness of one.' It appears from a passage in the *Owle's Almanack* (1618) quoted by Nares, that this feat was performed in 1601: 'Since the dancing-horse stood on the top of Powles, whilst a number of asses stood braying below, 17 years.' In consequence of the marvellous stories related about this remarkable horse, poor Banks was considered by many people to be in league with the devil. Carrying his exhibition to Paris, he was there imprisoned, and the horse put under sequestration, upon a suspicion of magic, but liberated when it was shown that the whole was the result of mere training, Banks offering to teach any horse to perform similar feats within a twelvemonth. At Rome, however, his explanations were of no avail; and when he appeared in the Holy City, he was seized, and he and his horse were burned for witchcraft.

Our brave heroës with a milder glare,
And, in a piteous tune, began: 'How dare
Your dainty nostrils, in so hot a season,
When every clerk eats artichokes and peason,
Laxative lettuce, and such windy meat,
Tempt such a passage? when each privy's seat
Is filled with buttock, and the walls do sweat
Urine and plasters, when the noise doth beat
Upon your ears, of discords so unsweet,
And outcries of the damnèd in the Fleet?
Cannot the plague-bill keep you back, nor bells
Of loud Sepulchre's, with their hourly knells,
But you will visit grisly Pluto's hall?
Behold where Cerberus, reared on the wall
Of Holborn-height (three sergeants' heads) looks o'er
And stays but till you come unto the door?
Tempt not his fury, Pluto is away;
And Madame Cæsar, great Proserpina,
Is now from home; you lose your labours quite,
Were you Jove's sons, or had Alcides' might.'
They cried out, 'Puss!' He told them he was Banks,
That had so often showed them merry pranks;
They laughed at his laugh-worthy fate; and passed
The triple-head without a sop. At last,
Calling for Rhadamanthus, that dwelt by,
A soap-boiler; and Æacus him nigh,
Who kept an ale-house; with my little Minos,
An ancient pur-blind fletcher,* with a high-nose;
They took them all, to witness of their action,
And so went bravely back without protraction.
In memory of which most liquid deed,
The city since hath raised a pyramid;
And I could wish for their eternized sakes,
My muse had ploughed with his that sung A-jax.†

* An arrow maker—the person who put on the feather. From *flèche*, an arrow.

† Sir John Harrington, who wrote a treatise called *Misacmos; or, the Metamorphosis of Ajax.*

The Forest.*

I. WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE.

SOME act of Love's bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse;
Which, when he felt, 'Away!' quoth he,
'Can poets hope to fetter me?
It is enough they once did get
Mars and my mother in their net;
I wear not these my wings in vain.'
With which he fled me; and again
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got
By any art. Then wonder not
That, since, my numbers are so cold,
When Love is fled, and I grow old.

II. TO PENSHURST.†

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch‡ or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudged at, are reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport:
Thy mount, to which thy Dryads do resort,

* The text is printed from the folio of 1616.

† The seat of the Sidneys; afterwards rendered famous by Waller as the residence of Saccharissa.

‡ Whalley says that touch was the common kind of black marble used in funeral monuments. This is an error; touch was a term applied to costly marble, which is clearly the sense in which it is here employed. Its original and proper application was to the *basanites* of the Greeks, a hard black marble, which, being used as a test of gold, was hence called touch-stone.

Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech and the chesnut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the muses met.*
There, in the writhèd bark, are cut the names
Of many a sylvan taken with his flames;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fauns to reach thy lady's oak.†
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage,‡ thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer,
When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends;
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed;
Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the tops
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sidney's copps,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side;
The painted partridge lies in every field,
And for thy mess is willing to be killed;
And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast the ponds that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat agèd carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously at first, themselves betray;
Bright eels that emulate them, leap on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours:
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come;

* Sir Philip Sidney.

† There is an old tradition that a Lady Leicester (the wife undoubtedly of Sir Robert Sidney) was taken in travail under an oak in Penshurst Park, which was afterwards called 'my lady's oak.'—G.

‡ In this copse, Barbara Gamage, the first wife of Sir Robert Sidney, used to take great delight in feeding the deer from her own hands. Hence the copse was called Lady Gamage's bower.

The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down,
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring them; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands, and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.
But what can this, more than express their love,
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? where liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat,
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat;
Where the same beer and bread, and self-same wine,
That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not fain to sit, as some this day
At great men's tables, and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor, standing by,
A waiter doth my gluttony envy,
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,
He knows, below, he shall find plenty of meat;
Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livery; all is there,
As if thou then wert mine, or I reigned here;
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found King James, when hunting late, this way,
With his brave son, the prince; they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame
To entertain them; or the country came,

With all their zeal, to warm their welcome here.
With, great, I will not say, but, sudden cheer
Didst thou then make 'em! and what praise was heaped
On thy good lady, then! who therein reaped
The just reward of all her housewifery;
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far; and not a room but dressed
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.
His children thy great lord may call his own;
A fortune in this age but rarely known.
They are, and have been taught religion; thence
Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
Each morn and even they are taught to pray,
With the whole household, and may, every day,
Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts
The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

III. TO SIR ROBERT WROTH.*

How blessed art thou, canst love the country, Wroth,
Whether by choice, or fate, or both!
And though so near the city, and the court,
Art ta'en with neither's vice nor sport:
That at great times art no ambitious guest
Of sheriff's dinner, or mayor's feast;

* The Wroths were seated at Durance, in Middlesex, so far back as the early part of the fifteenth century. Sir Thomas Wroth in the reign of Queen Mary, says Fuller, fled over to Germany for his religion; and yet the name of Wroth was the only one of the gentry of Middlesex that was found surviving in the county one hundred and sixty years afterwards. Sir Robert Wroth was the husband of the lady to whom two previous epigrams are addressed.—See *ante*, pp. 322, 324.

Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state.
The richer hangings, or crown-plate;
Nor throng'st, when masquing is, to have a sight
Of the short bravery of the night;
To view the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit
These wasted, some not paid for yet!
But canst at home, in thy securer rest,
Live with unbought provision blest;
Free from proud porches, or the gilded roofs,
'Mongst lowing herds, and solid hoofs;
Along the curlèd woods, and painted meads
Through which a serpent river leads
To some cool courteous shade, which he calls his.
And makes sleep softer than it is.
Or if thou list the night in watch to break,
A-bed canst hear the loud stag speak,
In spring, oft rousèd for thy master's sport,
Who for it makes thy house his court;*
Or with thy friends, the heart of all the year
Divid'st, upon the lesser deer;
In autumn, at the partridge mak'st a flight,
And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight;
And in the winter, hunt'st the flying hare,
More for thy exercise, than fare;
While all that follow, their glad ears apply
To the full greatness of the cry;
Or hawking at the river, or the bush,
Or shooting at the greedy thrush,
Thou dost with some delight the day out-wear,
Although the coldest of the year!
The whilst the several seasons thou hast seen
Of flowery meads, of copses green,
The mowèd meadow, with the fleecèd sheep,
And feasts that either shearers keep;

* James I. is said to have been a frequent guest at the house of Sir Robert Wroth.

The ripened ears, yet humble in their height,
And furrows laden with their weight;
The apple-harvest, that doth longer last;
The hogs returned home fat from mast;*
The trees cut out in log, and those boughs made
A fire now, that lent a shade!
Thus Pan and Sylvan having had their rites,
Comus puts in for new delights,
And fills thy open hall with mirth and cheer,
As if in Saturn's reign it were;
Apollo's harp, and Hermes' lyre resound
Nor are the muses strangers found.
The rout of rural folk come thronging in,
(Their rudeness then is thought no sin),
Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome grace;
And the great heroes of her race
Sit mixed with loss of state, or reverence;
Freedom doth with degree dispense.
The jolly wassail walks the often round,
And in their cups, their cares are drowned:
They think not then which side the cause shall leese,
Nor how to get the lawyer fees.
Such, and no other, was that age of old,
Which boasts t' have had the head of gold;
And such, since thou canst make thine own content,
Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.
Let others watch, in guilty arms, and stand
The fury of a rash command,
Go enter breaches, meet the cannon's rage,
That they may sleep with scars in age,
And show their feathers shot, and colours torn,
And brag that they were therefore born.
Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the bar.
For every price, in every jar,

* The fruit of the oak, beech, and other forest trees, nuts, acorns, &c. Also called *pannage*, sometimes *pawns*.

And change possessions oftener with his breath,
Than either money, war, or death;
Let him, than hardest sires, more disinherit,
And each where boast it as his merit
To blow up orphans, widows, and their states;
And think his power doth equal fate's.
Let that go heap a mass of wretched wealth,
Purchased by rapine, worse than stealth,
And brooding o'er it sit, with broadest eyes,
Not doing good, scarce when he dies.
Let thousands more go flatter vice, and win,
By being organs to great sin;
Get place and honour, and be glad to keep
The secrets that shall break their sleep;
And so they ride in purple, eat in plate,
Though poison, think it a great fate.
But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that nor this envy.
Thy peace is made; and, when man's state is well,
'Tis better, if he there can dwell.
God wisheth none should wreck on a strange shelf:
To Him man's dearer than t' himself,*
And, howsoever we may think things sweet,
He always gives what He knows meet;
Which who can use is happy: such be thou.
Thy morning's and thy evening's vow
Be thanks to him, and earnest prayer, to find
A body sound, with sounder mind;
To do thy country service, thyself right;
That neither want do thee affright,
Nor death; but when thy latest sand is spent,
Thou may'st think life a thing but lent.

* Whalley traces this sentiment, and all verses that follow, to the well-known passage in the tenth Satire of Juvenal:—

Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris;
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt dii.
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi—
Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

IV. TO THE WORLD.

A FAREWELL FOR A GENTLEWOMAN, VIRTUOUS AND NOBLE.

False world, good night! since thou hast brought
That hour upon my morn of age,
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy stage.
Do not once hope that thou canst tempt
A spirit so resolved to tread
Upon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canst spread.
I know thy forms are studied arts,
Thy subtle ways be narrow straits;
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.
I know, too, though thou strut and paint,
Yet art thou both shrunk up and old
That only fools make thee a saint,
And all thy good is to be sold.
I know thou whole art but a shop
Of toys and trifles, traps and snares,
To take the weak, or make them stop:
Yet thou art falser than thy wares.
And, knowing this, should I yet stay,
Like such as blow away their lives,
And never will redeem a day,
Enamoured of their golden gyves!
Or, having 'scaped, shall I return,
And thrust my neck into the noose
From whence, so lately, I did burn,
With all my powers, myself to loose?
What bird, or beast, is known so dull,
That fled his cage, or broke his chain,
And tasting air and freedom, wull
Render his head in there again?
If these, who have but sense, can shun
The engines that have them annoyed;

Little for me had reason done,
If I could not thy gins avoid.
Yes, threaten, do. Alas, I fear
As little, as I hope from thee;
I know thou canst nor show, nor bear
More hatred than thou hast to me.
My tender, first, and simple years
Thou didst abuse, and then betray;
Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,
When all the causes were away.
Then in a soil hast planted me,
Where breathe the basest of thy fools;
Where envious arts professèd be,
And pride and ignorance the schools;
Where nothing is examined, weighed,
But as 'tis rumoured, so believed;
Where every freedom is betrayed,
And every goodness taxed or grieved.
But, what we're born for, we must bear:
Our frail condition it is such,
That what to all may happen here,
If 't chance to me, I must not grutch.
Else I my state should much mistake,
To harbour a divided thought
From all my kind; that for my sake,
There should a miracle be wrought.
No, I do know that I was born
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief:
But I will bear these with that scorn,
As shall not need thy false relief.
Nor for my peace will I go far,
As wanderers do, that still do roam,
But make my strengths, such as they are,
Here in my bosom, and at home.*

* There is a striking resemblance between these lines, and that passage in Beaumont's Elegy on the Countess of Rutland, beginning—

'Mankind is sent to sorrow,' &c.

V. SONG.

TO CELIA.*

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever:
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns that set, may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removèd by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

VI. TO THE SAME.

Kiss me, sweet: the wary lover
Can your favours keep, and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again! no creature comes;
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums
On my lips, thus hardly sundered,
While you breathe. First give a hundred,
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the other†

---

* These two charming songs, addressed to Celia, are imitated from Catullus. The first of the two is also to be found in *The Fox*. The same subject is treated with great grace and beauty by Herrick in one of his small lyrics.

† This is Gifford's reading. The folio reads, 'unto the tother.'

Add a thousand, and so more;
Till you equal with the store,
All the grass that Rumney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,*
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars that gild his streams,
In the silent summer-nights,
When youths ply their stolen delights;
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

VII. SONG.

THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS.†

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short, or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

---

* Skinner derives the name of Chelsea from shelves of sand and *ey* or *ea*, land situated near water; but Lysons prefers the etymology of Norden, who says that 'it is so called from the nature of the place, whose strand is like the chesel (*ceosel* or *cesol*) which the sea casteth up of sand and pebble-stones, thereof called Cheselsey, briefly Chelsey, as is Chelsey in Sussex.'—*Speculum Britanniæ.*

† The origin of this song is thus related by Drummond: 'Pembroke and his lady discoursing, the Earl said, The women were men's shadows, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Jonson, he affirmed it true; for which my lady gave a penance to prove it in verse; hence his epigram.'

VIII. TO SICKNESS.

Why, disease, dost thou molest
Ladies, and of them the best?
Do not men enow of rites
To thy altars, by their nights
Spent in surfeits, and their days,
And nights too, in worser ways?
Take heed, sickness, what you do,
I shall fear you'll surfeit too.
Live not we, as all thy stalls,
Spittles, pest-house, hospitals,
Scarce will take our present store?
And this age will build no more.
'Pray thee, feed contented then,
Sickness, only on us men;
Or, if needs thy lust will taste
Womankind, devour the waste
Livers, round about the town.
But, forgive me; with thy crown
They maintain the truest trade,
And have more diseases made.
What should, yet, thy palate please?
Daintiness, and softer ease,
Sleekèd limbs, and finest blood?
If thy leanness love such food,
There are those that, for thy sake,
Do enough; and who would take
Any pains, yea, think it price,
To become thy sacrifice;
That distil their husbands' land
In decoctions; and are manned
With ten empirics in their chamber,
Lying for the spirit of amber;
That for th' oil of talc dare spend
More than citizens dare lend
Them, and all their officers;
That, to make all pleasure theirs,

Will by coach and water go,
Every stew in town to know;
Dare entail their loves on any,
Bald or blind, or ne'er so many;
And, for thee, at common game,
Play away health, wealth, and fame.
These, disease, will thee deserve;
And will, long ere thou shouldst starve,
On their beds, most prostitute,
Move it, as their humblest suit,
In thy justice to molest
None but them, and leave the rest.

IX. TO CELIA.*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

* Cumberland has traced the leading ideas of this familiar song to some scattered passages in the love-letters of Philostratus. But in making these stray thoughts his own, Jonson has transmuted them into gold; showing, at the same time, consummate art by connecting in an obvious sequence images which are entirely disconnected in the original.

X. PRÆLUDIUM.*

And must I sing? what subject shall I choose?
Or whose great name in poets' heaven use,
For the more countenance to my active muse?

---

* Gifford conjectures that this sportive Præludium, and the admirable Epode to which it forms an introduction, must have been among the earliest of Jonson's works, as he found them prefixed to a volume called *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*, published in 1601. They are immediately succeeded in the same volume by the following pieces, 'both,' says Gifford, 'as it would seem, by one author, though his name does not appear to them.' The evidence, internal and external, is against this presumption. The pieces are not in the manner of Jonson, who never wrote in this flippant style; and it is only reasonable to suppose that if they were his, he would have included them in this collection, together with the Præludium and the Epode, unless he was unwilling to acknowledge them. Upon these points, the reader will judge for himself.

THE PHŒNIX ANALYZED.

Now, after all, let no man
Receive it for a fable,
If a bird so amiable
Do turn into a woman.

Or, by our Turtle's augure,
That nature's fairest creature
Prove of his mistress' feature
But a base type and figure.

Ode ἐνθουσιαστικη.

Splendour! O more than mortal,
For other forms come short all
Of her illustrious brightness,
As far as sin's from lightness.

Her wit as quick and sprightful
As fire, and more delightful
Than the stolen sport of lovers,
When night their meeting covers.

Judgment, adorned with learning,
Doth shine in her discerning,
Clear as a naked vestal
Closed in an orb of crystal.

Her breath for sweet exceeding
The phœnix' place of breeding,
But mixed with sound, transcending
All nature of commending.

Hercules? alas, his bones are yet sore
With his old earthly labours; t' exact more
Of his dull godhead were sin. I'll implore

Phœbus. No, tend thy cart still. Envious day
Shall not give out that I have made thee stay,
And foundered thy hot team, to tune my lay.

Nor will I beg of thee, Lord of the vine,
To raise my spirits with thy conjuring wine,
In the green circle of thy ivy twine.

Pallas, nor thee I call on, mankind maid,
That at thy birth mad'st the poor smith afraid,
Who with his axe thy father's midwife played.

Go, cramp dull Mars, light Venus, when he snorts,
Or with thy tribade trine invent new sports;
Thou, nor thy looseness with my making sorts.

Let the old boy, your son, ply his old task,
Turn the stale prologue to some painted mask;
His absence in my verse is all I ask.

Hermes, the cheater, shall not mix with us,
Though he would steal his sisters' Pegasus,
And rifle him; or pawn his petasus.*

Nor all the ladies of the Thespian lake,
Though they were crushed into one form, could make
A beauty of that merit, that should take

Alas then whither wade I?
In thought to praise this lady,
When seeking her renowning
Myself am so near drowning?

Retire, and say her graces
Are deeper than their faces,
Yet she's not nice to show them,
Nor takes she pride to know them.

* The winged cap of Mercury.

My muse up by commission; no, I bring
My own true fire: now my thought takes wing,
And now an Epode to deep ears I sing.

XI. EPODE.

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate:
Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel.
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
Or safe, but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward
At th' eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange, or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:
Who, in th' examining,
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have,
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many:
By many! scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring 'larum to the heart, doth sleep;
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They're base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus, by these subtle trains,
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind:
Of which usurping rank, some have thought love
The first; as prone to move

Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our inflamèd breasts:
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we over-blow.
The thing they here call love is blind desire,
Armed with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm;
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,
And boils as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay, divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even;
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor darts,
To murder different hearts,
But, in a calm and god-like unity,
Preserves community.
O, who is he that, in this peace, enjoys
Th' elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers,
And lasting as her flowers;
Richer than Time, and, as Time's virtue, rare;
Sober as saddest care;
A fixèd thought, an eye untaught to glance;
Who, blest with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness? But soft; I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries, we dream, and swears there's no such thing,
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, Luxury! thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,

Because they move, the continent doth so:
No, Vice, we let thee know [fly,
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings do
Turtles can chastely die;
And yet (in this t' express ourselves more clear)
We do not number here
Such spirits as are only continent,
Because lust's means are spent;
Or those who doubt the common mouth of fame,
And for their place and name,
Cannot so safely sin: their chastity
Is mere necessity;
Nor mean we those whom vows and conscience
Have filled with abstinence:
Though we acknowledge who can so abstain,
Makes a most blessèd gain;
He that for love of goodness hateth ill,
Is more crown-worthy still
Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears:
His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our Dove,
Graced with a Phœnix' love;
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light,
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys:
Whose odorous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair.
A body so harmoniously composed,
As if nature disclosed
All her best symmetry in that one feature!
O, so divine a creature
Who could be false to? chiefly, when he knows
How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admired perfection?
What savage, brute affection,

Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble, and right generous mind,
To virtuous moods inclined,
That knows the weight of guilt: he will refrain
From thoughts of such a strain,
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
'Man may securely sin, but safely never.'

XII. EPISTLE TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.*

Madam,—Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
And almost every vice, almighty gold,
That which, to boot with hell, is thought worth heaven,
And, for it, life, conscience, yea, souls are given,
Toils, by grave custom, up and down the court,
To every squire, or groom, that will report
Well or ill, only all the following year,
Just to the weight their this day's presents bear;
While it makes huishers serviceable men,
And some one apteth to be trusted then,
Though never after; whiles it gains the voice
Of some grand peer, whose air doth make rejoice
The fool that gave it; who will want and weep
When his proud patron's favours are asleep;
While thus it buys great grace, and hunts poor fame;
Runs between man and man; 'tween dame and dame;
Solders cracked friendship; makes love last a day,
Or perhaps less: whilst gold bears all this sway,
I, that have none to send you, send you verse:
A present which, if elder writs rehearse
The truth of times, was once of more esteem
Than this our gilt, not† golden, age can deem,
When gold was made no weapon to cut throats,
Or put to flight Astrea, when her ingots
Were yet unfound, and better placed in earth,
Than here, to give pride fame, and peasants birth.

* See *ante*, p. 309. note *.

† The folio reads 'nor.'

But let this dross carry what price it will
With noble ignorants, and let them still
Turn upon scornèd verse their quarter-face;
With you, I know, my offering will find grace.
For what a sin 'gainst your great father's spirit
Were it to think that you should not inherit
His love unto the muses, when his skill
Almost you have, or may have, when you will;
Wherein wise nature you a dowry gave,
Worth an estate treble to that you have!
Beauty, I know, is good, and blood is more;
Riches thought most; but, madam, think what store
The world hath seen, which all these had in trust,
And now lie lost in their forgotten dust.
It is the muse alone can raise to heaven,
And at her strong arm's end hold up, and even,
The souls she loves. Those other glorious notes,
Inscribed in touch or marble, or the coats
Painted, or carved upon our great men's tombs,
Or in their windows, do but prove the wombs
That bred them, graves: when they were born they died,
That had no muse to make their fame abide.
How many equal with the Argive Queen,
Have beauty known, yet none so famous seen?
Achilles was not first, that valiant was,
Or, in an army's head, that, locked in brass,
Gave killing strokes. There were brave men before
Ajax or Idomen, or all the store
That Homer brought to Troy; yet none so live,
Because they lacked the sacred pen could give
Like life unto them. Who heaved Hercules
Unto the stars? or the Tyndarides?
Who placèd Jason's Argo in the sky?
Or set bright Ariadne's crown so high?
Who made a lamp of Berenice's hair,
Or lifted Cassiopea in her chair,
But only poets, rapt with rage divine?
And such, or my hopes fail, shall make you shine.

You, and that other star, that purest light,
Of all Lucina's train; Lucy the bright;*
Than which a nobler, heaven itself knows not;
Who, though she have a better verser got,
Or poet, in the court account, than I,
And, who doth me, though I not him, envy,†
Yet, for the timely favours she hath done
To my less sanguine muse, wherein she hath won
My grateful soul, the subject of her powers,
I have already used some happy hours
To her remembrance; which when time shall bring
To curious light, to notes I then shall sing,
Will prove old Orpheus' act no tale to be;
For I shall move stocks, stones, no less than he.
Then all that have but done my muse least grace
Shall thronging come,‡ and boast the happy place
They hold in my strange poems, which, as yet,
Had not their form touched by an English wit.
There, like a rich and golden pyramid,
Borne up by statues, shall I rear my head

---

* Lucy, Countess of Bedford.—See *ante*, pp. 308, 316.

† There can be no doubt, as shown by Gifford, that the person here alluded to is Daniel. The cause of Daniel's 'envy' was natural enough, Jonson having superseded him as the writer of masques for the Court on the accession of James I. When Daniel took his leave of poetry, he alluded in his closing address to the labours of his past life, by which he had endeavoured to improve the tastes and morals of the age, and to the fact of having outlived his popularity, and being obliged to give way to younger men. In that well-known and affecting passage there is not a solitary trace of querulousness or spleen; nor would it be consistent with his general character to suppose that at any time he betrayed an unworthy jealousy of his rivals. There was a just ground for a strong personal feeling in reference to Jonson; but there is no reason to believe that it ever took a shape of bitterness or detraction. Daniel was one of the most virtuous and honourable men of his time, and Jonson did not hesitate to acknowledge his worth as a man, although he refused to recognise his merits as a poet. 'Samuel Daniel,' he said, 'was a good honest man, but no poet.'

‡ Jonson contemplated an Epic poem, to be entitled *Herōologia, or the Worthies of this Country roused by Fame*; but the design was never executed. He here indicates a similar project for celebrating the most distinguished women of his time.

Above your under-carved ornaments,
And show how to the life my soul presents
Your form impressed there; not with tinkling* rhymes
Or commonplaces, filched, that take these times,
But high and noble matter, such as flies
From brains entranced, and filled with ecstasies;
Moods, which the god-like Sidney oft did prove,
And your brave friend and mine so well did love.
Who, wheresoe'er he be— * * *

[*The rest is lost.*]

XIII. TO KATHARINE, LADY AUBIGNY.†

'Tis grown almost a danger to speak true
Of any good mind, now; there are so few.
The bad, by number are so fortified,
As what they have lost t' expect, they dare deride.
So both the praised and praisers suffer; yet,
For others' ill ought none the good forget.
I, therefore, who profess myself in love
With every virtue, wheresoe'er it move,
And howsoever; as I am at feud
With sin and vice, though with a throne endued;
And, in this name, am given out dangerous
By arts and practice of the vicious,
Such as suspect themselves, and think it fit,
For their own capital crimes, to indict my wit;
I that have suffered this, and, though forsook
Of fortune, have not altered yet my look,
And so myself abandoned; as because
Men are not just, or keep no holy laws
Of nature and society, I should faint;
Or fear to draw true lines, 'cause others paint:

* The folio reads 'tickling;' obviously a misprint. In Jonson's Masque of *The Fortunate Isles*, Skogan, the jester, is described as a writer in rhyme, 'fine tinkling rhyme.' The same epithet is also employed by Marvell and Dryden.

† Daughter of Sir Gervase, afterwards Baron, Clifton, and married to Lord Aubigny in 1607.—See *ante*, p. 336.

I, madam, am become your praiser; where,
If it may stand with your soft blush to hear
Yourself but told unto yourself, and see
In my character what your features be,
You will not from this paper slightly pass:
No lady but at some time loves her glass.
And this shall be no false one, but as much
Removed, as you from need to have it such.
Look then, and see yourself—I will not say
Your beauty, for you see that every day;
And so do many more: all which can call
It perfect, proper, pure, and natural,
Not taken up o' the doctors, but, as well
As I, can say and see it doth excel;
That asks but to be censured by the eyes:
And in those outward forms all fools are wise.
Nor that your beauty wanted not a dower,
Do I reflect. Some alderman has power,
Or cozening farmer of the customs, so
T' advance his doubtful issue, and o'erflow
A prince's fortune: these are gifts of chance,
And raise not virtue; they may vice enhance.
My mirror is more subtle, clear, refined,
And takes and gives the beauties of the mind,
Though it reject not those of fortune: such
As blood and match. Wherein, how more than much
Are you engaged to your happy fate
For such a lot! that mixed you with a state
Of so great title, birth, but virtue most,
Without which all the rest were sounds, or lost.
'Tis only that can time and chance defeat:
For he that once is good, is always great.
Wherewith then, madam, can you better pay
This blessing of your stars than by that way
Of virtue, which you tread? What if alone,
Without companions? 'tis safe to have none.
In single paths dangers with ease are watched;
Contagion in the press is soonest catched.

This makes, that wisely you decline your life
Far from the maze of custom, error, strife,
And keep an even and unaltered gait,
Not looking by, or back, like those that wait
Times and occasions to start forth, and seem;
Which though the turning world may disesteem,—
Because that studies spectacles and shows,
And after varied, as fresh objects, goes,
Giddy with change, and therefore cannot see
Right the right way,—yet must your comfort be
Your conscience; and not wonder if none asks
For truth's complexion, where they all wear masks.
Let who will follow fashions and attires,
Maintain their liegers forth for foreign wires,
Melt down their husbands' lands, to pour away
On the close groom and page, on new year's day,*
And almost all days after while they live;
They find it both so witty and safe to give.
Let them on powders, oils, and paintings spend,
Till that no usurer, nor his bawds dare lend
Them or their officers; and no man know
Whether it be a face they wear or no.
Let them waste body and state; and, after all,
When their own parasites laugh at their fall,
May they have nothing left whereof they can,
Boast, but how oft they have gone wrong to man,

* The custom of presenting costly gifts on New Year's Day was carried to a prodigal excess in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, but especially in that of the former. The vast quantity of lace, jewellery, and rich dresses accumulated by her majesty consisted for the greater part of new year's gifts, contributed not only by the nobility and chief officers of the state, but by tradespeople, the members of the household, and the servants of the palace. Nor were these gifts confined to mere articles of value; the present was sometimes in money, the Archbishop of Canterbury giving £40, the Archbishop of York £30, and the temporal lords £20 and £10. Returns were generally made for these new year's gifts, but always of inferior value. Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport-street, had in his possession a roll of vellum, ten feet long, containing a list of the gifts received by James I. on New Year's Day, 1605, and of the gifts bestowed by his majesty in return. This curious catalogue was signed by the king, and some of the officers of his household.

And call it their brave sin: for such there be
That do sin only for the infamy,
And never think how vice doth every hour
Eat on her clients, and some one devour.
You, madam, young have learned to shun these shelves,
Whereon the most of mankind wreck themselves,
And, keeping a just course, have early put
Into your harbour, and all passage shut
'Gainst storms or pirates that might charge your peace;
For which you worthy are the glad increase
Of your blest womb,* made fruitful from above
To pay your lord the pledges of chaste love,
And raise a noble stem, to give the fame
To Clifton's blood that is denied their name.
Grow, grow, fair tree! and as thy branches shoot,
Hear what the muses sing above thy root,
By me, their priest, if they can aught divine:
Before the moons have filled their triple trine,
To crown the burthen which you go withal,
It shall a ripe and timely issue fall,
T' expect the honours of great Aubigny,
And greater rites yet writ in mystery,
But which the fates forbid me to reveal:
Only thus much out of a ravished zeal
Unto your name, and goodness of your life,
They speak; since you are truly that rare wife
Other great wives may blush at, when they see
What your tried manners are, what theirs should be;
How you love one, and him you should, how still
You are depending on his word and will;
Not fashioned for the court, or strangers' eyes,
But to please him, who is the dearer prize
Unto himself, by being so dear to you.
This makes, that your affections still be new,

* Lady Aubigny had seven children, of whom four were sons. Three of her sons were killed in battle, and the fourth survived till 1655.

And that your souls conspire, as they were gone
Each into other, and had now made one.
Live that one still! and as long years do pass,
Madam, be bold to use this truest glass;
Wherein your form you still the same shall find;
Because nor it can change, nor such a mind.

XIV. ODE. TO SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY,* ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Now that the hearth is crowned with smiling fire,
And some do drink, and some do dance,
Some ring,
Some sing,
And all do strive to advance
The gladness higher;
Wherefore should I
Stand silent by,
Who not the least
Both love the cause, and authors of the feast?

Give me my cup, but from the Thespian well,
That I may tell to Sidney what
This day
Doth say
And he may think on that
Which I do tell;
When all the noise
Of these forced joys
Are fled and gone,
And he with his best Genius left alone.

This day says, then, the number of glad years
Are justly summed that make you man;
Your vow
Must now
Strive all right ways it can,
T' outstrip your peers:

* Eldest son of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, and nephew of Sir Philip Sidney.

Since he doth lack
Of going back
Little, whose will
Doth urge him to run wrong, or to stand still.
Nor can a little of the common store
Of nobles' virtue show in you;
Your blood,
So good
And great, must seek for new,
And study more:
Nor weary, rest
On what's deceased;
For they that swell
With dust of ancestors, in graves but dwell.
'Twill be exacted of your name, whose son,
Whose nephew, whose grandchild you are;
And men
Will then
Say you have followed far,
When well begun:
Which must be now,
They teach you how.
And he that stays
To live unto to-morrow, hath lost two days.
So may you live in honour, as in name,
If with this truth you be inspired;
So may
This day
Be more, and long desired;
And with the flame
Of love be bright,
As with the light
Of bonfires! then
The birth-day shines, when logs not burn, but men.

XV. TO HEAVEN.

Good and great God! can I not think of Thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be?

Is it interpreted in me disease,
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease?
O be Thou witness, that the reins dost know
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show;
And judge me after, if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted One and Three
My faith, my hope, my love; and in this state,
My judge, my witness, and my advocate.
Where have I been this while exiled from Thee,
And whither rapt, now Thou but stoop'st to me?
Dwell, dwell here still! O, being everywhere,
How can I doubt to find Thee ever here?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin, and unto labour born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment, after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh t' inflict another wound;
Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death,
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent; or that these prayers be
For weariness of life, not love of Thee.*

* Gifford justly pronounces this 'an admirable prayer; solemn, pious, and scriptural.' But the close is a compromise of all the earnest piety that has gone before, and seems to betray the irresolution of a man who, even in his most devout moments, is haunted by the consideration of what the world will think of his religious sentiments. To be afraid to complain lest it should 'be thought' to proceed from discontent, is inconsistent with the appeal he makes throughout to that Being who knows all hearts, and is invoked to bear witness to his sincerity. A manuscript note upon this piece by my friend Leigh Hunt will be read with interest. 'This effusion, which is affecting, and seems to come out of real feelings, marks a curious state of scepticism in the age around him. His contemporaries, it would seem, were not simply freethinkers, but took all such resorts to heaven as proofs of melancholy and sickness. Perhaps they had some right, however, to think that jovial and confident Ben was not most inclined to be devout when he was in good health. After all, the verses look more like Donne's than his." The reader of these poems must frequently have detected similar resemblances. There was a constant intercourse between the two poets, who frequently communicated their productions

Underwoods.

CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.*

Cineri, gloria sera venit.—MARTIAL.

TO THE READER.

WITH the same leave the ancients called that kind of body Sylva, or Ὕλη, in which there were works of divers nature and matter congested; as the multitude call timber-trees promiscuously growing, a Wood, or Forest, so I am bold to entitle these lesser poems, of later growth, by this of Underwood, out of the analogy they hold to the Forest in my former book, and no otherwise. BEN JONSON.

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

THE SINNER'S SACRIFICE.

TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

1. O HOLY, blessed, glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God, in Unity.
The faithful man's believèd Mystery,
Help, help to lift
Myself up to thee, harrowed, torn, and bruised
By sin and Satan; and my flesh misused,
As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,
O take my gift!

---

to each other; and one of Jonson's elegies, see *post*, p. 453, was published in Donne's collected works, having been found, probably, amongst his papers after his death.

* The copy from which the text is printed is the second folio, and bears the date of 1640, without any publisher's name. This edition, which Gifford suspects was put to the press surreptitiously, is much enlarged beyond the collection designed by Jonson under the title *Underwoods*, and contains many pieces found among his papers, which he either did not intend to include, or had not revised and completed for publication. This circumstance will explain the imperfect condition in which some of the pieces appear. The folio of 1640 is negligently printed, and in that respect presents a striking contrast to the editions of the former poems published in Jonson's lifetime, which had the advantage of his own supervision.

II. All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
A broken heart, thou wert not wont despise,
But 'bove the fat of rams, or bulls, to prize
An offering meet
For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight!
What odour can be, than a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?

III. Eternal Father, God, who didst create
This all of nothing, gavest it form and fate,
And breath'st into it life and light, with state
To worship thee.
Eternal God, the Son, who not deniedst
To take our nature; becam'st man, and diedst,
To pay our debts, upon thy cross, and criedst,
'All's done in me!'

IV. Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Son; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeal them feeding
For acts of grace.
Increase those acts, O glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God in Unity;
Till I attain the longed-for mystery
Of seeing your face.

V. Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinity, to shine in Union;
The gladdest light dark man can think upon;
O grant it me!
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three,
All co-eternal in your Majesty,
Distinct in persons, yet in Unity
One God to see.

VI. My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier.
To hear, to meditate,* sweeten my desire
With grace, with love, with cherishing entire,
O, then how blest!

* Altered in Gifford's edition to 'mediate.'

Among thy saints elected to abide,
And with thy angels, placèd side by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorified
Shall I there rest!

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Hear me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For, sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done:
That gav'st a son,
To free a slave?
First made of nought;
With all since bought.

Sin, Death, and Hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But, I'll come in,
Before my loss,
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under his Cross.

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it,
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,*
The Word, which heaven and earth did make;
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,†
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory!
To see this Babe, all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence;
Can man forget this story?

---

* That is, contain—a Latinism, *Quem non capit.*—G.

† But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify.
MILTON—*Hymn on the Nativity.*

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

IN TEN LYRIC PIECES.*

I. HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING.

LET it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have my peers;
Poets, though divine, are men:
Some have loved as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth;
But the language, and the truth,
With the ardour and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then will read the story,
First, prepare you to be sorry,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how:
But be glad, as soon with me,
When you know that this is she,
Of whose beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old man young.
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till she be the reason, why,
All the world for love may die.

---

* It would appear from the opening verses that these graceful lyrics which will not suffer in comparison with the most perfect love poem of antiquity, were composed when Jonson had attained the age of fifty —about 1623; but as the concluding stanzas of *Her Triumph* (see *post* p. 382) are to be found in the *Devil's an Ass*, produced about seven years before, the date of these pieces must not be inferred from the introduction, which seems to have been written last. They were, probably, produced at different periods, and finally arranged in their present order with a view to publication.

II. HOW HE SAW HER.

I beheld her, on a day,
When her look out-flourished May;
And her dressing did out-brave
All the pride the fields then have;
Far I was from being stupid,
For I ran and called on Cupid;
'Love, if thou wilt ever see
Mark of glory, come with me;
Where's thy quiver? bend thy bow:
Here's a shaft,—thou art too slow!'
And withal, I did untie
Every cloud about his eye:
But he had not gained his sight
Sooner than he lost his might,
Or his courage; for away
Straight he ran, and durst not stay,
Letting bow and arrow fall,
Nor for any threat, or call,
Could be brought once back to look.
I, fool-hardy, there up took
Both the arrow he had quit,
And the bow, with thought to hit
This my object; but she threw
Such a lightning, as I drew,
At my face, that took my sight,
And my motion from me quite;
So that there I stood a stone,
Mocked of all, and called of one,
(Which with grief and wrath I heard,)
Cupid's statue with a beard;
Or else one that played his ape,
In a Hercules his shape.

III. WHAT HE SUFFERED.

After many scorns like these,
Which the prouder beauties please,

She content was to restore
Eyes and limbs; to hurt me more,
And would, on conditions, be
Reconciled to Love and me:
First, that I must kneeling yield
Both the bow and shaft I held
Unto her; which Love might take
At her hand, with oaths, to make
Me the scope of his next draft,
Aimèd with that self-same shaft.
He no sooner heard the law,
But the arrow home did draw,
And, to gain her by his art,
Left it sticking in my heart:
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would fain have changed the fate,
But the pity comes too late.
Loser-like, now, all my wreak
Is, that I have leave to speak,
And in either prose, or song,
To revenge me with my tongue;
Which how dexterously I do,
Hear, and make example too.

IV. HER TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamoured, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

V. HIS DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my star!
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various moon the flood!
Hear, what late discourse of you,
Love and I have had; and true.
'Mongst my muses finding me,
Where he chanced your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain;
'Sure,' said he, 'if I have brain,
This, here sung, can be no other
By description, but my mother!
So hath Homer praised her hair;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,

Both her brows, bent like my bow;
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see!
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses;
Such as oft I wanton in:
And, above her even chin,
Have you placed the bank of kisses,
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripened with a breath more sweet
Than when flowers and west-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polished neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's! Hearts of slain
Lovers made into a chain!
And between each rising breast,
Lies the valley, called my nest,
Where I sit and proyne* my wings
After flight; and put new stings
To my shafts! Her very name,
With my mother's is the same.'
I confess all, I replied,
And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus, save unchaste.
But, alas, thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex; but couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more than thou hast spied.

---

* Usually spelt proigne, or proine—to prune. A hawk was said t proine, 'when she fetched oil with her beak over her tail.' Mr. Hall well gives the following illustration:—

For joye they proigne hem evyry mornynge.—MS. Ashmole, 59, f. 20

Outward grace weak love beguiles:
She is Venus when she smiles,
But she's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks.

VI. CLAIMING A SECOND KISS BY DESERT.

Charis, guess, and do not miss,
Since I drew a morning kiss
From your lips, and sucked an air
Thence, as sweet as you are fair,
What my muse and I have done:
Whether we have lost or won,
If by us the odds were laid,
That the bride, allowed a maid,
Looked not half so fresh and fair,
With th' advantage of her hair,*
And her jewels, to the view
Of th' assembly, as did you.
Or, that did you sit, or walk,
You were more the eye and talk
Of the court, to-day, than all
Else that glistened in Whitehall;
So, as those that had your sight,
Wished the bride were changed to night,
And did think such rites were due,
To no other grace but you!
Or, if you did move to-night
In the dances, with what spite
Of your peers you were beheld,
That at every motion swelled
So to see a lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,

* Brides, in Jonson's days, were always led to the altar with their hair hanging down.—G. The custom was of a still earlier date. It was the usage for brides to walk to the church with their hair flowing loose over the shoulders. Anne Bullen was thus dishevelled on her marriage. The usage is frequently alluded to in the old plays:—

——untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose, as a bride's hair.
Vittoria Corombona, vi

And was worthy, being so seen,
To be envied of the queen.
Or if you would yet have stayed,
Whether any would upbraid
To himself his loss of time;
Or have charged his sight of crime,
To have left all sight for you:
Guess of these which is the true;
And if such a verse as this,
May not claim another kiss.

VII. BEGGING ANOTHER, ON COLOUR OF MENDING THE FORMER.

For Love's sake, kiss me once again,
I long, and should not beg in vain.
Here's none to spy, or see;
Why do you doubt, or stay?
I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and, faith, I will be gone;
Can he that loves ask less than one?
Nay, you may err in this,
And all your bounty wrong:
This could be called but half a kiss;
What we're but once to do, we should do long!

I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how, it would have relished well;
Join lip to lip and try:
Each suck the other's breath,
And whilst our tongues perplexèd lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wish our death.

VIII. URGING HER OF A PROMISE.

Charis one day in discourse
Had of Love, and of his force,

Lightly promised she would tell
What a man she could love well:
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her with desire.
With the rest, I long expected,
When the work would be effected;
But we find that cold delay,
And excuse spun every day,
As, until she tell her one,
We all fear she loveth none.
Therefore, Charis, you must do't,
For I will so urge you to't
You shall neither eat nor sleep,
No, nor forth your window peep,
With your emissary eye,*
To fetch in the forms go by,
And pronounce which band or lace
Better fits him than his face;
Nay, I will not let you sit
'Fore your idol glass a whit,
To say over every purl†
There; or to reform a curl;
Or with Secretary Cis
To consult, if fucus‡ this
Be as good as was the last:
All your sweet of life is past,
Make account, unless you can,
And that quickly, speak your man.

---

* Oculis emissitiis.—PLAUTUS. W.

† Border, or fringe; also a twist of gold or silver. In other senses, it means an eddy or circle made by the motion of a fluid. Here the signification apparently is a twist or twists of wire introduced into the hair to keep it in form.

‡ Paint for the complexion, in general use among ladies.

This same fucus
Was well laid on.—*Sejanus*, ii. 1.

With all his waters, powders, fucuses,
To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.—*Woman Hater*, iii. 3.

IX. HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN.

Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble, or of greater blood;
Titles, I confess, do take me,
And a woman God did make me;
French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.
Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man; with crispèd hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For Love's fingers and his wings,
Chestnut colour, or more slack,
Gold upon a ground of black;
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise.
Eyebrows bent like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheek, withal,
Smooth as is the billiard ball;
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherished too much beard,
And made Love or me afeard.
He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it, ere it came;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In Love's school, and yet no sinners.
'Twere too long to speak of all:
What we harmony do call,
In a body, should be there;
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,

Yet no tailor help to make him;
Dressed, you still for man should take him,
And not think h' had eat a stake,*
Or were set up in a brake.†
Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more than ire;
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth;
All his actions to be such,
As to do no thing too much;
Nor o'er-praise, nor yet condemn,
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

X. ANOTHER LADY'S EXCEPTION, PRESENT AT THE HEARING.

For his mind I do not care,
That's a toy that I could spare:
Let his title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band sit neat,
Himself young, and face be good,
All I wish is understood.
What you please, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

* Thus altered by Gifford:—

'And not think he'd eat a stake.'

† The exact sense in which the word brake is here used cannot be easily determined, although the general meaning of the passage is sufficiently obvious. Independently of its popular acceptation, as a thicket of bushes, it was employed in several other senses—such as an engine of torture, an instrument for dressing flax, a snaffle for horses, and a wooden frame to restrain the legs of vicious horses while they were being shod. The context will bear either of the last two meanings.

THE MUSICAL STRIFE.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

She. Come, with our voices, let us war,
And challenge all the spheres,
Till each of us be made a star,
And all the world turn ears.

He. At such a call, what beast or fowl
Of reason empty is?
What tree or stone doth want a soul?
What man but must lose his?

She. Mix then your notes, that we may prove,
To stay the running floods,
To make the mountain quarries move,
And call the walking woods?*

He. What need of me? do you but sing,
Sleep and the grave will wake;
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
But what those lips do make!

She. They say the angels mark each deed,
And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

He. O sing not you then, lest the best
Of angels should be driven
To fall again, at such a feast,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

She. Nay, rather both our souls be strained
To meet their high desire;
So they, in state of grace retained,
May wish us of their quire.

---

* Probably a misprint for 'waking woods.'

A SONG.

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
  Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
  Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
  For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
  For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
  For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears;
  Mine own enough betray me.

IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND.

A SONG APOLOGETIC.

Men, if you love us, play no more
  The fools or tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o'er and o'er
  Our own false praises, for your ends:
    We have both wits and fancies too,
    And, if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt but that we can,
  If we would search with care and pain,
Find some one good in some one man;
  So going thorough all your strain,
    We shall, at last, of parcels make
    One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes,
  In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,
  Than when 'tis made—why so will we.

And having pleased our art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.*

ANOTHER,

IN DEFENCE OF THEIR INCONSTANCY.

Hang up those dull and envious fools
That talk abroad of woman's change;
We were not bred to sit on stools,
Our proper virtue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives;
We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excel,
Do change, though men, and often fight;
Which we in love must do as well,
If ever we will love aright:
The frequent varying of the deed,
Is that which doth perfection breed.

Nor is't inconstancy to change
For what is better, or to make,
By searching, what before was strange,
Familiar, for the use's sake:
The good from bad is not descried,
But as 'tis often vexed and tried.

And this profession of a store
In love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure; but preserves us more
From being forsaken, than doth worth:
For were the worthiest woman cursed
To love one man, he'd leave her first.

* 'If this be not the most beautiful song in the language,' says Gifford, 'I freely confess, for my own part, that I know not where it is to be found.' The song is written with consummate skill; but it is doing a great injustice to Jonson to place it above the rest of his compositions in this way—not to say a word about the songs of Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher.

A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that, if they be not glad,
They may yet envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn:
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purgèd air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown:
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though hate had put them out:
But then, t' increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love, or fear, would let me tell his name.

ON A LOVER'S DUST, MADE SAND FOR AN HOUR-GLASS.*

Do but consider this small dust, here running in the glass,
By atoms moved;—
Could you believe, that this the body ever was
Of one that loved?

---

* The title of this madrigal in the folio is simply *The Hour-glass.* The above title is adopted from a copy of the verses sent by Jonson to Drummond, with the following inscription:—

To the honouring respect,
Born
To the friendship contracted with
The right virtuous and learned
Mr. William Drummond,
And the perpetuating the same by all offices of love
Hereafter,
I Benjamin Jonson,
Whom he hath honoured with the leave to be called
His, have with mine own hand, to satisfy his
Request, written this imperfect song.

There is another copy of the verses, printed in 1640, called *On a Gentlewoman working by an Hour-glass.* The three versions differ slightly; but the variations are unimportant. Whalley has pointed out the source from whence the suggestion of the madrigal was derived, in the following Latin lines of the Italian poet Jerome Amaltheus:—

HOROLOGIUM PULVEREUM, TUMULUS ALCIPPI.

Perspicuo in vitro pulvis qui dividit horas,
Dum vagus angustum sæpe recurrit iter,
Olim erat Alcippus, qui Gallæ ut vidit ocellos,
Arsit, et est cæco factus ab igne cinis.
Irrequiete cinis, miseros testabere amantes
More tuo nullâ posse quiete frui.

IOLÆ TUMULUS?

Horarum in vitro pulvis nunc mensor, Iolæ
Sunt cineres, urnam condidit acer amor;
Ut, si quæ extincto remanent in amore favillæ,
Nec jam tutus eat, nec requietus amet.

There is a similar conceit in Herrick's lines on an hour-glass filled with water composed of the tears of lovers, which tell, as they drop,

That lovers' tears in lifetime shed,
Do restless run when they are dead.

And in his mistress' flame, playing like a fly,
Was turned to cinders by her eye?
Yes; and in death, as life, unblessed,
To have't expressed,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest!

MY PICTURE LEFT IN SCOTLAND.*

I now think Love† is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be,
That she,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my love‡ behind:
I'm sure my language to her was§ as sweet,
And every close‖ did meet,
In sentence¶ of as subtle feet,
As hath the youngest he
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

Oh! but my conscious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundreds of gray hairs,
Told seven and forty years,
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
My mountain belly, and my rocky face,
And all these, through her eyes, have stopped her ears.

AGAINST JEALOUSY.

Wretched and foolish jealousy,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?

---

* This portrait of himself was also sent by Jonson to Drummond, with the following memorandum written over it: 'Yet that love, when it is at full, may admit heaping, receive another; and this a picture of myself.' The variations in Drummond's copy are marked in the notes with the affix D.

† I doubt that love.—D.
‡ Suit.—D.
§ Is.—D.
‖ And all my closes meet.—D.
¶ Numbers.—D.

I ne'er was of thy kind;
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire:
I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruit and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love,
Thou sayst, thou only cam'st to prove
What my affections were:
Think'st thou that love is helped by fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth!
Love's sickness, and his noted want of worth,
Seek doubting men to please;
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

THE DREAM.

Or scorn, or pity, on me take,
I must the true relation make:
I am undone to-night!
Love in a subtle dream disguised,
Hath both my heart and me surprised,
Whom never yet he durst attempt awake;*
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
He did me the delight, or spite;
But leaves me to inquire,
In all my wild desire,
Of Sleep again, who was his aid,
And Sleep so guilty and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.

---

* This line stands in the folio:—

'Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake.'

The emendation, which is clearly justified by the context, is adopted from Gifford.

AN EPITAPH ON MASTER VINCENT CORBET.*

I have my piety too, which, could
It vent itself but as it would,
Would say as much as both have done
Before me here, the friend and son;
For I both lost a friend and father,
Of him whose bones this grave doth gather,
Dear Vincent Corbet, who so long
Had wrestled with diseases strong,
That though they did possess each limb,
Yet he broke them, ere they could him,
With the just canon of his life,
A life that knew nor noise nor strife;
But was, by sweetening so his will,
All order, and disposure still.
His mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his nurseries, and swept
So of uncleanness, or offence,
That never came ill odour thence!
And add his actions unto these,
They were as specious as his trees.
'Tis true, he could not reprehend;
His very manners taught t' amend,
They were so even, grave, and holy;
No stubbornness so stiff, nor folly
To licence ever was so light,
As twice to trespass in his sight,
His looks would so correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the men.

* The father of Bishop Corbet, the poet. Vincent Corbet, who lived to the great age of eighty, and died in 1619, was a man of exemplary character. He lived chiefly at Whitton, in Middlesex, where he became famous for his nursery-grounds, which he cultivated with great skill and success. By these pursuits he amassed a large property, which he bequeathed to his son. At one period Vincent Corbet appears to have assumed the name of Pointer; but whether it descended to him through some branch of his family, and was afterwards relinquished for that of Corbet, is not known. There is an affectionate tribute to his worth amongst the poems of his son.

Much from him I profess I won,
And more, and more, I should have done,
But that I understood him scant;
Now I conceive him by my want;
And pray who shall my sorrows read,
That they for me their tears will shed;
For truly, since he left to be,
I feel, I'm rather dead than he!
Reader, whose life and name did e'er become
An epitaph, deserved a tomb:
Nor wants it here through penury or sloth,
Who makes the one, so it be first, makes both.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.*

TO THE READER.†

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to out-do the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass;
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

* Printed under Droeshout's engraving of Shakspeare's portrait, prefixed to the folio edition of his works, 1623. Granger draws attention to the above lines, as bearing testimony to the fidelity of the likeness by one who knew the original well. In these verses, and the more elaborate tribute which follows, unsurpassed in discrimination and completeness of panegyric, it is impossible not to be struck by the affectionate homage which this great poet pays to the memory of Shakespeare. From these pieces we derive the familiar term 'gentle,' and the epithet 'sweet swan of Avon,' which have now passed into common use, but were here first applied to Shakspeare. There are other descriptive phrases to be found here which have also become current, such as 'Marlowe's mighty line.'

† This piece is not in the folio, nor any of those which immediately follow, to p. 415, including *A Speech at Tilting*. They are collected from scattered publications, and having been inserted in this place by Gifford, it has been thought better, for the sake of uniformity, to observe the same order in this edition.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; what would hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! and wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,*

* An allusion to an elegy on Shakspeare, by W. Basse. This elegy, curious in its way, is quoted by Whalley, and runs as follows:—

Renownèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakspeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift,
For, until doomsday hardly will a fifth,
Betwixt this day and that, by fates be slain,
For whom your curtains need be drawn again.
But if precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this sable marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakspeare, sleep alone;

And art alive still, while thy book doth live
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,*
Or sporting Kyd,† or Marlow's mighty line.‡
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names: but call forth thundering Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Thy unmolested peace, in an unshared cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant of thy grave:
That unto us, and others, it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

* Lily is now better known as the originator of that affected style of language and imagery called euphuism than by his plays, which were deficient in dramatic spirit, although they were full of fancy, and contain some delightful lyrics. They were chiefly written, however, as court performances, and are scarcely amenable to the same criticism as pieces strictly intended for the stage. For the most part, they more nearly resemble masques.

† 'Sporting' seems to be applied to Kyd in derision, for of all the contemporary dramatists he was the least fanciful or lively. He wrote *Jeronimo* and *The Spanish Tragedy*, pieces which deal largely in sanguinary horrors. Jonson was employed to supply additional scenes and speeches for *The Spanish Tragedy*. Kyd also translated *Cornelia* from the French of Garnier.

‡ The 'mighty line' has, probably, a double signification, if it be true, as conjectured by Mr. Collier, that Marlow was the first poet who used blank verse on the stage, and that *Tamburlaine* was the first play in which the experiment was tried. Independently, however, of that consideration, it applies with singular propriety to the verse of Marlow, which, disfigured by many of the vices and excesses of the age, is frequently distinguished by a grandeur and weight of expression which none of his contemporaries sustained at an equal height.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion: and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd, and true filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light. [night,

ON THE HONOURED POEMS OF HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, BARONET.*

This book will live; it hath a Genius; this
Above his reader, or his praiser, is.
Hence, then, profane! here needs no words' expense
In bulwarks, ravelines, ramparts for defence:
Such as the creeping common pioneers use,
When they do sweat to fortify a muse.
Though I confess it Beaumont's book to be
The bound, and frontier of our poetry;
And doth deserve all muniments of praise,
That art, or engine, on the strength can raise;
Yet, who dares offer a redoubt to rear,
To cut a dike, or stick a stake up, here,
Before this work? where envy hath not cast
A trench against it, or a battery placed?
Stay till she make her vain approaches; then,
If maimèd she come off, 'tis not of men,
This fort of so impregnable access:
But higher power, as spite could not make less,
Nor flattery; but, secured by the author's name,
Defies what's cross to piety, or good fame;
And like a hallowed temple, free from taint
Of ethnicism, makes his muse a saint.

TO MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS 'FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.'†

The wise and many-headed bench, that sits
Upon the life and death of plays and wits,

* The elder brother of the dramatist, and himself a poet. He died in 1628, at the age of forty-eight.

† 'This poem' observes Gifford, 'must have been written at an early period of Jonson's life, as *The Faithful Shepherdess* was brought out

(Composed of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
Lady or pucelle, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet or taffeta cap, ranked in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark
That may judge for his sixpence) had, before
They saw it half, damned thy whole play, and more;
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they looked for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the Muses' blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murdered poem: which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire,
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.*

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,

---

about 1610.' The date of the production of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is not known; but accepting it as 1610 (the play was certainly produced before 1611), Gifford's remark is inaccurate, as Jonson was then thirty-seven years of age.

* The accomplished sister of Sir Philip Sidney, who dedicated to her his *Arcadia*. The Countess of Pembroke wrote some graceful poems, translated the tragedy of *Antony* from the French, and joined her brother in a translation of the *Psalms*, which was first published in 1823. Spenser speaks of her as

most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
Her brother dear.

She died in 1621.

The above epitaph was first introduced into the collected works of Ben Jonson by Whalley, on the ground that it was 'universally assigned to him.' Jonson's claim to it, however, is by no means certain. In a manuscript collection of Browne's poems, preserved amongst the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, the epitaph is ascribed to Browne, with the following additional stanza:—

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days;
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death! ere thou hast slain, another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

A VISION ON THE MUSES OF HIS FRIEND MICHAEL DRAYTON.*

It hath been questioned, Michael, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:

Osborne published this stanza under the impression that the whole piece was written by Jonson; and Gifford, who calls these lines a 'paltry addition,' and condemns them upon a groundless charge of inconsistency, says that the critics ought to have known that they were copied from the poems of the Earl of Pembroke, 'to whose pen they are assigned by the prefix of his usual initials.' Now Gifford himself ought to have known that the prefix of his lordship's initials cannot be admitted as proof of the authorship, it being notorious to all readers familiar with the literature of the period, that the Earl of Pembroke, to use the language of a writer entitled to be heard on the subject, 'had the fame of a poet, but that his right to the poems ascribed to him has been questioned as standing on no adequate authority.' That no part of this epitaph was written by the Earl of Pembroke is established by the MS. in the Museum, which contains, together with other pieces, a song by Lord Pembroke. This latter circumstance collaterally supports the evidence, for had his lordship also written the epitaph, it is only reasonable to assume that it would have been also ascribed to him. The question of the authorship, dismissing Pembroke's pretensions to any share in it, may thus be fairly stated:—that while Jonson's claim rests upon no more definite authority than that of tradition, Browne's is directly asserted in an authentic MS. undoubtedly comprising a large collection of his poems, which had long been supposed to have been lost. A further presumption in favour of Browne may be raised upon the intimate relations which existed between him and Pembroke. That he should have furnished an epitaph for the tomb of an admirable woman, whose death was deeply deplored by his friend and patron, is at least extremely probable; and this probability is strengthened by the elegy which some years afterwards he dedicated to her memory.

* Whalley observes that these lines contain 'an enumeration of Drayton's poems, with our author's testimony to their merits.' It is scarcely necessary to point out that the 'enumeration' does not include the 'Odes,' 'Pastorals,' 'The Muses' Elysium,' and many other pieces, some of which were of a later date than the edition of Drayton's works to which this panegyric was prefixed. Jonson was one of Drayton's most intimate friends; yet in his loose conversations with Drummond he spoke slightingly of him, saying that Drayton 'feared him, and that he esteemed not of him.' Drayton died in 1631.

Because, who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling visits pass in verse, between
Thy muse and mine, as they expect; 'tis true,
You have not writ to me, nor I to you.
And though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming club
About the town; this reckoning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols: this, my day.
It was no dream! I was awake, and saw.
Lend me thy voice, O Fame, that I may draw
Wonder to truth, and have my vision hurled
Hot from thy trumpet round about the world.
I saw a beauty, from the sea to rise,
That all earth looked on, and that earth all eyes!
It cast a beam, as when the cheerful sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun;
And filled an orb as circular as heaven;
The orb was cut forth into regions seven,
And those so sweet, and well proportioned parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts:
When, by thy bright IDEA standing by,
I found it pure and perfect poesy.
There read I, straight, thy learnèd LEGENDS three,
Heard the soft airs, between our swains and thee,
Which made me think the old Theocritus,
Or rural Virgil, come to pipe to us.
But then thy Epistolar HEROIC SONGS,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cried, who can
With us be called the Naso, but this man!
And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,
Perched overhead, the wise Athenian OWL:
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that wouldst try,
Like him, to make the air one volary.
And I had styled thee Orpheus, but, before
My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,
And rouse, the marching of a mighty force,
Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,

The fights, the cries, and wondering at the jars
I saw and read it was the BARON'S WARS.
O how in those dost thou instruct these times,
That rebels' actions are but valiant crimes;
And carried, though with shout and noise, confess
A wild, and an unauthorized wickedness!
Sayst thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to stay
Under one title; thou hast made thy way
And flight about the isle, well near, by this
In thy admired Periegesis,
Or universal circumduction
Of all that read thy POLY-OLBION;
That read it! that are ravished; such was I,
With every song, I swear, and so would die;*
But that I hear again thy drum to beat
A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
That ever yet did fire the English blood,
Our right in France, if rightly understood.
There thou art Homer; pray thee use the style
Thou hast deserved, and let me read the while
Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aids and force, for so it is,
The poet's act; and for his country's sake,
Brave are the musters that the muse will make.
And when he ships them, where to use their arms,
How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!
Look how we read the Spartans were inflamed
With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art named,
So shall our English youth urge on, and cry
An AGINCOURT! an AGINCOURT! or die.
This book, it is a catechism to fight,
And will be bought of every lord and knight

* This panegyric must be qualified by the opinion expressed to Drummond, who reports Jonson to have said 'that Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, if he had performed what he promised to write (the deeds of all the worthies) had been excellent: his long verses pleased him not.' There is apparently some confusion in this reference to the *Polyolbion*; but it does not affect the fact of Jonson's dislike to the long measure.

That can but read; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of MARGARET the queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen.
I feel it by mine own, that overflow
And stop my sight in every line I go.
But then, refreshèd by thy FAIRY COURT,
I look on Cynthia and Syrena's sport,
As on two flowery carpets, that did rise,
And with their grassy green restored mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange MOON-CALF, both thy strain of mirth,
And gossip-got acquaintance, as to us
Thou hast brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,
Empusa, Lamia, or some monster more
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store.
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous and well chosen friends;
Only my loss is, that I am not there,
And till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world that envies me, to see
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

EPITAPH ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.*

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name: whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name;
His name, that cannot die, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

* The authorship of this epitaph is doubtful. It has been ascribed to Quarles, Randolph, and others; but more commonly to Jonson, whose manner it resembles.

TO MY TRULY BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER BROWNE; ON HIS PASTORALS.*

Some men, of books or friends not speaking right,
May hurt them more with praise, than foes with spite.
But I have seen thy work, and I know thee:
And, if thou list thyself, what thou canst be.
For, though but early in these paths thou tread,
I find thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine own judgment, yet, that sends
This thy work forth: that judgment mine commends.
And, where the most read books, on authors' fames,
Or, like our money-brokers, take up names
On credit, and are cozened; see, that thou,
By offering not more sureties than enow,
Hold thine own worth unbroke; which is so good
Upon the Exchange of Letters, as I would
More of our writers would, like thee, not swell
With the how much they set forth, but the how well.

TO HIS MUCH AND WORTHILY ESTEEMED FRIEND, THE AUTHOR.†

Who takes thy volume to his virtuous hand,
Must be intended still to understand;

---

* William Browne, son of Thomas Browne of Tavistock, Devonshire, was born in 1590. Sir Egerton Brydges, great in heraldry, found a genealogy for him in the Harleian MSS. 1664, through which he traced him back to Sir William Browne, second son of Sir Thomas Browne of Beachworth Castle, Surrey, a branch of the family of the Viscounts Montagu. The poet was only twenty-three years of age when he published the first part of his 'Pastorals;' the second part was published three years afterwards, 1616; and both were reprinted in 1625. After having been tutor to Robert Dormer, afterwards Earl of Caernarvon, Browne became a retainer of the Earl of Pembroke, and here, says Wood, he got wealth, and purchased an estate. He married Tymothy, daughter of Sir Thomas Eversfield, of Den, near Horsham, in Sussex, whose loss he deplored in an epitaph of exquisite tenderness. The exact date of his death is not known.

† Prefixed to a piece called *Cynthia's Revenge; or Menander's Extacy*, published in 1613; a lugubrious and tedious tragedy in verse—the

Who bluntly doth but look upon the same,
May ask, what author would conceal his name?
Who reads may rove, and call the passage dark,
Yet may as blind men sometimes hit the mark.
Who reads, who roves, who hopes to understand,
May take thy volume to his virtuous hand:
Who cannot read, but only doth desire
To understand, he may at length admire.

TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER GEORGE CHAPMAN.*

Whose work could this be, Chapman, to refine
Old Hesiod's ore, and give it thus, but thine,
Who had before wrought in rich Homer's mine!

What treasure hast thou brought us! and what store
Still, still, dost thou arrive with at our shore,
To make thy honour, and our wealth the more!

---

longest play, says Langbaine, that ever was written. Of the author, John Stephens, nothing is known, except that he was a member of Lincoln's Inn.

* Prefixed to Chapman's translation of Hesiod's *Weeks and Days*, 1618. Chapman and Fletcher appear to have been Jonson's closest friends. He told Drummond that he 'loved' them, and that, 'next to himself,' they were the only poets who 'could make a masque.' When Chapman and Marston were imprisoned for writing against the Scots in *Eastward Hoe*, Jonson, who was also concerned in the authorship, voluntarily shared their confinement. He was a second time imprisoned with Chapman, on account of a play. The only record that has survived of this latter transaction is a letter from Jonson to the Earl of Salisbury, dated 1605, in which he solicits his lordship's influence to procure his release. Neither the name of the play, nor the particular offence charged against its authors, has transpired. George Chapman was born in 1557, and died in 1634. As a dramatic writer he acquired a high reputation amongst his contemporaries, and his translation of Homer is still read, notwithstanding the dreariness of the fourteen-syllable line. Dryden tells us that Waller could never read it without transport; and Pope, who freely censured its interpolations and its fustian, said that it was animated by a 'daring, fiery spirit, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself to have written before he arrived to years of discretion.'

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day
Were asked of thy discoveries, they must say,
To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,
As now of all men, it is called thy trade,
And who make thither else, rob, or invade.

TO MY CHOSEN FRIEND, THE LEARNED TRANSLATOR OF LUCAN, THOMAS MAY, ESQ.*

When, Rome, I read thee in thy mighty pair,
And see both climbing up the slippery stair

---

* Prefixed to May's translation of Lucan, 1627. May was descended from an ancient family in Sussex, where he was born in 1594. He was the intimate associate of some of the most eminent men of his time, and received particular marks of favour from Charles I. and his consort, at whose suggestion he wrote several of his works. In 1635, he published, by the special command of the king, an historical poem called *The Victorious Reign of Edward III.* At the breaking out of the civil wars, however, May abandoned the court, and, joining the Parliament, was rewarded for his change of service by the appointment of secretary and historiographer. Fuller ascribes his desertion of the court to dissatisfaction, 'because his bays were not gilded richly enough;' and Clarendon says that though he 'received much countenance, and a very considerable donation from the king,' he fell from his duty, and prostituted himself to the Parliament, 'upon his majesty's refusing to give him a small pension, which he had designed and promised to another very ingenious person.' It appears from other authorities that the 'pension' was in reality the office of queen's poet, which May expected to be conferred on him, but which was given to Sir William Davenant. In the discharge of the duties of historiographer, he compiled and published his well-known *History of the Parliament*, which is one of the most valuable records of a period of extraordinary interest, and which, considering the relations of the author to the assembly whose acts he chronicled, is written with remarkable candour and courage. May's death was sudden. He was found dead in his bed, on the 15th November, 1650, having retired to rest in perfect health, 'after a cheerful bottle.' It was supposed that he was suffocated in the night by the strings of his cap. He was interred in Westminster Abbey; but, after the Restoration, his body, together with several others, was dug up and buried in St. Margaret's churchyard, and the monument which had been erected to his memory by the Parliament was taken down. He wrote several plays, but his literary reputation rests chiefly on his translation of the *Pharsalia*, and his continuation

Of Fortune's wheel, by Lucan driven about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line some pin thereof should slack
At least, if not the general engine crack.
But when again I view the parts so paysed,
And those in number so, and measure raised,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Cæsar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calm Brutus' tenor start, but all along
Keep due proportion in the ample song,
It makes me, ravished with fresh wonder, cry
What Muse, or rather God of harmony
Taught Lucan these true modes? replies my sense
What gods but those of arts and eloquence,
Phœbus and Hermes? they whose tongue or pen,
Are still th' interpreters 'twixt gods and men!
But who hath them interpreted, and brought
Lucan's whole frame unto us, and so wrought,
As not the smallest joint, or gentlest word
In the great mass, or machine there is stirred?
The self-same genius! so the work will say;
The Sun translated, or the son of May.

TO MY DEAR SON, AND RIGHT LEARNED FRIEND, MASTER JOSEPH RUTTER.*

You look, my Joseph, I should something say
Unto the world, in praise of your first play:
And truly, so I would, could I be heard.
You know, I never was of truth afeard,

of that poem, in Latin and English, to the death of Julius Cæsar. The Latin continuation was reprinted at Leyden, in 1640, with commendatory verses by several writers. Dr. Johnson preferred May's Latin poetry to that of Cowley and Milton.

* The 'first play' (and only play by this author) to which these lines were prefixed, on its publication in 1635, was a pastoral comedy called *The Shepherd's Holiday*. Joseph Rutter translated the first part of *The Cid* of Corneille at the request of the Earl of Dorset, to whose son he was tutor; and afterwards translated the second part at the command of the king.

And less ashamed; not when I told the crowd
How well I loved truth: I was scarce allowed
By those deep-grounded, understanding men,
That sit to censure plays, yet know not when,
Or why to like: they found it all was new,
And newer than would please them, because true:
Such men I've met withal, and so have you.
Now, for mine own part, and it is but due,
(You have deserved it from me) I have read,
And weighed your play; untwisted every thread,
And know the woof and warp thereof; can tell
Where it runs round, and even; where so well,
So soft, and smooth it handles, the whole piece,
As it were spun by nature off the fleece:
This is my censure. Now there is a new
Office of wit, a mint, and (this is true)
Cried up of late; whereto there must be first
A master-worker called, th' old standard burst
Of wit, and a new made; a warden then,
And a comptroller, two most rigid men
For order; and, for governing the pix,
A'say-master, hath studied all the tricks
Of fineness and alloy; follow his hint,
You've all the mysteries of wit's new mint,
The valuations, mixtures, and the same
Concluded from a carat to a dram.

EPIGRAM. IN AUTHOREM.*

Thou, that wouldst find the habit of true passion,
And see a mind attired in perfect strains,
Not wearing moods, as gallants do a fashion,
In those pied times, only to show their trains,

* The poem to which this epigram specially refers is a piece called *Melancholike Humour*, 1600, by Nicholas Breton, one of the contributors to *England's Helicon*, and the author of a vast number of poems of very unequal merit, including some short pieces of singular grace and beauty.

Look here on Breton's work, the master print,
Where such perfections to the life do rise;
If they seem wry to such as look asquint,
The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.
For, as one coming with a lateral view,
Unto a cunning piece wrought perspective,
Wants faculty to make a censure true;
So with this author's readers will it thrive;
Which being eyed directly, I divine,
His proof their praise 'll incite, as in this line.

TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR OF 'THE HUSBAND.'*

It fits not only him that makes a book
To see his work be good; but that he look
Who are his test, and what their judgment is,
Lest a false praise do make their dotage his.
I do not feel that ever yet I had
The art of uttering wares, if they were bad;
Or skill of making matches in my life;
And therefore I commend unto *The Wife*,†
That went before—a *Husband*. She, I'll swear,
Was worthy of a good one, and this, here,
I know for such, as (if my word will weigh)
She need not blush upon the marriage day.

TO THE AUTHOR.‡

In picture, they which truly understand,
Require (besides the likeness of the thing)
Light, posture, heightening, shadow, colouring,
All which are parts commend the cunning hand;

* Prefixed to an anonymous work called *The Husband; a Poem expressed in a Complete Man.* 1614.

† A poem by Sir Thomas Overbury called *The Wife*, which obtained considerable popularity from the circumstances connected with the tragical death of the author. The public appear to have been interested in this piece by the contrast presented between the portrait drawn in it of a pure and virtuous woman, and the character of the infamous Countess of Essex.

‡ Prefixed to *The Passions of the Mind in general*, a poem by Thomas Wright, 1604 and 1620.

And all your book, when it is thoroughly scanned,
Will well confess; presenting, limiting
Each subtlest passion, with her source, and spring,
So bold, as shows your art you can command.
But now your work is done, if they that view
The several figures, languish in suspense,
To judge which passion's false, and which is true,
Between the doubtful sway of reason and sense,
'Tis not your fault if they shall sense prefer,
Being told there Reason cannot, Sense may err.

TO THE AUTHOR.*

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

It is the sword that doth divide
The marrow from the bone,
And in effect of heavenly love
Doth show the Holy One.

This, blessèd Warre, thy blessèd book
Unto the world doth prove;
A worthy work, and worthy well
Of the most worthy love.

* Prefixed to *The Touchstone of Truth*, by T. Warre, 1630.

TO EDWARD FILMER, ON HIS MUSICAL WORK, DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN.*

What charming peals are these,
That, while they bind the senses, do so please?
They are the marriage-rites
Of two, the choicest pair of man's delights,
Music and Poesy;
French air, and English verse, here wedded lie.

Who did this knot compose,
Again hath brought the Lily to the Rose;
And, with their chainèd dance,
Re-celebrates the joyful match with France.
They are a school to win
The fair French daughter to learn English in;
And, gracèd with her song,
To make the language sweet upon her tongue.

TO RICHARD BROME, ON HIS COMEDY OF 'THE NORTHERN LASS.'†

I had you for a servant once, Dick Brome,
And you performed a servant's faithful parts;
Now you are got into a nearer room
Of fellowship, professing my old arts.

---

* Of Filmer nothing is known. The 'musical work' appears to have been a mere adaptation of French music to English words, in compliment to Queen Henrietta.

† Richard Brome, from having been originally servant to Ben Jonson, became afterwards his friend, and was esteemed so highly by his contemporaries, that most of the principal poets addressed commendatory verses to him on his productions. He was the author of fifteen comedies, all entering into the current humours of the age, and treating them with considerable dramatic skill. In addition to these plays he produced *The Lancashire Witches*, in conjunction with Thomas Heywood; and is said to have written six others. *The Northern Lass* to which Jonson's lines were prefixed, was Brome's first play, and was published in 1632. Jonson's lines are thus introduced: 'To my faithful servant, and (by his continued virtue) my loving friend, the author of this work, Richard Brome.' Brome died about the year 1652. His comedy of *A Jovial Crew* was successfully revived at the Theatre Royal, in Cibber's time.

And you do do them well, with good applause,
Which you have justly gainèd from the stage,
By observation of those comic laws
Which I, your master, first did teach the age.
You learnt it well, and for it served your time,
A prenticeship, which few do now-a-days:
Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhyme,
Both learnèd, and unlearnèd, all write plays.
It was not so of old; men took up trades
That knew the crafts they had been bred in right;
An honest bilbo-smith would make good blades,
And the physician teach men spew and ——.
The cobbler kept him to his awl; but now,
He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plough.

A SPEECH AT A TILTING.*

Two noble knights, whom true desire, and zeal,
Hath armed at all points, charge me humbly kneel
To thee, O king of men, their noblest parts
To tender thus, their lives, their loves, their hearts.
The elder of these two† rich hopes increase,
Presents a royal altar of fair peace;
And, as an everlasting sacrifice,
His life, his love, his honour which ne'er dies,

* This speech, which was copied from Ashmole's MSS., is said to have been 'presented to King James at a tilting, in the behalf of the two noble brothers, Sir Robert and Sir Henry Rich.' The lines have no date, but were probably produced on one of those festive occasions to which the attachment of Prince Henry to martial exercises gave birth.—G.

† These youths, says Gifford, were the sons of Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick, by the too celebrated sister of the Earl of Essex. Robert, the elder, succeeded to the title in 1618. He 'protests much,' like Hamlet's player-queen, in his speech, and he kept his word somewhat in the same manner. James was scarcely dead, when he threw himself into the arms of the Parliament. His brother Henry, notwithstanding his emblem, trod in Robert's steps. James created him Earl of Holland. Great honours were also conferred upon him by Charles, in return for which he deserted and betrayed the royal cause. He was not long in receiving his reward from his new masters, who deprived him of his head in 1649.

He freely brings, and on this altar lays
As true oblations. His brother's emblem says,
Except your gracious eye, as through a glass,
Made perspective, behold him, he must pass
Still that same little point he was; but when
Your royal eye, which still creates new men,
Shall look, and on him, so,—then art's a liar,
If from a little spark, he rise not fire.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR EDWARD SACKVILE, NOW EARL OF DORSET.*

If, Sackvile, all that have the power to do
Great and good turns, as well could time them too,
And knew their how and where; we should have then
Less list of proud, hard, or ungrateful men.
For benefits are owed with the same mind
As they are done, and such returns they find:
You then, whose will not only, but desire
To succour my necessities, took fire,
Not at my prayers, but your sense; which laid
The way to meet what others would upbraid,
And in the act did so my blush prevent,
As I did feel it done, as soon as meant;
You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me, to take
The smallest courtesies with thanks, I make
Yet choice from whom I take them; and would shame
To have such do me good, I durst not name.
They are the noblest benefits, and sink
Deepest in man, of which, when he doth think,

* Son of Robert, second Earl of Dorset. He was the Sir Edward Sackvile who, in his youth, was engaged in the savage duel with Lord Bruce, of which he has himself left an account. He afterwards earned the panegyric of Clarendon by his wit and learning. Gifford tells us that this epistle addressed to him by Jonson was the favourite poem of Horne Tooke. He had it by heart, and delighted to quote it on all occasions.

The memory delights him more, from whom,
Than what, he hath received. Gifts stink from some,
They are so long a coming, and so hard;
Where any deed is forced, the grace is marred.
Can I owe thanks for courtesies received
Against his will that does them? that hath weaved
Excuses or delays? or done them scant,
That they have more oppressed me than my want?
Or if he did it not to succour me,
But by mere chance? for interest? or to free
Himself of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure, like one taken in a strait?
All this corrupts the thanks: less hath he won,
That puts it in his debt-book ere't be done;
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth call
His grooms to witness; or else lets it fall
In that proud manner, as a good so gained,
Must make me sad for what I have obtained.
No! Gifts and thanks should have one cheerful face,
So each, that's done and ta'en, becomes a brace.
He neither gives, nor does, that doth delay
A benefit, or that doth throw't away;
No more than he doth thank, that will receive
Nought but in corners, and is loth to leave
Least air, or print, but flies it: such men would
Run from the conscience of it, if they could.
As I have seen some infants of the sword
Well known, and practised borrowers on their word,
Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in the ear,
For what they straight would to the world forswear;
And speaking worst of those from whom they went
But then fist-filled, to put me off the scent.
Now damn me, sir. if you shall not command
My sword ('tis but a poor sword, understand)
As far as any poor sword in the land;—
Then turning unto him is next at hand,
Damns whom he damned too, is the veriest gull,
Has feathers, and will serve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answered so,
That to such natures let their full hands flow,
And seek not wants to succour; but inquire,
Like money-brokers, after names, and hire
Their bounties forth to him that last was made,
Or stands to be in commission o' the blade?
Still, still the hunters of false fame apply
Their thoughts and means to making loud the cry,
But one is bitten by the dog he fed,
And hurt seeks cure, the surgeon bids take bread,
And sponge-like with it dry up the blood quite,
Then give it to the hound that did him bite:
Pardon, says he, that were a way to see
All the town-curs take each their snatch at me.
O, is it so? knows he so much, and will
Feed those at whom the table points at still?
I not deny it, but to help the need
Of any, is a great and generous deed;
Yea, of the ungrateful: and he forth must tell
Many a pound, and piece, will place one well.
But these men ever want: their very trade
Is borrowing; that but stopped, they do invade
All as their prize, turn pirates here at land,
Have their Bermudas, and their Straits i' th' Strand
Man out of their boats to the Temple, and not shift
Now, but command; make tribute, what was gift;
And it is paid them with a trembling zeal,
And superstition, I dare scarce reveal
If it were clear; but being so in cloud
Carried and wrapt, I only am allowed
My wonder, why the taking a clown's purse,
Or robbing the poor market-folks, should nurse
Such a religious horror in the breasts
Of our town-gallantry! or why there rests
Such worship due to kicking of a punk,
Or swaggering with the watch, or drawer drunk;
Or feats of darkness acted in mid-sun,
And told of with more licence than they're done!

Sure there is mystery in it I not know,
That men such reverence to such actions show,
And almost deify the authors! make
Loud sacrifice of drink, for their health's sake;
Rear suppers in their names, and spend whole nights
Unto their praise in certain swearing rites!
Cannot a man be reckoned in the state
Of valour, but at this idolatrous rate?
I thought that fortitude had been a mean
'Twixt fear and rashness; not a lust obscene,
Or appetite of offending, but a skill,
Or science of a discerning good and ill.
And you, sir, know it well, to whom I write,
That with these mixtures we put out her light;
Her ends are honesty, and public good;
And where they want, she is not understood;
No more are these of us; let them then go!
I have the list of mine own faults to know,
Look to, and cure: he's not a man hath none;
But like to be, that every day mends one,
And feels it; else he tarries by the beast.
Can I discern how shadows are decreased,
Or grown, by height or lowness of the sun,
And can I less of substance? when I run,
Ride, sail, am coached, know I how far I have gone,
And my mind's motion not? or have I none?
No! he must feel and know, that will advance.
Men have been great, but never good by chance,
Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
Who was this morning such a one, should be
Sidney ere night; or that did go to bed
Coryat, should rise the most sufficient head
Of Christendom; and neither of these know,
Were the rack offered them, how they came so!
'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
Profit in aught; each day some little add,
In time 'twill be a heap; this is not true
Alone in money, but in manners too.

Yet we must more than move still, or go on;
We must accomplish; 'tis the last key-stone
That makes the arch; the rest that there were put
Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut.
Then stands it a triumphal mark! then men
Observe the strength, the height, the why, and when
It was erected; and still walking under
Meet some new matter to look up and wonder!
Such notes are virtuous men! they live as fast
As they are high; are rooted, and will last;
They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,
As if they would belie their stature; those
Are dwarfs of honour, and have neither weight
Nor fashion; if they chance aspire to height,
'Tis like light canes, that first rise big and brave,
Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces, have
But few and fair divisions, but being got
Aloft, grow less and straightened, full of knot,
And, last, go out in nothing. You that see
Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.
You know, without my flattering you, too much
For me to be your indice. Keep you such,
That I may love your person, as I do,
Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
By thanking thus the courtesy to life,
Which you will bury; but therein, the strife
May grow so great to be example, when,
As their true rule or lesson, either men,
Donors or donees, to their practice shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

AN EPISTLE TO MASTER JOHN SELDEN.*

I know to whom I write. Here, I am sure,
Though I be short, I cannot be obscure:

* Prefixed to *Titles of Honour*, 1614. 'Selden was a person,' says Clarendon, 'whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of such stupendous

Less shall I for the art or dressing care,
Truth and the Graces best when naked are.
Your book, my Selden, I have read; and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgment such
To ask it: though, in most of works, it be
A penance where a man may not be free,
Rather than office, when it doth or may
Chance that the friend's affection proves allay
Unto the censure. Yours all need doth fly
Of this so vicious humanity;
Than which, there is not unto study a more
Pernicious enemy. We see before
A many of books, even good judgments wound
Themselves, through favouring what is there not found;*
But I to yours far otherwise shall do,
Not fly the crime, but the suspicion too:
Though I confess, as every muse hath erred,
And mine not least, I have too oft preferred [much;
Men past their terms, and praised some names too
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such.
Since, being deceived, I turn a sharper eye
Upon myself, and ask, to whom, and why,
And what I write? and vex it many days
Before men get a verse, much less a praise;
So that my reader is assured, I now
Mean what I speak, and still will keep that vow.

---

learning in all kinds, and in all languages, as may appear from his excellent and transcendent writings, that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing.' Selden and Jonson were close friends, and their regard for each other never suffered an interruption. 'Selden,' said Jonson, 'liveth on his own, is the Law Book of the Judges of England, and the bravest man in all languages.'

* The custom of prefixing encomiastic verses to books, frequently at the cost of the judgment of the panegyrist, was one of the prevalent weaknesses of the literary friendships of Jonson's age; and in the subsequent lines he confesses that he sometimes committed himself in this way—a fact which the attentive reader of his poems cannot fail to discover.

Stand forth my object, then; you that have been
Ever at home, yet have all countries seen:
And like a compass, keeping one foot still
Upon your centre, do your circle fill
Of general knowledge;* watched men, manners too,
Heard what times past have said, seen what ours do.
Which grace shall I make love to first? your skill,
Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and will
T' instruct and teach? or your unwearied pain
Of gathering? bounty in pouring out again?
What fables have you vexed, what truth redeemed,
Antiquities searched, opinions disesteemed,
Impostures branded, and authorities urged!
What blots and errors have you watched and purged
Records and authors of! how rectified
Times, manners, customs! innovations spied!
Sought out the fountains, sources, creeks, paths, ways,
And noted the beginnings and decays!
Where is that nominal mark, or real rite,
Form, act, or ensign, that hath 'scaped your sight?
How are traditions there examined! how
Conjectures retrieved! and a story now
And then of times (besides the bare conduct
Of what it tells us) weaved in to instruct!
I wondered at the richness, but am lost,
To see the workmanship so exceed the cost!
To mark the excellent seasoning of your style,
And manly elocution; not one while
With horror rough, then rioting with wit;
But to the subject still the colours fit
In sharpness of all search, wisdom of choice,
Newness of sense, antiquity of voice!
I yield, I yield! the matter of your praise
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise

---

* 'While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.'
COWPER.—Ann. Ed. iii. 11.

A bank against it. Nothing but the round
Large clasp of nature such a wit can bound.
Monarch in letters! 'mongst thy titles shown
Of others' honours, thus enjoy thy own.
I first salute thee so; and gratulate
With that thy style, thy keeping of thy state,
In offering this thy work to no great name, [same,
That would, perhaps, have praised and thanked the
But nought beyond. He thou hast given it to,
Thy learnèd chamber-fellow,* knows to do
It true respects: he will not only love,
Embrace, and cherish; but he can approve
And estimate thy pains, as having wrought
In the same mines of knowledge; and thence brought
Humanity enough to be a friend,
And strength to be a champion, and defend
Thy gift 'gainst envy. O how I do count
Among my comings in, and see it mount,
The gain of your two friendships! Heyward and
Selden! two names that so much understand!
On whom I could take up, and ne'er abuse
The credit, that would furnish a tenth muse!
But here's no time, nor place, my wealth to tell;
You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND, MASTER COLBY,†

TO PERSUADE HIM TO THE WARS.

Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy! The drum
Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rouse, or are not loth to quit
Their vicious ease, and be o'erwhelmed with it.

* Edward Heyward, of Carveston, in Norfolk, to whom Selden dedicated the *Titles of Honour*, as his 'beloved friend and chamber-fellow.'

† The Mr. Colby to whom this satire upon the times was addressed is unknown to fame. Whalley conjectures, from the subject of the epistle, that he was in the military service, and thinks it probable, from an allusion to the office,—see *post*, p. 428—that he may have been muster-master of the forces.

It is a call to keep the spirits alive
That gasp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honour, in his sleepy life:
Quickening dead nature to her noblest strife.
All other acts of worldlings are but toil
In dreams, begun in hope, and end in spoil.
Look on the ambitious man, and see him nurse
His unjust hopes with praises begged, or, worse,
Bought flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their and his own curse!
Look on the false and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is loved: what ways he proves
To gain upon his belly; and at last
Crushed in the snaky brakes that he had passed!
See the grave, sour, and supercilious sir,
In outward face, but inward, light as fur,
Or feathers, lay his fortune out to show,
Till envy wound or maim it at a blow!
See him that's called, and thought, the happiest man,
Honoured at once, and envied, if it can
Be honour is so mixed, by such as would,
For all their spite, be like him, if they could.
No part or corner man can look upon,
But there are objects bid him to be gone
As far as he can fly, or follow day,
Rather than here so bogged in vices stay.
The whole world here leavened with madness swells;
And, being a thing blown out of nought, rebels
Against his Maker, high alone with weeds,
And impious rankness of all sects and seeds:
Not to be checked or frightened now with fate,
But more licentious made, and desperate!
Our delicacies are grown capital,
And even our sports are dangers! what we call
Friendship, is now masked hatred! justice fled,
And shamefacedness together! all laws dead
That kept man living! pleasures only sought!
Honour and honesty, as poor things thought

As they are made! pride and stiff clownage mixed
To make up greatness! and man's whole good fixed
In bravery, or gluttony, or coin,
All which he makes the servants of the groin,—
Thither it flows! how much did Stallion spend
To have his court-bred filly there commend
His lace and starch; and fall upon her back
In admiration, stretched upon the rack
Of lust, to his rich suit, and title, Lord?
Ay, that's a charm and half! she must afford
That all respect; she must lie down: nay, more,
'Tis there civility to be a whore;
He's one of blood and fashion! and with these
The bravery makes she can no honour leese:
To do't with cloth, or stuffs, lust's name might merit;
With velvet, plush, and tissues, it is spirit!
O, these so ignorant monsters! light, as proud!
Who can behold their manners, and not cloud-
Like on them lighten? If that nature could
Not make a verse, anger or laughter would,
To see them aye discoursing with their glass,
How they may make some one that day an ass,
Planting their purls* and curls, spread forth like net,
And every dressing for a pitfall set
To catch the flesh in, and to pound a ——;
Be at their visits, see them squeamish, sick,
Ready to cast at one whose band sits ill,
And then leap mad on a neat pickardil,†
As if a brize were gotten in their tail;
And firk, and jerk, and for the coachman rail,
And jealous each of other, yet think long
To be abroad chanting some bawdy song,

---

* See *ante*, p. 386, note †.

† A stiff collar, or ruff, generally with sharp points; supposed to be derived from *picca*, a spear-head. This ruff came into fashion early in the reign of James I.; and, according to some authorities, gave its name to the street, Piccadilly.

And laugh, and measure thighs, then squeak, spring,
Do all the tricks of a salt lady bitch! [itch,
For t'other pound of sweetmeats, he shall feel
That pays, or what he will: the dame is steel;
For these with her young company she'll enter,
Where Pitts, or Wright, or Modet would not venture;
And comes by these degrees, the style t' inherit,
Of woman of fashion, and a lady of spirit.
Nor is the title questioned; with our proud,
Great, brave, and fashioned folk, these are allowed;
Adulteries now, are not so hid, or strange,
They're grown commodity upon Exchange;
He that will follow but another's wife,
Is loved, though he let out his own for life;
The husband's now called churlish, or a poor
Nature, that will not let his wife be a whore;
Or use all arts, or haunt all companies
That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.
The brother trades a sister; and the friend
Lives to the lord, but to the lady's end.
Less must not be thought on than mistress; or
If it be thought, killed like her embrions; for,
Whom no great mistress hath as yet infamed,
A fellow of coarse lechery is named.
The servant of the serving-woman, in scorn,
Ne'er came to taste the plenteous marriage-horn.
Thus they do talk. And are these objects fit
For man to spend his money on? his wit?
His time? health? soul? will he for these go throw
Those thousands on his back, shall after blow
His body to the Counters, or the Fleet?
Is it for these that Fine-man meets the street
Coached, or on foot-cloth, thrice changed every day,
To teach each suit he has, the ready way
From Hyde-park to the stage, where at the last
His dear and borrowed bravery he must cast?
When not his combs, his curling-irons, his glass,
Sweet bags, sweet powders, nor sweet words will pass

For less security? O heavens! for these
Is it that man pulls on himself disease,
Surfeit, and quarrel? drinks the t'other health?
Or by damnation voids it, or by stealth?
What fury of late is crept into our feasts?
What honour given to the drunkenest guests?
What reputation to bear one glass more,
When oft the bearer is borne out of door?
This hath our ill-used freedom, and soft peace
Brought on us, and will every hour increase.
Our vices do not tarry in a place,
But being in motion still, or rather in race,
Tilt one upon another, and now bear
This way, now that, as if their number were
More than themselves, or than our lives could take,
But both fell pressed under the load they make.
I'll bid thee look no more, but, flee, flee, friend,
This precipice, and rocks that have no end,
Or side, but threatens ruin. The whole day
Is not enough, now, but the nights to play:
And whilst our states, strength, body, and mind we waste,
Go make ourselves the usurers at a cast.
He that no more for age, cramps, palsies can
Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
To take the box up for him; and pursues
The dice with glassen eyes, to the glad views
Of what he throws: like lechers grown content
To be beholders, when their powers are spent.
Can we not leave this worm? or will we not?
Is that the truer excuse? or have we got
In this, and like, an itch of vanity,
That scratching now's our best felicity?
Well, let it go. Yet this is better than
To lose the forms and dignities of men,
To flatter my good lord, and cry his bowl
Runs sweetly, as it had his lordship's soul;—
Although, perhaps, it has, what's that to me,
That may stand by, and hold my peace? will he,

When I am hoarse with praising his each cast,
Give me but that again, that I must waste
In sugar candied, or in buttered beer,
For the recovery of my voice? No, there
Pardon his lordship; flattery's grown so cheap
With him, for he is followed with that heap
That watch, and catch, at what they may applaud,
As a poor single flatterer, without bawd
Is nothing, such, scarce meat and drink he'll give;
But he that's both, and slave to both, shall live,
And be beloved, while the whores last. O times!
Friend, fly from hence, and let these kindled rhymes
Light thee from hell on earth; where flatterers, spies,
Informers, masters both of arts and lies;
Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers that let blood
The life, and fame-veins; yet not understood
Of the poor sufferers; where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, superstitious, loud-
Boasters, and perjured, with the infinite more
Prevaricators swarm; of which the store,
Because they're everywhere amongst mankind
Spread through the world, is easier far to find,
Than once to number, or bring forth to hand;
Though thou wert muster-master of the land.
Go, quit them all! And take along with thee,
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be,
That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth than glory,
And never but for doing wrong be sorry;
That by commanding first thyself, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st;
That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what she gives, thou dar'st give her again;
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
Thou shrink or start not, but be always one;

That thou think nothing great, but what is good,*
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still precious with the odour of thy name.
And last, blaspheme not: we did never hear
Man thought the valianter 'cause he durst swear;
No more than we should think a lord had had
More honour in him, 'cause we've known him mad.
These take; and now go seek thy peace in war,
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.

AN EPITAPH ON MASTER PHILIP GRAY.

Reader, stay!
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie, till the last day,
All that is left of Philip Gray,
It might thy patience richly pay:
For if such men as he could die,
What surety of life have thou and I?

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

They are not, sir, worst owers that do pay
Debts when they can: good men may break their day,
And yet the noble nature never grudge;
'Tis then a crime, when the usurer is judge,
And he is not in friendship; nothing there
Is done for gain: if 't be, 'tis not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names have broke with me,
And their words too, where† I but break my band;‡
I add that *but*, because I understand
That as the lesser breach; for he that takes
Simply my band, his trust in me forsakes,

* 'For he that once is good, is always great.'
Epistle to Lady Aubigny.—See *ante*, p. 369.

† Whereas.

‡ Bond.

And looks unto the forfeit. If you be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venture a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren land doth fallow lie;
Some grounds are made the richer for the rest;
And I will bring a crop, if not the best.

AN ELEGY.

Can beauty, that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten with those means she did invite?
Did her perfections call me on to gaze,
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze?
Or was she gracious afar off, but near
A terror? or is all this but my fear?
That as the water makes things, put in't straight,
Crooked appear, so that doth my conceit?
I can help that with boldness; and Love sware,
And Fortune once, t' assist the spirits that dare.*
But which shall lead me on? both these are blind.
Such guides men use not, who their way would find,
Except the way be error to those ends;
And then the best are still the blindest friends!
Oh how a lover may mistake! to think
Or Love, or Fortune blind, when they but wink
To see men fear; or else for truth and state,
Because they would free justice imitate,
Veil their own eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our destiny.
If it be thus, come Love, and Fortune too,
I'll lead you on; or if my fate will so,
That I must send one first, my choice assigns
Love to my heart, and Fortune to my lines.

AN ELEGY.

By those bright eyes, at whose immortal fires
Love lights his torches to inflame desires;

* He alludes to the two proverbs, *Faint Heart*, &c., and *Forte Fortuna juvat*.—G.

By that fair stand, your forehead, whence he bends
His double bow, and round his arrows sends;
By that tall grove, your hair, whose globy rings
He flying curls, and crispeth with his wings;
By those pure baths your either cheek discloses,
Where he doth steep himself in milk and roses;
And lastly, by your lips, the bank of kisses,
Where men at once may plant and gather blisses:
Tell me, my loved friend, do you love or no?
So well as I may tell in verse, 'tis so?
You blush, but do not:—friends are either none,
Though they may number bodies, or but one.
I'll therefore ask no more, but bid you love,
And so that either may example prove
Unto the other; and live patterns, how
Others, in time, may love as we do now.
Slip no occasion; as time stands not still,
I know no beauty, nor no youth that will.
To use the present, then, is not abuse,
You have a husband is the just excuse
Of all that can be done him; such a one
As would make shift to make himself alone
That which we can; who both in you, his wife,
His issue, and all circumstance of life,
As in his place, because he would not vary,
Is constant to be extraordinary.

A SATIRICAL SHRUB.

A woman's friendship! God, whom I trust in,
Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin,
Amongst my many other, that I may
No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say
At fifty years, almost, to value it,
That ne'er was known to last above a fit!
Or have the least of good, but what it must
Put on for fashion, and take up on trust.

Knew I all this afore? had I perceived
That their whole life was wickedness, though weaved
Of many colours; outward, fresh from spots,
But their whole inside full of ends and knots?
Knew I that all their dialogues and discourse
Were such as I will now relate, or worse?
[*Here something is wanting.*]
. . . . . .
Knew I this woman? yes, and you do see,
How penitent I am, or I should be.
Do not you ask to know her, she is worse
Than all ingredients made into one curse,
And that poured out upon mankind, can be:
Think but the sin of all her sex, 'tis she!
I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
Perjured! and painted! if she were no more—
But she is such, as she might yet forestall
The devil, and be the damning of us all.

A LITTLE SHRUB GROWING BY.

Ask not to know this man. If fame should speak
His name in any metal, it would break.
Two letters were enough the plague to tear
Out of his grave, and poison every ear.
A parcel of court-dirt, a heap, and mass
Of all vice hurled together, there he was,
Proud, false, and treacherous, vindictive, all
That thought can add, unthankful, the lay-stall
Of putrid flesh alive! of blood, the sink!
And so I leave to stir him, lest he stink.

AN ELEGY.

Though beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours, of whom I sing, be such
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is't your virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like allay, so gone
  Throughout your form, as though that move,
  And draw, and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one,

Wherein you triumph yet: because
  'Tis of yourself, and that you use
  The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against or faith, or honour's laws.

But who could less expect from you,
  In whom alone Love lives again?
  By whom he is restored to men;
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling temples you have reared,
  The withered garlands ta'en away;
  His altars kept from the decay
That envy wished, and nature feared;

And on them burns so chaste a flame,
  With so much loyalty's expense,
  As Love, t' acquit such excellence,
Is gone himself into your name.

And you are he: the deity
  To whom all lovers are designed,
  That would their better objects find;
Among which faithful troop am I;

Who, as an offering at your shrine,
  Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
  One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine;

Which, if it kindle not, but scant
  Appear, and that to shortest view,
  Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am grieved to want.

AN ELEGY.*

Fair friend, 'tis true your beauties move
My heart to a respect,
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect!

I neither love, nor yet am free;
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but pain;
Your beauty takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdain,
My thoughts too feel the influence.

'Tis not a passion's first access,
Ready to multiply;
But like love's calmest state it is
Possessed with victory.

It is like love to truth reduced,
All the false values gone,
Which were created, and induced
By fond imagination.

'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate,
To love you more than I;
I love you at your beauty's rate,
Less were an injury.

Like unstamped gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsic value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

---

* This piece of delicate casuistry is printed in italics towards the end of the folio without any title, and appears, as it is there placed, to be a continuation of the poem entitled, *A New Year's Gift to King Charles*, with which it obviously has no connexion whatever. The blunder was rectified by Gifford, who transferred it to its present position.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough; for who dares move
Reward for his delight?

AN ODE. TO HIMSELF.

Where dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth, [both.
That eats on wits and arts, and [so*] destroys them

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgraced, [faced?
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies de-

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause;
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits'
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

---

* The deficient syllable is supplied by Gifford. Whalley had inserted the word *quite*. 'The reader,' says Gifford, 'may, perhaps stumble upon a better substitute than either.'

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper strain,
With Japhet's line, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world again:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's brain.

And since our dainty age,
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page,
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.*

THE MIND OF THE FRONTISPIECE TO A BOOK.

From death and dark oblivion, near the same,
The mistress of man's life, grave History,
Raising the world to good and evil fame,
Doth vindicate it to eternity.
Wise Providence would so; that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secured,
But both might know their ways were understood,
When vice alike in time with virtue dured:
Which makes that, lighted by the beamy hand
Of Truth, that searcheth the most [hidden†] springs,
And, guided by Experience, whose straight wand
Doth mete, whose line doth sound the depth of [things,
She cheerfully supporteth what she rears,
Assisted by no strengths but are her own;
Some note of which each varied pillar bears,
By which, as proper titles, she is known
Time's witness, herald of Antiquity,
The light of Truth, and life of Memory.

* A part of the concluding stanza is to be found at the conclusion of the *Poetaster*; and the whole might be written about the period of the appearance of that drama. Jonson's dislike to the stage here breaks out:—but, in truth, this is not the only passage from which we are authorized to collect that necessity alone led him to write for the theatre.—G.

† G.

AN ODE TO JAMES, EARL OF DESMOND.

WRIT IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME, SINCE LOST AND RECOVERED.*

Where art thou, Genius? I should use
Thy present aid: arise Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of Pindar's Muse,
To tower with my intention

---

* The Earl of Desmond, to whom these lines were addressed, was the son of Gerald Fitzgerald, the sixteenth Earl, who, after maintaining for ten years a rebellion against Queen Elizabeth's Government in Ireland, was made prisoner and executed in 1582. The Earl of Ormonde transmitted his head to the Queen, who caused it to be exhibited on London Bridge. An attainder followed, and his vast estates, comprising, it was said, nearly 600,000 acres, were forfeited to the crown. James, his son and heir, notwithstanding the attainder, received many favours from the Queen, was educated at her court, and, having embraced the Protestant religion, was sent by her majesty to Ireland, in the hope that his personal influence would be effectual in bringing back the allegiance of the people. As soon as he appeared amongst his countrymen they flocked around him with enthusiasm; but when it was discovered that he attended a Protestant Church at Killmallock, they deserted him. Failing in his mission, he returned to London, and was restored to his honours in 1600. He died in the following year. The Desmond title became extinct not many years afterwards, in the person of Gerald Fitzgerald, an officer in the Spanish army, who died in Germany in 1632. There were two celebrated women, members of the Desmond family: the Geraldine of Surrey, who was the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare; and the lady who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was famous as the 'old Countess of Desmond.' This lady was well known to Sir Walter Raleigh. She lived to the great age of upwards of one hundred and forty, was married in the reign of Edward IV., when she danced with Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and from that time held her jointure from the Earls of Desmond until the attainder reduced her to poverty. She was as remarkable for her sprightliness as her age; and it is 'probable,' says Granger, 'that her dancing days were not over when a century of her life had elapsed, for certain it is that after she had stood the shock of one hundred and forty years, she went from Bristol to London to solicit some relief from the court.' Lord Bacon tells us that she twice renewed her teeth. The time of her death is not certain. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his *History of the World*, published in 1614, alludes to her as being then dead: 'I myself knew the old Countess of Desmond, of Inchiquin, in Munster, who lived in 1589, and many years since.' T. S.

High as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head above the reach of chance,
Or the time's envy:
Cynthius, I apply
My bolder numbers to thy golden lyre:
O then inspire
Thy priest in this strange rapture! heat my brain
With Delphic fire,
That I may sing my thoughts in some unvulgar strain.

Rich beam of honour, shed your light
On these dark rhymes, that my affection
May shine, through every chink, to every sight
Graced by your reflection!
Then shall my verses, like strong charms,
Break the knit circle of her stony arms,
That holds your spirit,
And keeps your merit
Locked in her cold embraces, from the view
Of eyes more true,
Who would with judgment search, searching conclude,
As proved in you,
True noblesse. Palm grows straight, though handled ne'er so rude.

Nor think yourself unfortunate,
If subject to the jealous errors
Of politic pretext, that wries a state;
Sink not beneath these terrors:
But whisper, O glad innocence,
Where only a man's birth is his offence;
Or the disfavour
Of such as savour
Nothing, but practise upon honour's thrall.
O virtue's fall!
When her dead essence, like the anatomy
In Surgeon's-hall,
Is but a statist's theme to read phlebotomy.

Let Brontes, and black Steropes,
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating;
Pyracmon's hour will come to give them ease,
Though but while the metal's heating:
And, after all the Ætnean ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will out-live the fire.
For fury wasteth,
As patience lasteth:
No armour to the mind! he is shot-free
From injury,
That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
So fools, we see,
Oft 'scape an imputation, more through luck than wit.

But to yourself, most loyal lord,
Whose heart in that bright sphere flames clearest,
Though many gems be in your bosom stored,
Unknown which is the dearest;—
If I auspiciously divine,
As my hope tells, that our fair Phœbe's shine
Shall light those places,
With lustrous graces,
Where darkness with her gloomy sceptred hand,
Doth now command;
O then, my best-best loved, let me importune,
That you will stand,
As far from all revolt, as you are now from fortune.*

AN ODE.

High-spirited friend,
I send nor balms, nor cor'sives to your wound;
Your fate hath found
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend

* It is clear from this stanza that the poem was written before 1600, when the attainder was removed, and that it is, therefore, one of Jonson's earliest productions. Whalley, mistaking the meaning of the last stanza, altered Phœbe to Phœbus. But Phœbe, as pointed out by Gifford, is meant for Queen Elizabeth, who took great delight in this kind of poetical flattery.

The cure of that which is but corporal;
And doubtful days, which were named critical,
Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight;
Yet doth some wholesome physic for the mind
Wrapped in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you misapply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that fair honour it hath gained,
Must now be reined.
True valour doth her own renown command
In one full action; nor have you now more
To do, than be a husband of that store.
Think but how dear you bought
This same which you have caught,
Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth:
'Tis wisdom, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

AN ODE.

Helen, did Homer never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
Did Sappho, on her seven-tongued lute,
So speak, as yet it is not mute,
Of Phaon's form? or doth the boy,
In whom Anacreon once did joy,
Lie drawn to life in his soft verse,
As he whom Maro did rehearse?
Was Lesbia sung by learned Catullus,
Or Delia's graces by Tibullus?
Doth Cynthia, in Propertius' song,
Shine more than she the stars among?
Is Horace his each love so high
Rapt from the earth, as not to die?

With bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice,
Whose fame hath an eternal voice?
Or hath Corinna, by the name
Her Ovid gave her, dimmed the fame
Of Cæsar's daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styled divine?
Hath Petrarch since his Laura raised
Equal with her? or Ronsard praised
His new Cassandra, 'bove the old
Which all the fate of Troy foretold?
Hath our great Sidney, Stella set
Where never star shone brighter yet?
Or Constable's ambrosiac muse
Made Dian not his notes refuse?*
Have all these done—and yet I miss
The swan so relished Pancharis—†
And shall not I my Celia bring,
Where men may see whom I do sing?

---

* Henry Constable, a poet who, towards the close of the 16th century, acquired some celebrity as a writer of sonnets. The work alluded to in the above passage was called *Diana, or the excellent conceitful sonnets of H. C. augmented with divers quatorzains of honourable and learned personages, divided into eight decads:* 1594. Shakspeare's *Sonnets* were not published till thirteen years afterwards, and Constable during the interval enjoyed the reputation of being 'the first sonneteer of his time.' But his sonnets are infinitely inferior to those of Surrey and Wyatt, by whom he was preceded. Constable has a stronger claim upon notice in a short piece called *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, first published in *England's Helicon* in 1600, This poem is supposed by Malone to have furnished the ground-work, or suggested the subject, of Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*. But the conjecture rests upon a very slender basis. The coincidences between the two poems are trivial; and although Constable, who took out his bachelor's degree at Cambridge, in 1579, was some years older than Shakspeare, he did not appear in print till a year after the publication of *Venus and Adonis*. Nothing is known with certainty of Constable's life. Dr. Birch thinks it probable that he was the same Henry Constable who, being a zealous Roman Catholic, was obliged to live abroad on account of his religion, but afterwards, coming privately to London, was discovered, and imprisoned in the Tower, from whence he was released in 1604.

† The French poet Bonefons, or Bonefonius, who, in imitation of Secundus, wrote *Basia*, in the praise of his mistress, Pancharis.—W.

Though I, in working of my song,
Come short of all this learnèd throng,
Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
So much my subject drowns the rest.

A SONNET.

TO THE NOBLE LADY, THE LADY MARY WROTH.*

I that have been a lover, and could show it,
Though not in these, in rhymes not wholly dumb,
Since I exscribe your sonnets,† am become
A better lover, and much better poet.
Nor is my muse nor I ashamed to owe it,
To those true numerous graces, whereof some
But charm the senses, others overcome
Both brains and hearts; and mine now best do know it:
For in your verse all Cupid's armoury,
His flames, his shafts, his quiver, and his bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his mother's sweets you so apply,
Her joys, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus' ceston every line you make.

A FIT OF RHYME AGAINST RHYME.

Rhyme, the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True conceit,
Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Cozening judgment with a measure,
But false weight;
Wresting words from their true calling;
Propping verse for fear of falling
To the ground;
Jointing syllabes, drowning letters,
Fastening vowels, as with fetters
They were bound!

* See *ante*, pp. 322, 324.

† The *Urania* of Lady Mary Wroth was interspersed with numerous songs and snatches of verse, to which this passage alludes.

Soon as lazy thou wert known,
All good poetry hence was flown,
And art banished;
For a thousand years together,
All Parnassus' green did wither,
And wit vanished!
Pegasus did fly away;
At the wells no Muse did stay,
But bewailed,
So to see the fountain dry,
And Apollo's music die,
All light failed!
Starveling rhymes did fill the stage,
Not a poet in an age,
Worthy crowning;
Not a work deserving bays,
Nor a line deserving praise,
Pallas frowning.
Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek, by this protection,
Was not spoiled;
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flourish,
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,
To restore
Phœbus to his crown again;
And the Muses to their brain;
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and sweetness, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,
That they long since have refused
Other cesure.
He that first invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
Cramped for ever;

Still may syllabes jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
Resting never!
May his sense when it would meet
The cold tumour in his feet,
Grow unsounder;
And his title be long fool,
That in rearing such a school
Was the founder!*

AN EPIGRAM ON WILLIAM LORD BURLEIGH,

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.†

If thou wouldst know the virtues of mankind,
Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
And go no further: let this circle be
Thy universe, though his epitome.
Cecil, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can ennoble blood?
The orphan's pillar, the true subject's shield,
The poor's full store-house, and just servant's field;
The only faithful watchman for the realm,
That in all tempests never quit the helm,
But stood unshaken in his deeds and name,
And laboured in the work, not with the fame;
That still was good for goodness' sake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him sought;

* Some resemblance may be traced between particular passages in this piece and the opening of Dryden's lines to the Earl of Roscommon, on translated verse, in which, following the course of poetry through the Greeks and Romans, he shows how it became debased by the introduction of rhyme:—

'Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
Debased the majesty of verse to rhymes;
These rude at first; a kind of hobbling prose,
That limped along, and tinkled in the close.'

† The following note is attached to this epigram in the folio: 'Presented upon a plate of gold to his son, Robert, Earl of Salisbury, when he was also Treasurer.'—See also *ante*, pp. 302, 303.

Whose offices and honours did surprise,
Rather than meet him; and, before his eyes
Closed to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
And in the noblest families took root
Of all the land:—Who now, at such a rate,
Of divine blessing, would not serve a state?

AN EPIGRAM

TO THOMAS LORD ELESMERE, THE LAST TERM HE SAT CHANCELLOR.*

So, justest lord, may all your judgments be
Laws; and no change e'er come to one decree:
So may the king proclaim your conscience is
Law to his law, and think your enemies his;
So, from all sickness, may you rise to health,
The care and wish still of the public wealth;
So may the gentler muses, and good fame,
Still fly about the odour of your name;
As, with the safety and honour of the laws,
You favour truth, and me, in this man's cause!

ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

The judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pomp of counsel; or more aid,
Than to make falsehood blush, and fraud afraid:
When those good few, that her defenders be,
Are there for charity, and not for fee.
Such shall you hear to-day, and find great foes
Both armed with wealth and slander to oppose,
Who, thus long safe, would gain upon the times
A right by the prosperity of their crimes;
Who, though their guilt and perjury they know,
Think, yea, and boast, that they have done it so,

* See *ante*, p. 307. A note in the folio tells us that this epigram (as also that which follows) was written for 'a poor man,' who had a suit depending before Lord Elesmere.

As, though the court pursues them on the scent,
They will come off, and 'scape the punishment.
When this appears, just lord, to your sharp sight,
He does you wrong, that craves you to do right.

AN EPIGRAM

TO THE COUNSELLOR THAT PLEADED, AND CARRIED THE CAUSE

That I hereafter do not think the bar,
The seat made of a more than civil war;
Or the great hall of Westminster, the field
Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side yield;
That henceforth I believe nor books, nor men,
Who, 'gainst the law weave calumnies, my ——;*
But when I read or hear the names so rife
Of hireling, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,
Hook-handed harpies, gowned vultures, put
Upon the reverend pleaders, do now shut
All mouths that dare entitle them, from hence,
To the wolf's study, or dog's eloquence;
Thou art my cause whose manners, since I knew,
Have made me to conceive a lawyer new.
So dost thou study matter, men, and times,
Mak'st it religion to grow rich by crimes;
Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom in the laws,
Or skill to carry out an evil cause,
But first dost vex, and search it; if not sound,
Thou prov'st the gentler ways to cleanse the wound,
And make the scar fair; if that will not be,
Thou hast the brave scorn to put back the fee!
But in a business that will bide the touch,
What use, what strength of reason, and how much
Of books, of precedents, hast thou at hand!
As if the general store thou didst command

* Whalley fills up the blank with the name of Benn, thinking it probable that the person meant was Anthony Benn, who succeeded the solicitor Coventry in the recordership of London.

Of argument, still drawing forth the best,
And not being borrowed by thee, but possessed.
So com'st thou like a chief into the court
Armed at all pieces, as to keep a fort
Against a multitude; and, with thy style
So brightly brandished, wound'st, defend'st, the while
Thy adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a reed unto thy sword!
Then com'st thou off with victory and palm,
Thy hearer's nectar, and thy client's balm,
The court's just honour, and thy judge's love;
And, which doth all achievements get above,
Thy sincere practice breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but all thy rank a reverend name.

AN EPIGRAM.

TO THE SMALL POX.*

Envious and foul Disease, could there not be
One beauty in an age, and free from thee?
What did she worth thy spite? were there not store
Of those that set by their false faces more
Than this did by her true? she never sought
Quarrel with nature, or in balance brought
Art her false servant; nor, for Sir Hugh Plat,†
Was drawn to practise other hue than that
Her own blood gave her: she ne'er had, nor hath
Any belief in madam Bawdbee's bath,‡
Or Turner's oil of talc; not ever got
Spanish receipt to make her teeth to rot.
What was the cause then? thought'st thou, in disgrace
Of beauty, so to nullify a face,

* The ravages of the smallpox on beautiful women, and persons of quality, supplied a prolific theme for the poets, who for the most part treated the subject in an extravagant spirit of hyperbole. Corbet, Cartwright, and Dryden may be particularly referred to for examples.

† A compiler of recipes for making cosmetics, oils, ointments, &c One of his books is entitled *Delights for Ladies to adorn their Persons.* &c. 1628.—G.

‡ The allusion is to the hot-houses.—See *ante*, p. 285.

That heaven should make no more; or should amiss
Make all hereafter, hadst thou ruined this?
Ay, that thy aim was; but her fate prevailed:
And, scorned, thou'st shown thy malice, but hast failed!

AN EPITAPH.

What beauty would have lovely styled,
What manners pretty, nature mild,
What wonder perfect, all were filed
Upon record, in this blest child.
And, till the coming of the soul
To fetch the flesh, we keep the roll.

A SONG.

LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,
For love in shadow best is made.
Though envy oft his shadow be,
None brooks the sun-light worse than he.

MISTRESS.

Where love doth shine, there needs no sur
All lights into his one do run,
Without which all the world were dark;
Yet he himself is but a spark.

ARBITER.

A spark to set whole world a-fire,
Who, more they burn, they more desire,
And have their being, their waste to see;
And waste still, that they still might be.

CHORUS.

Such are his powers, whom time hath styled,
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild;
The eldest god, yet still a child.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Sir, I am thankful, first to heaven for you;
Next to yourself, for making your love true:
Then to your love and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my store added a book,
On which with profit I shall never look,
But must confess from whom that gift I took.

Not like your country neighbours that commit
Their vice of loving for a Christmas fit,
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit;

But as a friend, which name yourself receive,
And which you, being the worthier, gave me leave
In letters, that mix spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keep,
So may the fruitful vine my temples steep,
And fame wake for me when I yield to sleep!

Though you sometimes proclaim me too severe,
Rigid, and harsh, which is a drug austere
In friendship, I confess: but, dear friend, hear:

Little know they, that profess amity,
And seek to scant her comely liberty,
How much they lame her in her property.

And less they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did choose,
Will unto licence that fair leave abuse.

It is an act of tyranny, not love,
In practised friendship wholly to reprove,
As flattery, with friends' humours still to move.

From each of which I labour to be free;
Yet if with either's vice I tainted be,
Forgive it, as my frailty, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passion's sway
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her fury, yet no friendship to betray.

AN ELEGY.*

'Tis true, I'm broke! vows, oaths, and all I had
Of credit lost. And I am now run mad;
Or do upon myself some desperate ill;
This sadness makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a darkness hath blocked up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to starve it. Help, O you that may
Alone lend succours, and this fury stay!
Offended mistress, you are yet so fair,
As light breaks from you that affrights despair,
And fills my powers with persuading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menace of a storm
Look forth, but cannot last in such a form.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of graces, or your mercy here in me,
Spare your own goodness yet; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God and the good know to forgive and save;
The ignorant and fools no pity have.

---

* Gifford constructs a romance out of this Elegy and the three which immediately follow. He supposes that they were all addressed to the same lady; with whom Jonson appears to have had a love affair. In the first, the poet acknowledges having betrayed her confidence in a moment of intoxication, by disclosing the secret of their intimacy; in the second he celebrates their reconciliation, but laments the imprudence of the lady, who, in her turn, trusted a false friend, by whom her confidence was abused, the friend traducing the lovers to each other; a mutual explanation now takes place, and the subsequent elegies are dedicated to the resumption of their intercourse. This conjectural narrative may possibly help the reader to a keener enjoyment of these pieces; but it is necessary, since the matter touches the biography of Jonson, to keep in mind that it has no better foundation than the fancy of the critic.

I will not stand to justify my fault,
Or lay the excuse upon the vintner's vault;
Or in confessing of the crime be nice,
Or go about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what company 'twas in,
As I would urge authority for sin;
No, I will stand arraigned and cast, to be
The subject of your grace in pardoning me,
And, styled your mercy's creature, will live more
Your honour now, than your disgrace before.
Think it was frailty, mistress, think me man,
Think that yourself, like heaven, forgive me can:
Where weakness doth offend, and virtue grieve,
There greatness takes a glory to relieve.
Think that I once was yours, or may be now;
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you.
Error and folly in me may have crossed
Your just commands: yet those, not I, be lost.
I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compassion; parents should be mild:
There is no father that for one demerit,
Or two, or three, a son will disinherit;
That is the last of punishments is meant;
No man inflicts that pain till hope be spent;
An ill-affected limb, whate'er it ail,
We cut not off till all cures else do fail;
And then with pause; for severed once, that's gone,
Would live his glory that could keep it on.
Do not despair my mending; to distrust
Before you prove a medicine, is unjust;
You may so place me, and in such an air,
As not alone the cure, but scar be fair.
That is, if still your favours you apply,
And, not the bounties you have done, deny.
Could you demand the gifts you gave, again!
Why was't? did e'er the clouds ask back their rain?
The sun his heat and light? the air his dew?
Or winds the spirit by which the flower so grew?

That were to wither all, and make a grave
Of that wise nature would a cradle have!
Her order is to cherish and preserve,
Consumption's, nature to destroy and starve.
But to exact again what once is given,
Is nature's mere obliquity; as Heaven
Should ask the blood and spirits he hath infused
In man, because man hath the flesh abused.
O may your wisdom take example hence!
God lightens not at man's each frail offence:
He pardons slips, goes by a world of ills,
And then his thunder frights more than it kills.
He cannot angry be, but all must quake;
It shakes even Him that all things else doth shake.
And how more fair and lovely looks the world
In a calm sky, than when the heaven is hurled
About in clouds, and wrapt in raging weather,
As all with storm and tempest ran together!
O imitate that sweet serenity
That makes us live, not that which calls to die
In dark and sullen morns, do we not say,
This looketh like an execution-day;
And with the vulgar doth it not obtain
The name of cruel weather, storm and rain?
Be not affected with these marks too much
Of cruelty, lest they do make you such;
But view the mildness of your Maker's state,
As I the penitent's here emulate.
He, when he sees a sorrow, such as this,
Straight puts off all his anger, and doth kiss
The contrite soul, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another sin
Forgiven him: and in that line stand I,
Rather than once displease you more, to die,
To suffer tortures, scorn, and infamy,
What fools, and all their parasites can apply;
The wit of ale, and genius of the malt
Can pump for, or a libel without salt

Produce; though threatening with a coal or chalk,
On every wall, and sung where'er I walk.
I number these as being of the chore
Of contumely, and urge a good man more
Than sword, or fire, or what is of the race
To carry noble danger in the face:
There is not any punishment, or pain,
A man should fly from, as he would disdain.
Then, mistress, here, here let your rigour end,
And let your mercy make me ashamed to offend;
I will no more abuse my vows to you,
Than I will study falsehood to be true.
O, that you could but by dissection see
How much you are the better part of me;
How all my fibres by your spirit do move,
And that there is no life in me, but love!
You would be then most confident, that though
Public affairs command me now to go
Out of your eyes, and be awhile away,
Absence or distance shall not breed decay.
Your form shines here, here fixèd in my heart:
I may dilate myself, but not depart.
Others by common stars their courses run,
When I see you, then I do see my sun:
Till then 'tis all but darkness that I have;
Rather than want your light, I wish a grave.

AN ELEGY.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it full in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed the purer air,
And must she needs be false, because she's fair?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to study truth?
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or those it hath wink at your perjuries?

Are vows so cheap with women? or the matter
Whereof they're made, that they were writ in water,
And blown away with wind? or doth their breath,
Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Tuned to our words, so many sighs should meet
Blown from our hearts, so many oaths and tears
Sprinkled among, all sweeter by our fears,
And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
That sealed the rest, could now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false, would wish you just?
O, I profane! though most of women be
The common monster, thought shall except thee,
My dearest love, though froward jealousy
With circumstance might urge the contrary.
Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to cheer
The teeming earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June would bind his streams;
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But, O, that treacherous breast! to whom weak you,
Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falsehood found too late! 'twas he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
Whilst he, black wretch, betrayed each simple word
We spake, unto the cunning of a third!
Cursed may he be, that so our love hath slain,
And wander wretched on the earth, as Cain;
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity!
In plaguing him, let misery be witty.
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noisome as his infamy;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price;

And after all self-torment, when he dies,
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
That uttered all, be to some raven flung;
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs, than any other beast!
Now I have cursed, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive.
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease; like painters that do take
Delight, not in made works, but whilst they make.*
I could renew those times when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you liked, and at masques and plays,
Commend the self-same actors the same ways;
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly catched as a disease;
But, being got, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend, is harder than to get;
And ought not be profaned on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

AN ELEGY.

That love's a bitter sweet, I ne'er conceive,
'Till the sour minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taste it: but as men drink up
In haste the bottom of a medicined cup,
And take some syrup after; so do I,
To put all relish from my memory

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* And as a cunning painter takes,
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made—why, so will we.
In the Person of Womankind.—See *ante*, p. 390.

Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.
This makes me, mistress, that sometimes by stealth,
Under another name, I take your health,
And turn the ceremonies of those nights
I give, or owe my friends, unto your rites;
But ever without blazon, or least shade
Of vows so sacred, and in silence made:
For though love thrive, and may grow up with cheer,
And free society, he's born elsewhere,
And must be bred, so to conceal his birth,
As neither wine do rack it out, or mirth.
Yet should the lover still be airy and light,
In all his actions, rarefied to sprite;
Not like a Midas, shut up in himself,
And turning all he toucheth into pelf,
Keep in reserved in his dark-lantern face,
As if that excellent dulness were love's grace:
No, mistress, no! the open, merry man
Moves like a sprightly river, and yet can
Keep secret in his channels what he breeds,
'Bove all your standing waters, choked with weeds.
They look at best like cream-bowls, and you soon
Shall find their depth; they are sounded with a spoon.
They may say grace, and for Love's chaplains pass,
But the grave lover ever was an ass;
Is fixed upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for he's still at home;
Like the dull wearied crane, that, come on land,
Doth while he keeps his watch, betray his stand;
Where he that knows will like a lapwing fly
Far from the nest, and so himself belie
To others, as he will deserve the trust
Due to that one that doth believe him just.
And such your servant is, who vows to keep
The jewel of your name as close as sleep
Can lock the sense up, or the heart a thought,
And never be by time or folly brought,

Weakness of brain, or any charm of wine,
The sin of boast, or other countermine
Made to blow up love's secrets, to discover
That article may not become your lover:
Which in assurance to your breast I tell,
If I had writ no word, but, dear, farewell!

AN ELEGY.

Since you must go, and I must bid farewell,
Hear, mistress, your departing servant tell
What it is like: and do not think they can
Be idle words, though of a parting man.
It is as if a night should shade noon-day,
Or that the sun was here, but forced away;
And we were left under that hemisphere,
Where we must feel it dark for half a year.
What fate is this, to change men's days and hours,
To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers!
Alas! I have lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
Winter has come a quarter ere his time!
My health will leave me; and when you depart,
How shall I do, sweet mistress, for my heart?
You would restore it? No, that's worth a fear,
As if it were not worthy to be there:
O, keep it still; for it had rather be
Your sacrifice, than here remain with me;
And so I spare it; come what can become
Of me, I'll softly tread unto my tomb;
Or, like a ghost, walk silent amongst men,
Till I may see both it and you again.

AN ELEGY.

Let me be what I am; as Virgil cold,
As Horace fat, or as Anacreon old;
No poet's verses yet did ever move,
Whose readers did not think he was in love.

Who shall forbid me then in rhyme to be
As light and active as the youngest he
That from the Muses' fountains doth endorse
His lines, and hourly sits the poet's horse?
Put on my ivy garland; let me see
Who frowns, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right
In all that is called lovely: take my sight,
Sooner than my affection from the fair;
No face, no hand, proportion, line or air
Of beauty, but the muse hath interest in:
There is not worn that lace, purl,* knot, or pin,
But is the poet's matter; and he must,
When he is furious, love, although not lust.
But then content, your daughters and your wives,
If they be fair and worth it, have their lives
Made longer by our praises; or, if not,
Wish you had foul ones, and deformèd got,
Cursed in their cradles, or there changed by elves,
So to be sure you do enjoy yourselves.
Yet keep those up in sackcloth too, or leather,
For silk will draw some sneaking songster thither.
It is a rhyming age, and verses swarm
At every stall; the city cap's a charm.
But I who live, and have lived twenty year,
Where I may handle silk as free, and near,
As any mercer, or the whalebone man
That quilts those bodies I have leave to span;
Have eaten with the beauties, and the wits,
And braveries of court; and felt their fits
Of love and hate; and came so nigh to know
Whether their faces were their own or no:
It is not likely I should now look down
Upon a velvet petticoat, or a gown,
Whose like I have known the tailor's wife put on,
To do her husband's rites in, ere 'twere gone

* See *ante*, p. 386, note †.

Home to the customer; his lechery
Being the best clothes still to preoccupy.
Put a coach-mare in tissue, must I horse
Her presently? or leap thy wife of force,
When by thy sordid bounty she hath on
A gown of that was the caparison?
So I might dote upon thy chairs and stools,
That are like clothed; must I be of those fools
Of race accounted, that no passion have,
But when thy wife, as thou conceiv'st, is brave?
Then ope thy wardrobe, think me that poor groom
That, from the footman, when he was become
An officer there, did make most solemn love
To every petticoat he brushed, and glove
He did lay up; and would adore the shoe
Or slipper was left off, and kiss it too;
Court every hanging gown, and, after that,
Lift up some one, and do—I tell not what.
Thou didst tell me, and wert o'er-joyed to peep
In at a hole, and see these actions creep [prose,
From the poor wretch, which though he plaied in
He would have done in verse, with any of those
Wrung on the withers by lord Love's despite,
Had he had the faculty to read and write!
Such songsters there are store of; witness he
That chanced the lace, laid on a smock, to see,
And straightway spent a sonnet; with that other
That, in pure madrigal, unto his mother
Commended the French hood and scarlet gown
The lady-mayoress passed in through the town,
Unto the Spittle sermon.* 'O, what strange
Variety of silks were on the Exchange!

* 'Time out of mind, it hath been a laudable custom that on Good Friday, in the afternoon, some especial learned man, by appointment of the prelates, hath preached a sermon at Paul's-cross, treating of Christ's Passion; and upon the three next Easter holidays, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the like learned men, by the like appointment, have used to preach on the forenoons at the said Spittle' [a priory and hospital called St. Mary Spittle, on the site now occupied by

Or in Moor-fields!' this other night, sings one;
Another answers, 'Alas! those silks are none,'
In smiling *l'envoy*,* as he would deride
Any comparison had with his Cheapside;
And vouches both the pageant and the day,
When not the shops, but windows do display
The stuffs, the velvets, plushes, fringes, lace,
And all the original riots of the place.
Let the poor fools enjoy their follies, love
A goat in velvet; or some block could move
Under that cover, an old midwife's hat,
Or a close-stool so cased; or any fat
Bawd, in a velvet scabbard! I envy
None of their pleasures; nor will ask thee why
Thou art jealous of thy wife's, or daughter's case,
More than of either's manners, wit, or face!

Spital-square, Spitalfields, where there was another pulpit cross, somewhat resembling that in St. Paul's churchyard] 'to persuade the article of Christ's Resurrection; and then on Low Sunday, one other learned man at Paul's-cross, to make rehearsal of those four former sermons, either commending or reproving them, as to him by judgment of the learned divines was thought convenient. And that done, he was to make a sermon of his own study, which in all were five sermons in one. At these sermons, so severally preached, the mayor, with his brethren the aldermen, were accustomed to be present in their violets at Paul's on Good Friday, and in their scarlets at the Spittle in the holidays, except Wednesday in violet, and the mayor with his brethren on Low Sunday in scarlet, at Paul's-cross, continued until this day.' —Stow—*Survey of London*. The old pulpit cross was taken down during the civil wars; and in the time of the Restoration the Spittle sermons were preached at St. Bride's, Fleet-street. Soon after the beginning of the present century, they were removed to Christ Church, Newgate-street, where they are still attended by the civic authorities. Gifford draws a distinction between spital and spittle; affirming the former to be an almshouse for the aged and infirm, and the latter a lazar-house for leprosy and other loathsome diseases. But the indiscriminate use made of the terms by the old writers shows that they meant the same thing, and differed only in orthography, then arbitrary and unsettled. Nares traces the words to the same origin—a familiar abbreviation, or corruption, of hospital; and adds, 'as a still fuller proof that spital and spittle were not distinguished, Elsing's hospital, in Cripplegate ward, was generally called Elsing Spittle; and it was particularly destined by its founder, Stow says, 'for the sustentation of 100 blind men.''

* That is, a kind of supercilious close.—G.

AN EXECRATION UPON VULCAN.*

And why to me this, thou lame lord of fire?
What had I done that might call on thine ire?
Or urge thy greedy flames thus to devour
So many my years' labours in an hour?
I ne'er attempted, Vulcan, 'gainst thy life;
Nor made least line of love to thy loose wife;
Or in remembrance of thy affront and scorn,
With clowns and tradesmen, kept thee closed in horn.†
'Twas Jupiter that hurled thee headlong down,
And Mars that gave thee a lantern for a crown.
Was it because thou wert of old denied,
By Jove, to have Minerva for thy bride;
That since, thou tak'st all envious care and pain
To ruin every issue of the brain?
Had I wrote treason here, or heresy,
Imposture, witchcraft, charms, or blasphemy;
I had deserved then thy consuming looks,
Perhaps to have been burnèd with my books.
But, on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spy
Any least loose or scurril paper lie
Concealed, or kept here, that was fit to be,
By thy own vote, a sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honour of the crown?
Or tax the glory of the church or gown?
Itch to defame the state, or brand the times,
And myself most, in lewd self-boasting rhymes?

* By the fire to which this poem alludes, Jonson's library was destroyed, and with it a large quantity of his MSS., including some unfinished, and some complete. He seems to have borne his irreparable loss with extraordinary composure, satisfying his vexation by this pleasant revenge upon misfortune. He here enumerates most of the MSS. that perished—a life of Henry V., nearly completed: an account of his journey into Scotland; *The Rape of Proserpine;* the poem on the ladies of Great Britain, alluded to in his epistle to the Countess of Rutland, see *ante*, p. 367; some dramas; an English grammar, of which considerable fragments have been preserved; and the gleanings of twenty-four years' study in philosophy and divinity.

† A joke of very ancient standing: *Heus tu, qui Vulcanum conclusum in cornu geris!*—Plaut. *Amphytr.*—W.

If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
A cause before, or leave me one behind.
Had I compiled from Amadis de Gaul,
The Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all
The learnèd library of Don Quixote,
And so some goodlier monster had begot;
Or spun out riddles, or weaved fifty tomes
Of logogriphs, and curious palindromes,
Or pumped for those hard trifles, anagrams,
Or eteostics, or your finer flams
Of eggs, and halberds, cradles, and a hearse,
A pair of scissors, and a comb in verse;
Acrostics, and telestichs on jump names,*
Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
On such my serious follies. But, thou'lt say,
There were some pieces of as base allay,
And as false stamp there; parcels of a play,
Fitter to see the fire-light than the day;
Adulterate moneys, such as would not go:—
Thou shouldst have stayed till public Fame said so
She is the judge, thou executioner;
Or, if thou needs wouldst trench upon her power,
Thou mightst have yet enjoyed thy cruelty
With some more thrift, and more variety:
Thou mightst have had me perish piece by piece,
To light tobacco, or save roasted geese,
Singe capons, or crisp pigs, dropping their eyes,
Condemned me to the ovens with the pies;
And so have kept me dying a whole age,
Not ravished all hence in a minute's rage.

---

* In this passage Jonson collects the names of some of the fantastical exercises in verse which were in high vogue, and which Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, attempts to trace to China and Tartary. He calls them 'geometrical figures,' and says that they were sometimes square, round, or oval, and sometimes took the shapes of lozenges, eggs, tapers, triangles, &c.; but, in justice to the writer of that curious old treatise, it is only fair to add, that he does not claim a place for them amongst the legitimate forms of poetry, frankly acknowledging they are only 'conceits' and 'courtly trifles.'

But that's a mark whereof thy rites do boast,
To make consumption everywhere thou go'st.
Had I foreknown of this, thy least desire
To have held a triumph, or a feast of fire,
Especially in paper; that that steam
Had tickled thy large nostrils; many a ream,
To redeem mine, I had sent in: Enough!
Thou shouldst have cried, and all been proper stuff.
The Talmud and the Alcoran had come,
With pieces of the Legend;* the whole sum
Of errant knighthood, with the dames and dwarfs;
The charmèd boats, and the enchanted wharfs,
The Tristrams, Lancelots, Turpins, and the Peers,
All the mad Rolands, and sweet Olivers;
To Merlin's marvels, and his Cabal's loss,
With the chimera of the Rosy-cross,
Their seals, their characters, hermetic rings,
Their gem of riches, and bright stone that brings
Invisibility, and strength, and tongues;
The art of kindling the true coal by Lungs;†
With Nicholas' Pasquils,‡ Meddle with your match.
And the strong lines that do the times so catch;
Or Captain Pamphlet's horse and foot, that sally
Upon the Exchange still, out of Pope's-head alley;§
The weekly courants, with Paul's seal; and all
The admired discourses of the prophet Ball.‖

* *The Lives of the Saints.*—G.

† The name given to the under-operators in the chemists' laboratories, whose business it was to blow the fire. It occurs several times in Jonson's plays: here is an example:—

'His lungs, his zephyrus, he that puffs his coals.'
Alchemist, ii. 1.

‡ Gifford thinks this alludes to Nicholas Breton, who wrote several pieces under the name of Pasquil.

§ A footway leading from Lombard-street to Cornhill. The figure is intended to represent the rout of news-vendors who passed out by that avenue to the Exchange.

‖ The prophet Baal to be sent over to them,
To calculate a time, &c.—*Staple of News*, iii. 2.
The title is applied to any fanatical leader, like John Ball, a Scottish minister, who was concerned in the rebellion of Wat Tyler.

These, hadst thou pleased either to dine or sup
Had made a meal for Vulcan to lick up;
But, in my desk, what was there to excite
So ravenous and vast an appetite?
I dare not say a body, but some parts
There were of search, and mastery in the arts;
'All the old Venusine, in poetry,
And lighted by the Stagyrite, could spy,
Was there made English; with a grammar too,
To teach some that their nurses could not do,
The purity of language; and, among
The rest, my journey into Scotland sung,
With all the adventures: three books, not afraid
To speak the fate of the Sicilian maid,
To their own ladies; and in story there
Of our fifth Henry, eight of his nine year;
Wherein was oil, beside the succours spent,
Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent;
And twice twelve years stored up humanity,
With humble gleanings in divinity,
After the fathers, and those wiser guides,
Whom faction had not drawn to study sides.
How in these ruins, Vulcan, dost thou lurk,
All soot and embers! odious as thy work!
I now begin to doubt if ever Grace,
Or goddess, could be patient of thy face.
Thou woo Minerva! or to wit aspire!
'Cause thou canst halt with us in arts and fire!
Son of the Wind! for so thy mother, gone
With lust, conceived thee; father thou hadst none.
When thou wert born, and that thou look'dst at bes-
She durst not kiss, but flung thee from her breast;
And so did Jove, who ne'er meant thee his cup;
No marvel the clowns of Lemnos took thee up!
For none but smiths would have made thee a god.
Some alchemist there may be yet, or odd
'Squire of the squibs, against the pageant-day,
May to thy name a Vulcanale say;

And for it lose his eyes with gunpowder,
As th' other may his brains with quicksilver.
Well fare the wise men yet, on the Bankside,
My friends, the watermen! they could provide
Against thy fury, when, to serve their needs,
They made a Vulcan of a sheaf of reeds,
Whom they durst handle in their holiday coats,
And safely trust to dress, not burn their boats.
But, O those reeds! thy mere disdain of them,
Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,
Which some are pleased to style but thy mad prank,
Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank;*
Which, though it were the fort of the whole parish,
Flanked with a ditch, and forced out of a marish,
I saw with two poor chambers† taken in, [been!
And razed; ere thought could urge this might have
See the World's ruins! nothing but the piles
Left, and wit since to cover it with tiles.
The brethren they straight nosed it out for news,
'Twas verily some relic of the stews;
And this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
That was raked up in the Winchestrian goose
Bred on the Bank in time of Popery,
When Venus there maintained the mystery.‡
But others fell, with that conceit, by the ears,
And cried it was a threatening to the bears,

* Alluding to the burning of the Globe Theatre on the Bank-side, on the 29th June, 1613. The occurrence took place during the performance of a play called *All is True*, representing some passages in the reign of Henry VIII. During one of the scenes, exhibiting a masque at the house of Cardinal Wolsey, some cannons were fired off upon the entrance of the king, and the ignited materials striking the thatch with which the building was covered, the flames rapidly spread, and in less than an hour the house was burned to the ground.

† The two small cannons used on the occasion of the performance.

‡ It was under the Protestant regime of Henry VIII. that the dens of vice which had previously covered the Bank-side were abolished by proclamation. Hence the allusion to 'the Bank in time of Popery.' The place was within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, and any one who had become contaminated by frequenting it was nicknamed a Winchester goose.

And that accursèd ground, the Paris-garden:*
Nay, sighed a sister, Venus' nun, Kate Arden,
Kindled the fire!—but then, did one return,
No fool would his own harvest spoil or burn!
If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance
The place that was thy wife's inheritance.
O no, cried all, Fortune, for being a whore,
'Scaped not his justice any jot the more:
He burned that idol of the Revels too.†
Nay, let Whitehall with revels have to do,
Though but in dances, it shall know his power;
There was a judgment shown too in an hour.‡
He is right Vulcan still! he did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his Venus' care.
Fool, wilt thou let that in example come?
Did not she save from thence to build a Rome?
And what hast thou done in these petty spites,
More than advanced the houses and their rites?
I will not argue thee, from those, of guilt,
For they were burned but to be better built:
'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroyed,
Which thou hast only vented, not enjoyed.
So wouldst thou've run upon the rolls by stealth,
And didst invade part of the commonwealth,

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* Paris-garden was used for bear-baiting as early as the reign of Henry VIII. A fatal accident occurred there on a Sunday, 13th January, 1582-3, when one of the galleries, crowded with spectators, broke down, and many persons were killed. A theatre was afterwards built on the ground, in which Dekker (*Satiromastiæ*, 1602) asserts that Ben Jonson acted.

† The Fortune Theatre, in Golding-lane, Whitecross-street, was erected in 1599, by Edward Alleyn and his wife's step-father, Philip Henslowe; and was destroyed by fire on Sunday night, 14th December, 1621. The house, built of wood, was consumed, together with the entire wardrobe of the actors, and their plays, in two hours. A more substantial theatre of brick was raised on its site in 1623.

‡ Alluding to the destruction by fire of the old Banqueting-house at Whitehall on the 12th January, 1618-19. A second fire consumed the greater part of the palace towards the water side in 1691; and a third conflagration, still more destructive in its effects, occurred there on the 4th January, 1697-8.

In those records, which, were all chronicles gone,
Would be remembered by Six Clerks to one.
But say all six, good men, what answer ye?
Lies there no writ out of the Chancery
Against this Vulcan? no injunction,
No order, no decree?—though we be gone
At common-law; methinks in his despite,
A court of equity should do us right.
But to confine him to the brew-houses,
The glass-house, dye-vats, and their furnaces;
To live in sea-coal, and go forth in smoke;
Or, lest that vapour might the city choke,
Condemn him to some brick-kilns, or some hill-
Foot (out of Sussex) to an iron-mill;
Or in small fagots have him blaze about
Vile taverns, and the drunkards piss him out;
Or in the bell-man's lantern, like a spy,
Burn to a snuff, and then stink out, and die:
I could invent a sentence, yet were worse;
But I'll conclude all in a civil curse:
Pox on your flameship, Vulcan! if it be
To all as fatal as 't hath been to me,
And to Paul's steeple; which was unto us
'Bove all your fire-works had at Ephesus,
Or Alexandria;* and, though a divine
Loss, remains yet as unrepaired as mine.
Would you had kept your forge at Ætna, still!
And there made swords, bills, glaives, and arms your
Maintained the trade at Bilboa, or elsewhere, [fill:
Struck in at Milan with the cutlers there;
Or stayed but where the friar and you first met,
Who from the devil's arse did guns beget;
Or fixed in the Low Countries, where you might
On both sides do your mischief with delight:
Blow up and ruin, mine and countermine,
Make your petards and grenades, all your fine

* The burning of the Temple of Diana, and the Alexandrian Library.

Engines of murder, and enjoy the praise
Of massacring mankind so many ways!
We ask your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruits thereof and the increase;
So doth the king, and most of the king's men
That have good places: therefore once again,
Pox on thee, Vulcan! thy Pandora's pox,
And all the ills that flew out of her box,
Light on thee! or, if those plagues will not do,
Thy wife's pox on thee, and Bess Broughton's too!

A SPEECH, ACCORDING TO HORACE.

Why yet, my noble hearts, they cannot say,
But we have powder still for the king's day,
And ordnance too; so much as from the Tower,
T' have waked, if sleeping, Spain's ambassador,
Old Æsop Gondemar:* the French can tell,
For they did see it the last tilting well,
That we have trumpets, armour, and great horse,
Lances and men, and some a breaking force.
They saw, too, store of feathers, and more may,
If they stay here but till St. George's day.
All ensigns of a war are not yet dead,
Nor marks of wealth so from a nation fled,
But they may see gold chains and pearl worn then,
Lent by the London dames to the Lord's men:
Withal, the dirty pains those citizens take,
To see the pride at court, their wives do make;
And the return those thankful courtiers yield,
To have their husbands drawn forth to the field.

---

* Gondemar was, perhaps, the most unpopular ambassador that ever visited England. He was frequently insulted in the streets by the populace, and on one occasion a person who had offended in this way was publicly whipped by the hangman, by the express orders of the king. At court, however, the ambassador acquired considerable influence by his skilful flattery and the brilliancy of his wit.

And coming home to tell what acts were done
Under the auspice of young Swinnerton.*
What a strong fort old Pimlico had been!
How it held out! how, last, 'twas taken in!—
Well, I say, thrive, thrive, brave Artillery-yard,
Thou seed-plot of the war! thou hast not spared
Powder or paper to bring up the youth
Of London, in the military truth,
These ten years day; as all may swear that look
But on thy practice, and the posture-book.
He that but saw thy curious captain's drill,
Would think no more of Flushing or the Brill,
But give them over to the common ear,
For that unnecessary charge they were.
Well did thy crafty clerk and knight, Sir Hugh,
Supplant bold Panton, and brought there to view
Translated Ælian's tactics to be read,
And the Greek discipline, with the modern, shed
So in the ground, as soon it grew to be
The city-question, whether Tilly or he
Were now the greater captain? for they saw
The Berghen siege, and taking in Bredau,
So acted to the life, as Maurice might,
And Spinola have blushèd at the sight.
O happy art! and wise epitome
Of bearing arms! most civil soldiery!
Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and fight dry
The battles of thy aldermanity,
Without the hazard of a drop of blood,
More than the surfeits in thee that day stood.
Go on, increased in virtue and in fame,
And keep the glory of the English name
Up among nations. In the stead of bold
Beauchamps and Nevills, Cliffords, Audleys, old,
Insert thy Hodges, and those newer men,
As Stiles, Dike, Ditchfield, Millar, Crips, and Fen:

* Probably the son of Sir John Swinnerton, mayor of London in 1612.—G.

That keep the war, though now't be grown more tame,
Alive yet in the noise, and still the same;
And could, if our great men would let their sons
Come to their schools, show them the use of guns;
And there instruct the noble English heirs
In politic and military affairs.
But he that should persuade to have this done
For education of our lordings, soon
Should he [not] hear of billow, wind, and storm
From the tempestuous grandlings, who'll inform
Us, in our bearing, that are thus and thus,
Born, bred, allied? What's he dare tutor us?
Are we by book-worms to be awed? must we
Live by their scale, that dare do nothing free?
Why are we rich or great, except to show
All licence in our lives? What need we know
More than to praise a dog, or horse? or speak
The hawking language? or our day to break
With citizens? let clowns and tradesmen breed
Their sons to study arts, the laws, the creed:
We will believe like men of our own rank,
In so much land a year, or such a bank,
That turns us so much moneys, at which rate
Our ancestors imposed on prince and state.
Let poor nobility be virtuous: we,
Descended in a rope of titles be
From Guy, or Bevis, Arthur, or from whom
The herald will; our blood is now become
Past any need of virtue. Let them care,
That in the cradle of their gentry are,
To serve the state by counsels and by arms:
We neither love the troubles nor the harms.
What love you then? your whore: what study? gait,
Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late
The Academy, where the gallants meet—
What! to make legs? yes, and to smell most sweet:
All that they do at plays. O, but first here
They learn and study; and then practise there.

But why are all these irons in the fire
Of several makings? helps, helps, to attire
His lordship; that is for his band, his hair
This; and that box his beauty to repair;
This other for his eyebrows; hence, away!
I may no longer on these pictures stay,
These carcases of honour; tailors' blocks
Covered with tissue, whose prosperity mocks
The fate of things; whilst tattered virtue holds
Her broken arms up to their empty moulds!

AN EPISTLE TO MASTER ARTHUR SQUIB.

What I am not, and what I fain would be,
Whilst I inform myself, I would teach thee,
My gentle Arthur, that it might be said
One lesson we have both learned, and well read.
I neither am, nor art thou, one of those
That hearkens to a jack's pulse, when it goes;
Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet,
Was issue of the tavern or the spit;
Much less a name would we bring up, or nurse.
That could but claim a kindred from the purse.
Those are poor ties depend on those false ends,
'Tis virtue alone, or nothing, that knits friends.
And as within your office* you do take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquiry of the worth: so must we do,
First weigh a friend, then touch, and try him too
For there are many slips and counterfeits;
Deceit is fruitful; men have masks and nets;
But these with wearing will themselves unfold;
They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turn him, and see his threads: look if he be
Friend to himself that would be friend to thee:

* It appears that this gentleman was one of the principal clerks in the Exchequer. I find several of his name, in succession, in the books of that office.—G.

For that is first required, a man be his own:
But he that's too much that, is friend of none.
Then rest, and a friend's value understand;
It is a richer purchase than of land.

AN EPIGRAM ON SIR EDWARD COKE,

WHEN HE WAS LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.*

He that should search all glories of the gown,
And steps of all raised servants of the crown,
He could not find than thee, of all that store,
Whom fortune aided less, or virtue more.
Such, Coke, were thy beginnings, when thy good
In others' evil best was understood;

* Sir Edward Coke, after passing through the offices of Solicitor and Attorney-General under Queen Elizabeth, was knighted by James I. in 1603. As, under Elizabeth he managed the prosecution of the Earls of Essex and Southampton, so, under James, he conducted the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh; and on both occasions exhibited a coarse and vindictive spirit which drew upon him the universal reprobation of the people. In 1606, he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and in 1613 of the King's Bench, and sworn of the Privy Council. Two years afterwards, when Lord Elesmere resigned the Chancellorship, the king deliberated upon advancing Coke to that office, when Sir Francis Bacon, who had always been at enmity with the Lord Chief Justice, wrote to his majesty to the effect that if he made Coke Chancellor he would 'put an over-ruling man into an over-ruling place, which might breed an extreme.' Soon afterwards Coke fell into disgrace. The causes of his fall have been variously stated; but it is certain that his overbearing temper committed him to acts which brought him under the royal displeasure. In 1616 he was brought twice on his knees before the council at Whitehall, when he was sequestered from the council table, and forbid to ride circuit. Before the close of the year he was removed from his office of Lord Chief Justice. Throughout these proceedings he is said to have shown as much fawning and servility as he had manifested pride and insolence in his prosperity. He was again received into favour towards the close of 1617; but again falling into discredit at court by resisting in Parliament the innovations of the Crown, he was committed to the Tower, and for the second time turned out of the Privy Council. In the following reign he once more entered Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his bold defence of the privileges of the Commons, and the liberty of the subject. He framed and proposed the Petition of Rights, and became the idol of the popular party. After the dissolution of that Parliament, he retired from public life, and died in September, 1634, in his eighty-sixth year.

When, being the stranger's help, the poor man's aid,
Thy just defences made th' oppressor afraid.
Such was thy process, when integrity,
And skill in thee now grew authority,
That clients strove, in question of the laws,
More for thy patronage, than for their cause;
And that thy strong and manly eloquence
Stood up thy nation's fame, her crown's defence;
And now such is thy stand, while thou dost deal
Desirèd justice to the public weal,
Like Solon's self, explat'st * the knotty laws
With endless labours, whilst thy learning draws
No less of praise, than readers, in all kinds
Of worthiest knowledge, that can take men's minds.
Such is thy all, that, as I sung before,
None fortune aided less, or virtue more.
Or if chance must to each man that doth rise
Needs lend an aid, to thine she had her eyes.

AN EPISTLE, ANSWERING TO ONE THAT ASKED TO BE SEALED OF THE TRIBE OF BEN.†

Men that are safe and sure in all they do,
Care not what trials they are put unto;
They meet the fire, the test, as martyrs would,
And though opinion stamp them not, are gold.
I could say more of such, but that I fly
To speak myself out too ambitiously,
And showing so weak an act to vulgar eyes,
Put conscience and my right to compromise.

* Explate—to explain or unfold.

† Jonson had many 'adopted sons'—young men in whose success he felt an interest, and whose talents he encouraged. The following list is, probably, complete: Bishop Morley, Lord Falkland, Richard Brome, William Cartwright, Robert Herrick, Joseph Rutter, Thomas Randolph, Sir Henry Morrison, Shakerley Marmion, James Howell, Sir Kenelm Digby, and Sir John Suckling. These persons constituted that band of youthful associates which Jonson here pleasantly designates 'the tribe of Ben.' The epistle is addressed to some new candidate for filiation.

Let those that merely talk, and never think,
That live in the wild anarchy of drink,
Subject to quarrel only; or else such
As make it their proficiency, how much
They've glutted in, and lechered out that week,
That never yet did friend or friendship seek,
But for a sealing:* let these men protest.
Or th' other on their borders, that will jest
On all souls that are absent,—even the dead,
Like flies, or worms, which man's corrupt parts fed;
That to speak well, think it above all sin,
Of any company but that they are in;
Called every night to supper in these fits
And are received for the covey of wits;
That censure all the town, and all the affairs,
And know whose ignorance is more then theirs:
Let these men have their ways, and take their times
To vent their libels, and to issue rhymes;
I have no portion in them, nor their deal
Of news they get, to strew out the long meal;†
I study other friendships, and more one,
Than these can ever be; or else wish none.
What is't to me whether the French design
Be, or be not, to get the Valteline?
Or the States' ships sent forth belike to meet
Some hopes of Spain in their West-Indian fleet?
Whether the dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the match from Spain was ever meant?‡
I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire
My prince's safety, and my king's desire.
But if for honour we must draw the sword,
And force back that, which will not be restored,

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* That is, becoming sureties for them, joining them in their bonds. —G.

† See Epigram cxv., *ante*, p. 331.

‡ These allusions to the breaking off the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain indicate the date of the epistle.

I have a body yet that spirit draws,
To live, or fall a carcass, in the cause.
So far without inquiry what the States,
Brunsfield, and Mansfield, do this year, my fates
Shall carry me at call; and I'll be well,
Though I do neither hear these news, nor tell
Of Spain or France; or were not pricked down one
Of the late mystery of reception;
Although my fame to his not under-hears,
That guides the motions, and directs the bears.
But that's a blow, by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas clay,
And animated porcelain of the court;
Ay, and for this neglect, the coarser sort
Of earthen jars there, may molest me too:
Well, with mine own frail pitcher, what to do
I have decreed; keep it from waves and press,
Lest it be justled, cracked, made nought, or less.
Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
And dwell as in my centre, as I can,
Still looking to, and ever loving heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts thence given;
'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent,
Such as are square, well-tagged, and permanent,
Not built with canvas, paper, and false lights,
As are the glorious scenes at the great sights;
And that there be no fevery heats nor colds,
Oily expansions, or shrunk dirty folds,
But all so clear, and led by reason's flame,
As but to stumble in her sight were shame;
These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve,
And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many stairs
Are asked to climb. First give me faith, who know
Myself a little. I will take you so,
As you have writ yourself. Now stand, and then,
Sir, you are sealèd of the Tribe of Ben.

THE DEDICATION OF THE KING'S NEW CELLAR* TO BACCHUS.

ACCESSIT FERVOR CAPITI, NUMERUSQUE LUCERNIS.

Since, Bacchus, thou art father
Of wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this Cellar,
Where now thou art made dweller,
And seal thee thy commission:
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remain here taster
Of all to the great master;
And look unto their faces,
Their qualities and races,
That both their odour take him,
And relish merry make him.
For, Bacchus, thou art freër
Of cares, and overseër
Of feast and merry meeting,
And still begin'st the greeting:
See then thou dost attend him,
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the arts of gladness,
From any thought like sadness.
So mayst thou still be younger
Than Phœbus, and much stronger,
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the world's diseases!
So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave Apollo,
And think thy stream more quicker
Than Hippocrene's liquor;
And thou make many a poet,
Before his brain do know it!
So may there never quarrel
Have issue from the barrel,

* Built by Inigo Jones.

But Venus and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a song be other
Than Cupid and his mother!
That when King James above here
Shall feast it, thou mayst love there
The causes and the guests too,
And have thy tales and jests too,
Thy circuits and thy rounds free,
As shall the feast's fair grounds be.
Be it he holds communion
In great Saint George's union;
Or gratulates the passage
Of some well-wrought embassage,
Whereby he may knit sure up
The wishèd peace of Europe;
Or else a health advances,
To put his court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royal shipping
The narrow seas are shady,
And Charles brings home the lady.*

AN EPIGRAM ON THE COURT PUCELLE.†

Does the Court Pucelle then so censure me,
And thinks I dare not her? let the world see.
What though her chamber be the very pit,
Where fight the prime cocks of the game, for wit
And that as any are struck, her breath creates
New in their stead, out of the candidates;
What though with tribade lust she force a muse,
And in an epicene fury can write news

* This piece appears to be of an earlier date than the preceding, and to have been written before the Spanish match was broken off.

† The subject of this Epigram was one Mistress Boulstred, upon whom Donne wrote two elegies. Jonson told Drummond that this 'piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drowsy, and given to Mistress Boulstred, which brought him great displeasure.'

Equal with that which for the best news goes,
As airy, light, and as like wit as those;
What though she talk, and can at once with them
Make state, religion, bawdry, all a theme;
And as lip-thirsty, in each word's expense,
Doth labour with the phrase more than the sense;
What though she ride two mile on holydays
To church, as others do to feasts and plays,
To show their tires, to view, and to be viewed;
What though she be with velvet gowns endued,
And spangled petticoats brought forth to th' eye,
As new rewards of her old secrecy;
What though she hath won on trust, as many do,
And that her truster fears her; must I too?
I never stood for any place; my wit
Thinks itself nought, though she should value it.
I am no statesman, and much less divine;
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not mine.
Farthest I am from the idolatry
To stuffs and laces; those my man can buy.
And trust her I would least, that hath forswore
In contract twice; what can she perjure more?
Indeed her dressing some man might delight,
Her face there's none can like by candle-light;
Not he, that should the body have, for case
To his poor instrument, now out of grace.
Shall I advise thee, Pucelle? steal away
From court, while yet thy fame hath some small day;
The wits will leave you if they once perceive
You cling to lords; and lords, if them you leave
For sermoneers, of which now one, now other,
They say you weekly invite with fits o' th' mother,
And practise for a miracle; take heed,
This age would lend no faith to Darrel's deed;*

* Did you never read, sir, little Darrel's tricks
With the boy o' Burton, and the seven in Lancashire,
Somers of Nottingham.'—*The Devil is an Ass*, v. 3.

John Darrel was a Roman Catholic priest who in 1600 published a

Or if it would, the court is the worst place,
Both for the mothers and the babes of grace;
For there the wicked in the chair of scorn,
Will call 't a bastard, when a prophet's born.

AN EPIGRAM TO THE HONOURED COUNTESS OF ——*

The wisdom, madam, of your private life,
Wherewith this while you live a widowed wife,
And the right ways you take unto the right,
To conquer rumour, and triumph on spite;
Not only shunning by your act to do
Aught that is ill, but the suspicion too,
Is of so brave example, as he were
No friend to virtue, could be silent here;
The rather when the vices of the time
Are grown so fruitful, and false pleasures climb,
By all oblique degrees, that killing height [weight.
From whence they fall, cast down with their own
And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
Who, herein studying conscience, and not fame,
Are in yourself rewarded; yet 'twill be
A cheerful work to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily ruins that fall foul
Of state, of fame, of body, and of soul,
So great a virtue stand upright to view,
As makes Penelope's old fable true,
Whilst your Ulysses hath ta'en leave to go,
Countries and climes, manners and men to know.

book called *A true Narration of the strange and grievous Vexation by the Devil, of seven Persons in Lancashire, and William Somers, of Nottingham.* Impositions of this kind were frequently carried on for the purpose of terrifying the illiterate and superstitious, and making converts of them. Dr. Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, detected the fraud in this instance, and published an answer to Darrel's narrative.

* The character drawn in this epigram, and the allusion to the absence of the lady's husband on his travels, suggest the probability that the piece was addressed to the Countess of Rutland.—See *ante*, pp. 309, 365. See also Beaumont's Elegy on the death of the Countess of Rutland.

Only your time you better entertain,
Than the great Homer's wit for her could feign;
For you admit no company but good,
And when you want those friends, or near in blood,
Or your allies, you make your books your friends,
And study them unto the noblest ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keep your mind
The same it was inspired, rich and refined.
These graces, when the rest of ladies view,
Not boasted in your life, but practised true,
As they are hard for them to make their own,
So are they profitable to be known:
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them, if they have none.

LORD BACON'S BIRTHDAY.*

Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst
Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray;
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon, and thy lord was born, and here
Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree;
England's High Chancellor: the destined heir
In his soft cradle to his father's chair;

* For another tribute from Jonson to the character of Lord Bacon, see his *Discoveries*. The 'ancient pile' referred to was York House, in the Strand. It was the town residence, or 'London lodging,' of the Archbishops of York, who appear, from 1561 to 1606, to have let it successively to the Lord Keepers of the Great Seal.—*Handbook of London*. Here Lord Bacon, son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, was born in 1560-1. The poem refers to the celebration, in 1620, of his lordship's birthday, which on that occasion was kept with extraordinary pomp.

Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.

THE POET TO THE PAINTER.

AN ANSWER.*

Why, though I seem of a prodigious waist,
I am not so voluminous and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might be embraced.

'Tis true, as my womb swells, so my back stoops,
And the whole lump grows round, deformed, and droops;
But yet the Tun at Heidelberg had hoops.

You were not tied by any painter's law
To square my circle, I confess, but draw
My superficies: that was all you saw;

Which if in compass of no art it came
To be describèd by a monogram,
With one great blot you had formed me as I am.

---

* This answer is an acknowledgment of the following unintelligible piece of doggrel, here inserted, with its title, as it is printed in the folio:—

A POEM SENT ME BY SIR WILLIAM BURLASE.
THE PAINTER TO THE POET.

To paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but painter half like thee, a poet;
Ben, I would show it:
But in this skill, my unskilful pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth, will still be found far higher;
And I a liar.
Then, what a painter's here! or what an eater
Of great attempts! when as his skill's no greater,
And he a cheater!
Then, what a poet's here! whom, by confession
Of all with me, to paint without digression
There's no expression.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An archetype, for all the world to see,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, mastery, might,
Your power of handling, shadow, air, and spright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight!

But you are he can paint; I can but write:
A poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knows he flattering colours, nor false light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face,
A lettered mind, and a large heart would place
To all posterity; I will write Burlase.

EPIGRAM TO WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE.*

When first, my lord, I saw you back your horse,
Provoke his mettle, and command his force

* William Cavendish, earl, marquis, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, and husband of the voluminous Duchess of Newcastle, distinguished himself during the Civil Wars by his devotion to the cause of Charles I., the zeal he displayed in raising troops, and the ability with which he conducted the desultory military operations in which he was opposed to the army of the Parliament. The king constituted him general-in-chief over all the forces raised north of the Trent, and in several English counties, empowering him at the same time to confer the honour of knighthood, to coin money, and to issue any declarations he thought expedient; powers which the duke is said to have used with great moderation. In April, 1644, he made a successful movement for the relief of York; but the advantage gained through his skill was thrown away by the rashness of Prince Rupert, who, contrary to his advice, risked the fatal battle of Marston Moor. Seeing that the royal cause was lost, the Duke of Newcastle made his way to Scarborough, and took shipping for Hamburg, from whence he removed to Amsterdam and Paris, and finally to Antwerp, where he spent the remaining years of his exile. He was soon reduced to the last extremity of distress, pawning his clothes for a dinner, while the Parliament were levying enormous sums upon his estates. His losses were estimated at upwards of £730,000; for which some compensation was made to him on his return to England at the Restoration, when he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Ogle and Duke of Newcastle. But he was now too old to take any part in public affairs, and, retiring into the country, he devoted the rest of his life to study. He died in December 1676, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. As

To all the uses of the field and race,
Methought I read the ancient art of Thrace,
And saw a centaur, past those tales of Greece,
So seemed your horse and you both of a piece!
You showed like Perseus upon Pegasus,
Or Castor mounted on his Cyllarus;
Or what we hear our home-born legend tell,
Of bold sir Bevis and his Arundel:
Nay, so your seat his beauties did endorse,
As I began to wish myself a horse:*
And surely, had I but your stable seen
Before, I think my wish absolved had been;
For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
Nor any of their household, half so well.
So well! as when I saw the floor and room
I looked for Hercules to be the groom;
And cried, Away with the Cæsarian bread!
At these immortal mangers Virgil fed.†

EPISTLE TO MR. ARTHUR SQUIB.‡

I am to dine, friend, where I must be weighed
For a just wager, and that wager paid

---

may be gathered from the epigram, the Duke of Newcastle was one of the most skilful horsemen of his time. He also excelled in fencing, an accomplishment which Jonson has likewise celebrated: see *post*, p. 487. Of his grace's writings, which are not numerous, and which consist chiefly of a few comedies and occasional poems, the most celebrated is his treatise on the management of horses. This work was originally written in English, translated into French by a Walloon, and first published at Antwerp in 1658, *La methode nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux*, &c. It was afterwards enlarged by the author, or altogether re-written, and published in London in 1667, under the title of *A New Method and extraordinary Invention to dress Horses, and work them according to Nature; as also to perfect Nature by the Subtlety of Art.*

* An allusion, probably, to a passage in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poetry*, where, speaking of Pugliana's discourse upon horses, he says, 'If I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have *wished myself a horse*.'—G.

† Alluding to the circumstance of Virgil having been employed in the stables of Augustus, and having his customary allowance of bread doubled for the judgment he gave of a colt the emperor had just bought.—W.

‡ See *ante*, p. 471.

If I do lose it; and, without a tale,
A merchant's wife is regent of the scale;
Who, when she heard the match, concluded straight,
An ill commodity! it must make good weight.
So that, upon the point, my corporal fear
Is, she will play dame Justice too severe,
And hold me to it close; to stand upright
Within the balance, and not want a mite;
But rather with advantage to be found
Full twenty stone, of which I lack two pound;*
That's six in silver; now within the socket
Stinketh my credit, if into the pocket
It do not come: one piece I have in store,
Lend me, dear Arthur, for a week, five more,
And you shall make me good, in weight and fashion,
And then to be returned; or protestation
To go out after:—till when take this letter
For your security. I can no better.

TO MR. JOHN BURGES.†

Would God, my Burges, I could think
Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this ink;
Then would I promise here to give
Verse that should thee and me outlive.
But since the wine hath steeped my brain,
I only can the paper stain;
Yet with a dye that fears no moth,
But, scarlet-like, out-lasts the cloth.

---

* The wager, says Wnalley, seems to have been that the poet weighed twenty stone; but finding that he wanted two pounds of that weight, he artfully turns the circumstance into a reason for borrowing from his friend five pounds in silver. With this amount in his pocket, in addition to one piece he had already, he would be able to turn the scale, six pounds in silver being equal, upon Jonson's calculation, to two pounds in weight.

† The person to whom this acknowledgment of a gift of ink was addressed, is supposed by Gifford to have been Burges, the Deputy Paymaster of the Household. The wine was probably a gift from the same person.

EPISTLE TO MY LADY COVELL.*

You won not verses, madam, you won me,
When you would play so nobly, and so free,
A book to a few lines! But it was fit
You won them too; your odds did merit it.
So have you gained a servant and a muse:
The first of which I fear you will refuse;
And you may justly, being a tardy, cold,
Unprofitable chattel, fat and old,
Laden with belly, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to break chairs, or crack a coach.
His weight is twenty stone within two pound;
And that's made up as doth the purse abound,
Marry, the muse is one can tread the air,
And stroke the water, nimble, chaste, and fair.
Sleep in a virgin's bosom without fear,
Run all the rounds in a soft lady's ear,
Widow or wife, without the jealousy
Of either suitor, or a servant by.
Such, if her manners like you, I do send;
And can for other graces her commend,
To make you merry on the dressing-stool
A mornings, and at afternoons to fool
Away ill company, and help in rhyme
Your Joan to pass her melancholy time.
By this, although you fancy not the man,
Accept his muse; and tell, I know you can,
How many verses, madam, are your due!
I can lose none in tendering these to you.
I gain in having leave to keep my day,
And should grow rich, had I much more to pay.

---

* From the opening lines, and the subsequent allusion to the poet's weight, it might be inferred that this Lady Covell was the 'merchant's wife' who acted as 'regent of the scales' in the wager which forms the subject of the epistle to Mr. Squib: see *ante*, p. 483. But no such name occurs amongst the contemporaneous dignitaries of the city.

TO MASTER JOHN BURGES.*

Father John Burges,
Necessity urges
My woful cry
To sir Robert Pye;†
And that he will venture
To send my debenture.
Tell him his Ben
Knew the time, when
He loved the Muses;
Though now he refuses
To take apprehension
Of a year's pension,
And more is behind;
Put him in mind
Christmas is near;
And neither good cheer,
Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
Nor any least fit
Of gambol or sport,
Will come at the court;
If there be no money,
No plover, or coney
Will come to the table,
Or wine to enable

---

* See *ante*, p. 484.

† Sir Robert Pye was auditor to the Exchequer in 1618, and in that capacity it was his duty to pay to Jonson his income as laureate. It is curious enough that a descendant of the auditor, Henry James Pye, afterwards wore the laurel, and became the recipient of the income. A son of the auditor was married to the daughter of John Hampden, sat for Woodstock in the Long Parliament, and was a colonel of horse under Fairfax. He was one of those who subsequently promoted the Restoration, upon which he retired into private life. Portraits of the auditor and his son are amongst the family pictures at Carnfield-place, Herts, the seat of Baron Dimsdale. The paternal estate descended to Henry James Pye, who, without any legal obligation upon him, the estate being free of all charges, magnanimously sold his inheritance to discharge his father's debts.

The muse, or the poet,
The parish will know it;
Nor any quick warming-pan help him to bed,
If the 'Chequer be empty, so will be his head.

EPIGRAM TO MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou, friend, wilt hear all censures; unto thee
All mouths are open, and all stomachs free:
Be thou my book's intelligencer, note
What each man says of it, and of what coat
His judgment is; if he be wise, and praise,
Thank him: if other, he can give no bays.
If his wit reach no higher, but to spring
Thy wife a fit of laughter, a cramp ring*
Will be reward enough: to wear like those
That hang their richest jewels in their nose,
Like a rung bear, or swine: grunting out wit
As if that part lay for a ——† most fit!
If they go on, and that thou lov'st a-life
Their perfumed judgments, let them kiss thy wife.

AN EPIGRAM TO WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE.‡

They talk of fencing, and the use of arms,
The art of urging and avoiding harms,
The noble science, and the mastering skill
Of making just approaches how to kill;
To hit in angles, and to clash with time:
As all defence or offence were a chime!

---

* It was an ancient usage of the kings of England to hallow rings on Good Friday; 'which rings,' says Boorde, 'worn on one's finger doth help them which hath the cramp.' Rings made from coffin hinges were also supposed to prevent the cramp. The custom of the royal hallowing of rings had its origin in a ring said to have been brought from Jerusalem to King Edward, and which had long been preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey, in consequence of its supposed efficacy in curing cramp and falling sickness.

† This blank occurs in the folio.

‡ See *ante*, p. 482.

I hate such measured, give me mettled, fire
That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts higher!
A quick and dazzling motion! when a pair
Of bodies meet like rarefièd air!
Their weapons shot out with that flame and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle! a sight to draw
Wonder to valour! No, it is the law
Of daring not to do a wrong; 'tis true
Valour to slight it, being done to you;
To know the heads of danger, where 'tis fit
To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it.
All this, my lord, is valour! This is yours,
And was your father's, all your ancestors!
Who durst live great 'mongst all the colds and heats
Of human life; as all the frosts and sweats
Of fortune, when or death appeared, or bands;
And valiant were, with or without their hands.

AN EPITAPH ON HENRY LORD LA-WARE.*

TO THE PASSER BY.

If, passenger, thou canst but read,
Stay, drop a tear for him that's dead:
Henry, the brave young lord La-ware,
Minerva's and the Muses' care!
What could their care do 'gainst the spite
Of a disease that loved no light
Of honour, nor no air of good;
But crept like darkness through his blood,
Offended with the dazzling flame
Of virtue, got above his name?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action and high arts;

* Fourth Lord Delaware. His father was appointed, in 1609, Governor and Captain-General of the colony of Virginia, where he died in 1618.

No aim at glory, or in war,
Ambition to become a star,
Could stop the malice of this ill,
That spread his body o'er to kill:
And only his great soul envièd,
Because it durst have noblier died.

AN EPIGRAM.*

That you have seen the pride, beheld the sport,
And all the games of fortune, played at court;
Viewed there the market, read the wretched rate
At which there are would sell the prince and state;
That scarce you hear a public voice alive,
But whispered counsels, and those only thrive;
Yet are got off thence, with clear mind and hands
To lift to heaven: who is't not understands
Your happiness, and doth not speak you blessed,
To see you set apart thus from the rest,
To obtain of God what all the land should ask?
A nation's sin got pardoned! 'twere a task
Fit for a bishop's knees! O bow them oft,
My lord, till felt grief make our stone hearts soft,
And we do weep to water for our sin.
He, that in such a flood as we are in,
Of riot and consumption, knows the way
To teach the people how to fast and pray,
And do their penance, to avert the rod,
He is the man, and favourite, of God.

AN EPIGRAM TO KING CHARLES,

FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS HE SENT ME IN MY SICKNESS.

1629.

Great Charles, among the holy gifts of grace
Annexèd to thy person and thy place,

* Evidently addressed to the Lord-Keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, and probably written in 1625, when the chancellorship was transferred from him to Sir Thomas Coventry.—G.

'Tis not enough (thy piety is such)
To cure the called King's Evil with thy touch;
But thou wilt yet a kinglier mastery try,
To cure the poet's evil, poverty:
And in these cures dost so thyself enlarge,
As thou dost cure our evil at thy charge.
Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
One poet, than of other folks ten score.*
O piety! so to weigh the poor's estates!
O bounty! so to difference the rates!
What can the poet wish his king may do,
But that he cure the people's evil too?

TO KING CHARLES AND QUEEN MARY,

FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR FIRST-BORN. AN EPIGRAM CONSOLATORY.

1629.

Who dares deny that all first fruits are due
To God, denies the Godhead to be true:
Who doubts those fruits God can with gain restore,
Doth by his doubt distrust his promise more.
He can, He will, and with large interest, pay
What, at his liking, He will take away.
Then, royal Charles and Mary, do not grutch
That the Almighty's will to you is such:

* Alluding to the angel which was given to each person who came to be touched for the evil. The angel was worth ten shillings, and as it would require two hundred angels to make up the value of £100, Jonson estimates that the king valued the poet more than ten score of other folk. The custom of presenting a piece of gold on these occasions was introduced in the reign of Henry VIII. It probably descended from the practice, common in the time of Edward III., of wearing the rose-noble as an amulet against danger in battle. 'The angel-noble of Henry VII.,' observes Mr. Pettigrew, 'appears to have been the coin given, as it was of the purest gold; it was the coin of the time, and not made especially for this purpose. It bore the inscription, *Per Cruce tua salva nos xpe rede;* but in the time of Elizabeth this was altered to *A Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris.* After the reign of Elizabeth it was found necessary to reduce the size of the coin, so great were the numbers that applied to be touched, and the inscription was therefore reduced to that of *Soli Deo gloria*, which continued to be the case to the time of Queen Anne.' —*On Superstitions connected with Medicine and Surgery.*

But thank his greatness and his goodness too;
And think all still the best that He will do.
That thought shall make, He will this loss supply
With a long, large, and blessed posterity!
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heap that grace He will requite.

AN EPIGRAM TO OUR GREAT AND GOOD KING CHARLES, ON HIS ANNIVERSARY DAY.

1629.

How happy were the subject if he knew,
Most pious king, but his own good in you!
How many times, Live long, Charles! would he say,
If he but weighed the blessings of this day,
And as it turns our joyful year about,
For safety of such majesty cry out?
Indeed, when had Great Britain greater cause
Than now, to love the sovereign and the laws;
When you that reign are her example grown,
And what are bounds to her, you make your own?
When your assiduous practice doth secure
That faith which she professeth to be pure?
When all your life's a precedent of days,
And murmur cannot quarrel at your ways?
How is she barren grown of love, or broke,
That nothing can her gratitude provoke!
O times! O manners! surfeit bred of ease,
The truly epidemical disease!
'Tis not alone the merchant, but the clown,
Is bankrupt turned; the cassock, cloak, and gown,
Are lost upon account, and none will know
How much to heaven for thee, great Charles, they owe!

AN EPIGRAM ON THE PRINCE'S BIRTH.

1630.

And art thou born, brave babe? Blessed be thy birth,
That so hath crowned our hopes, our spring, and earth,

The bed of the chaste Lily and the Rose!
What month than May was fitter to disclose
This prince of flowers? Soon shoot thou up, and grow
The same that thou art promised; but be slow,
And long in changing. Let our nephews see
Thee quickly come the garden's eye to be,
And still to stand so. Haste now, envious moon,
And interpose thyself, care not how soon,
And threat the great eclipse; two hours but run,
Sol will reshine; if not, Charles hath a son.

—— Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat Cæsar qui placuisse tibi.

AN EPIGRAM TO THE QUEEN, THEN LYING IN.

1630.

Hail, Mary, full of grace! it once was said,
And by an angel, to the blessed'st maid,
The Mother of our Lord: why may not I,
Without profaneness, as a poet, cry
Hail, Mary, full of honours! to my queen,
The mother of our prince? When was there seen,
Except the joy that the first Mary brought,
Whereby the safety of mankind was wrought,
So general a gladness to an isle,
To make the hearts of a whole nation smile,
As in this prince? Let it be lawful so
To compare small with great, as still we owe
Glory to God. Then, Hail to Mary! spring
Of so much safety to the realm and king! *

* Although the character of this epigram might lead the reader to a different conclusion, Jonson had been 'reconciled to the church' many years before it was written. Dryden alone has reached to the height of the impious parallel which runs through it, when, in *The Britannia Rediviva*, he treats the birth of a prince as a miracle brought about by the direct agency of the angels, and compares the union of three realms in one under his sway to the Trinity, who had stamped their image upon him.

AN ODE, OR SONG, BY ALL THE MUSES,

IN CELEBRATION OF HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

1630.

1 *Clio.* Up, public joy, remember
This sixteenth of November,
Some brave uncommon way;
And though the parish steeple
Be silent to the people,
Ring thou it holy-day.

2 *Mel.* What though the thrifty Tower,
And guns there spare to pour
Their noises forth in thunder;
As fearful to awake
This city, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?

3 *Thal.* Yet let our trumpets sound;
And cleave both air and ground,
With beatings of our drums;
Let every lyre be strung,
Harp, lute, theorbo sprung,
With touch of dainty thumbs! *

4 *Eut.* That when the quire is full,
The harmony may pull
The angels from their spheres;
And each intelligence
May wish itself a sense,
Whilst it the ditty hears.

5 *Terp.* Behold the royal Mary,
The daughter of great Harry,
And sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pomp and glory
Of all her brother's story,
And of her father's prowess!

* Gifford reads 'learned thumbs,' adopted from another edition.

6 *Erat.* She shows so far above
The feignèd queen of love,
This sea-girt isle upon;
As here no Venus were,
But that she reigning here,
Had got the ceston on!

7 *Call.* See, see our active king
Hath taken twice the ring,
Upon his pointed lance:*
Whilst all the ravished rout
Do mingle in a shout,
Hey! for the flower of France!

8 *Ura.* This day the court doth measure
Her joy in state and pleasure;
And with a reverend fear,
The revels and the play,
Sum up this crownèd day,
Her two-and-twentieth year!

9 *Poly.* Sweet, happy Mary! all
The people her do call,
And this the womb divine!
So fruitful, and so fair,
Hath brought the land an heir,
And Charles a Caroline.

AN EPIGRAM TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

1630.

What can the cause be, when the king hath given
His poet sack, the household will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store? or driven
For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay?

* Alluding to the old chivalry joust of riding, or running at the ring. Two perpendicular posts were erected with a cross-beam, from which a ring was suspended; the competitors, each mounted on horseback, and having a lance, or pointed rod, in his hand, galloped at full speed between the posts, and whoever carried away the ring on the

Well, they should know him, would the king but grant
His poet leave to sing his household true;
He 'd frame such ditties of their store and want,
Would make the very Greencloth to look blue:
And rather wish in their expense of sack,
So the allowance from the king to use,
As the old bard should no canary lack;
'T were better spare a butt, than spill his muse.
For in the genius of a poet's verse,
The king's fame lives. Go now, deny his tierce!*

EPIGRAM TO A FRIEND AND SON.

Son, and my friend, I had not called you so
To me, or been the same to you, if show,
Profit, or chance had made us: but I know
What, by that name, we each to other owe,
Freedom and truth; with love from those begot:
Wise-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.
His is more safe commodity, or none:
Nor dares he come in the comparison.
But as the wretched painter, who so ill
Painted a dog, that now his subtler skill
Was, t' have a boy stand with a club, and fright
All live dogs from the lane, and his shop's sight,
Till he had sold his piece, drawn so unlike:
So doth the flatterer with fair cunning strike
At a friend's freedom, prove all circling means
To keep him off; and howsoe'er he gleans
Some of his forms, he lets him not come near
Where he would fix, for the distinction's fear:

---

point of his lance won the prize. When Christian IV. of Denmark visited this country in 1606, an entertainment took place in the Tilt-Yard at Greenwich, when his Danish Majesty carried off the ring four several times, and 'would, I think,' adds the chronicler, 'have done till four score times, had he run so many courses.'

* This epigram is said to have given offence to the Board of Greencloth; and it is added that Jonson did not get his tierce of wine, to which he was entitled as part of the perquisites of his office of laureate, till he had written another epigram in a more subdued tone.

For as at distance few have faculty
To judge, so all men coming near can spy;
Though now of flattery, as of picture, are
More subtle works, and finer pieces far,
Than knew the former ages: yet to life
All is but web and painting; be the strife
Never so great to get them; and the ends.
Rather to boast rich hangings, than rare friends.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP OF THAT NOBLE PAIR, SIR LUCIUS CARY AND SIR HENRY MORISON.*

I.

THE TURN.

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage, with razing your immortal town.
Thou, looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,
Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summed a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find!

THE COUNTER-TURN.

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack,

* Sir Lucius Cary, better known to modern readers as the gallant Lord Falkland who fell at the battle of Naseby, was married to Letice, a sister of Sir Henry Morison. An early attachment appears to have grown up between these young men, who were two of the poet's most cherished 'adopted sons.' Sir Henry did not live to witness the marriage of his friend with his sister, and Falkland himself perished in the thirty-fourth year of his age. In some of the editions this poem is entitled 'A Pindaric Ode,' of which it is a perfect example; but as Jonson himself did not give it that title, it is not introduced into the text. The reader need scarcely be reminded that the terms 'turn,' 'counter-turn,' and 'stand,' prefixed to the stanzas, are merely the equivalents of the 'strophe,' 'antistrophe,' and 'epode.'

Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and night,
Urged, hurried forth, and hurled
Upon th' affrighted world;
Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set;
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

THE STAND.

For what is life, if measured by the space
Not by the act?
Or maskèd man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one out-lived his peers,
And told forth fourscore years;
He vexèd time, and busied the whole state;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his fourscore he did no good.

II.

THE TURN.

He entered well, by virtuous parts,
Got up, and thrived with honest arts;
He purchased friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanced with men:
But weary of that flight,
He stooped in all men's sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

THE COUNTER-TURN.

Alas! but Morison fell young:
He never fell,—thou fall'st, my tongue.

He stood a soldier to the last right end.
A perfect patriot, and a noble friend;
But most, a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

THE STAND.

Go now, and tell out days summed up with fears,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast been long,
Not lived: for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllabe answered, and was formed, how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that's her air!

III.

THE TURN.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant, and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

THE COUNTER-TURN.

Call, noble Lucius, then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine:

Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
He leaped the present age,
Possessed with holy rage
To see that bright eternal day;
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths, as we expect for happy men:
And there he lives with memory and Ben

THE STAND.

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went,
Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have expressed,
In this bright Asterism!—
Where it were friendship's schism,
Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri;
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must shine,—

IV.

THE TURN.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star:
Of hearts the union, and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out t'advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests:
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more than blood.

THE COUNTER-TURN.

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after, to apply

That liking; and approach so one the t'other
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each stylèd by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great sir-names,
And titles, by which all made claims
Unto the virtue; nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary, or a Morison.

THE STAND.

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in words
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rolls were, and recòrds;
Who, ere the first down bloomed upon the chin,
Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.*

AN EPISTLE MENDICANT.

1631.

My Lord,
Poor wretched states, pressed by extremities,
Are fain to seek for succours and supplies
Of princes' aids, or good men's charities.

Disease, the enemy, and his engineers,
Want, with the rest of his concealed compeers,
Have cast a trench about me, now five years,

* Richard, Lord Weston, appointed Lord High Treasurer in 1628. See *post*, pp. 502, 517.

And made those strong approaches by false brays,
Redouts, half-moons, horn-works, and such close ways,
The muse not peeps out, one of hundred days;

But lies blocked up and straitened, narrowed in,
Fixed to the bed and boards, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never been;

Unless some saving honour of the Crown,
Dare think it, to relieve, no less renown,
A bed-rid wit, than a besieged town.

TO THE KING, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

November 19, 1632.

AN EPIGRAM ANNIVERSARY.

This is King Charles his day. Speak it, thou Tower,
Unto the ships, and they, from tier to tier,
Discharge it 'bout the island in an hour,
As loud as thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let Ireland meet it out at sea, half way,*
Repeating all Great Britain's joy, and more,
Adding her own glad accents to this day,
Like Echo playing from the other shore.
What drums or trumpets, or great ordnance can,
The poetry of steeples, with the bells,
Three kingdoms' mirth, in light and aëry man,
Made lighter with the wine. All noises else,
At bonfires, rockets, fire-works, with the shouts
That cry that gladness which their hearts would pray.
Had they but grace of thinking, at these routs,
On the often coming of this holy-day:
And ever close the burden of the song,
Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles long.

The wish is great; but where the prince is such,
What prayers, people, can you think too much!

* It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
DRYDEN.—*Astræa Redux.*

ON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND VIRTUOUS LORD WESTON, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

Upon the day he was made Earl of Portland, February 17, 1632-3.

TO THE ENVIOUS.*

Look up, thou seed of envy, and still bring
Thy faint and narrow eyes to read the king
In his great actions: view whom his large hand
Hath raised to be the PORT unto his LAND!
Weston! that waking man! that eye of state!
Who seldom sleeps! whom bad men only hate!
Why do I irritate or stir up thee,
Thou sluggish spawn, that canst, but wilt not see!
Feed on thyself for spite, and show thy kind,
To virtue and true worth be ever blind;
Dream thou couldst hurt it, but before thou wake
To effect it, feel thou'st made thine own heart ache.

EPITHALAMION; OR, A SONG

Celebrating the Nuptials of that Noble Gentleman, Mr. JEROME WESTON, *son and heir of the* LORD WESTON, *Lord High Treasurer of England, with the* LADY FRANCES STUART, *Daughter of* ESME, *Duke of* LENOX, *deceased, and sister of the surviving duke of the same name.*†

Though thou hast passed thy summer-standing, stay
Awhile with us, bright sun, and help our light;
Thou canst not meet more glory on the way,
Between thy tropics, to arrest thy sight,

* From Clarendon's character of Lord Portland, it appears that he was not only very generally disliked and censured, but that he deserved the enmities he incurred.

† 'Jerome returned from his embassy in 1632, and became Earl of Portland in 1634, so that this poem was probably written in the intermediate year.'—G. The dates given in the folio, and the confusion of the chronological order of these pieces by the incompetent editor, appear to have led Gifford to this conclusion, which is altogether erroneous. Jerome did not acquire the title of Lord Weston till 1633, and could not, therefore, have returned from his embassy as Lord Weston in 1632. His father was not created Earl of Portland till the following year. It escaped Gifford that the date assigned in the folio to the creation of the Earldom—1632—is old style. It should be—as

Than thou shalt see to-day:
We woo thee stay,
And see what can be seen,
The bounty of a king, and beauty of his queen.

See the procession! what a holy-day,
Bearing the promise of some better fate,
Hath fillèd, with caroches, all the way,
From Greenwich hither to Roehampton gate!
When looked the year, at best,
So like a feast?
Or were affairs in tune,
By all the sphere's consent, so in the heart of June?

What beauty of beauties, and bright youths at charge
Of summer's liveries, and gladding green,
Do boast their loves and braveries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seen!
When looked the earth so fine,
Or so did shine,
In all her bloom and flower,
To welcome home a pair, and deck the nuptial bower?

It is the kindly season of the time,
The month of youth, which calls all creatures forth
To do their offices in nature's chime,
And celebrate, perfection at the worth,
Marriage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowèd war,
Through which not only we, but all our species are.

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altered above—1632-3. Jerome's marriage must have taken place before that year, since Jonson addresses him on the occasion as Mr. Jerome Weston. In the folio, however, the congratulatory ode on his return from his embassy as Lord Weston is placed before the Epithalamion, in which he is styled Mr. Weston; and Gifford seems to have adopted, with this inverted sequence of the poems, the corresponding inversion of the circumstances. Sir Richard Weston, the father of Jerome, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and raised to the peerage as Baron Weston, in 1620. In 1633, he was created Earl of Portland, and was succeeded in the title in the following year by his son. The marriage probably took place about 1628

Hark how the bells upon the waters play
Their sister-tunes from Thames his either side,
As they had learned new changes for the day,
And all did ring the approaches of the bride;
The lady Frances dressed,
Above the rest
Of all the maidens fair,
In graceful ornament of garland, gems, and hair.

See how she paceth forth in virgin white,
Like what she is, the daughter of a duke,
And sister; darting forth a dazzling light
On all that come her simplesse to rebuke!
Her tresses trim her back,*
As she did lack
Nought of a maiden queen,
With modesty so crowned, and adoration seen.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the virgins do,
The choicest virgin-troop of all the land!
Porting the ensigns of united two,
Both crowns and kingdoms in their either hand;
Whose majesties appear,
To make more clear
This feast, than can the day,
Although that thou, O sun, at our entreaty stay!

See how with roses and with lilies shine,
Lilies and roses, flowers of either sex,
The bright bride's paths, embellished more than thine,
With light of love this pair doth intertex!
Stay, see the virgins sow,
Where she shall go,
The emblems of their way.—
O, now thou smil'st, fair sun, and shin'st, as thou wouldst stay!

* Alluding to the custom, already noticed, of brides wearing their hair hanging down their shoulders.—See *ante*, p. 384.

With what full hands, and in how plenteous showers
Have they bedewed the earth, where she doth tread,
As if her airy steps did spring the flowers,
And all the ground were garden where she led!
See, at another door,
On the same floor,
The bridegroom meets the bride
With all the pomp of youth, and all our court beside!
Our court, and all the grandees! now, sun, look,
And looking with thy best inquiry, tell,
In all thy age of journals thou hast took,
Saw'st thou that pair became these rites so well,
Save the preceding two?
Who, in all they do,
Search, sun, and thou wilt find
They are the exampled pair, and mirror of their kind.

Force from the phœnix, then, no rarity
Of sex, to rob the creature; but from man,
The king of creatures, take his parity
With angels, muse, to speak these: nothing can
Illustrate these, but they
Themselves to-day,
Who the whole act express;
All else, we see beside, are shadows, and go less.

It is their grace and favour that makes seen,
And wondered at the bounties of this day;
All is a story of the king and queen;
And what of dignity and honour may
Be duly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the mark upon,
To give a greater name and title to! their own!

Weston, their treasure, as their treasurer,
That mine of wisdom, and of counsels deep,
Great, 'say-master of state, who cannot err,
But doth his carat, and just standard keep,

In all the proved assays,
And legal ways
Of trials, to work down
Men's loves unto the laws, and laws to love the crown.

And this well moved the judgment of the king
To pay with honours to his noble son
To-day, the father's service; who could bring
Him up, to do the same himself had done:
That far all-seeing eye
Could soon espy
What kind of waking man
He had so highly set; and in what barbican.

Stand there; for when a noble nature's raised,
It brings friends joy, foes grief, posterity fame;
In him the times, no less than prince, are praised,
And by his rise, in active men, his name
Doth emulation stir;
To the dull a spur
It is: to the envious meant
A mere upbraiding grief, and torturing punishment.

See! now the chapel opens, where the king
And bishop stay to consummate the rites;
The holy prelate prays, then takes the ring, [plights
Asks first, Who gives her?—I, Charles—then he
One in the other's hand,
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge, and then
The solemn choir cries, Joy! and they return, Amen.

O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this use wert built and consecrate!
To have thy God to bless, thy king to grace,
And this their chosen bishop celebrate,
And knit the nuptial knot.
Which time shall not,
Or cankered jealousy,
With all corroding arts, be able to untie!

The chapel empties, and thou mayst be gone
Now, sun, and post away the rest of day:
These two, now holy church hath made them one,
Do long to make themselves so another way:
There is a feast behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad parents taught
One to the other, long ere these to light were brought.

Haste, haste, officious sun, and send them night
Some hours before it should, that these may know
All that their fathers and their mothers might
Of nuptial sweets, at such a season, owe,
To propagate their names,
And keep their fames
Alive, which else would die;
For fame keeps virtue up, and it posterity.

The ignoble never lived, they were awhile
Like swine, or other cattle here on earth:
Their names are not recorded on the file
Of life, that fall so; Christians know their birth
Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitful spreading vine,
But dare not ask our wish in language fescennine.

Yet, as we may, we will;—with chaste desires,
The holy perfumes of the marriage bed,
Be kept alive, those sweet and sacred fires
Of love between you and your lovely-head;
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but, renewèd, say,
After the last child born, This is our wedding-day

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,
A Richard, and a Jerome, by their names
Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call;
A Kate, a Frank, to honour their grand-dames,

And 'tween their grandsire's thighs,
Like pretty spies,
Peep forth a gem; to see
How each one plays his part, of the large pedigree!*

And never may there want one of the stem,
To be a watchful servant for this state;
But like an arm of eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching virtue early and late!
Whilst the main tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this sun's noonstead's made
So great, his body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slipped to bed; shut fast the door,
And let him freely gather love's first-fruits;
He's master of the office; yet no more
Exacts than she is pleased to pay: no suits,
Strifes, murmurs, or delay,
Will last till day;
Night and the sheets will show
The longing couple all that elder lovers know.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JEROME LORD WESTON.†

An Ode gratulatory, for his Return from his Embassy, 1632-3.

Such pleasure as the teeming earth
Doth take in easy nature's birth,

* These anticipations, unhappily, were not destined to be realized. Charles, the only male issue of this marriage, a young nobleman of great promise, entered the service of the Duke of York, and was killed in an engagement with the Dutch in 1665. He was succeeded by his uncle, the fourth Earl of Portland, at whose death, about 1689, the title became extinct.

† See *ante*, p. 502, *note* †. This nobleman became Lord Treasurer in the reign of Charles I., was a man of some learning and good abilities, and had the reputation of being well skilled in naval affairs. He died soon after the Restoration.

When she puts forth the life of everything;
And in a dew of sweetest rain,
She lies delivered without pain,
Of the prime beauty of the year, the Spring.

The rivers in their shores do run,
The clouds rack clear before the sun,
The rudest winds obey the calmest air;
Rare plants from every bank do rise,
And every plant the sense surprise,
Because the order of the whole is fair!

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly dressed,
As all the wealth of season there was spread,
Doth show the Graces and the Hours
Have multiplied their arts and powers,
In making soft her aromatic bed.

Such joys, such sweets, doth your return
Bring all your friends, fair lord, that burn
With love, to hear your modesty relate,
The business of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
Both to the honour of the king and state.

O how will then our court be pleased,
To see great Charles of travail eased,
When he beholds a graft of his own hand,
Shoot up an olive, fruitful, fair,
To be a shadow to his heir,
And both a strength and beauty to his land!

AN EXPOSTULATION WITH INIGO JONES.*

Master Surveyor, you that first began
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man

* This expostulation and the two pieces, also referring to Inigo Jones, which immediately follow, were first printed by Whalley from copies in the possession of Vertue. Whalley placed them

You are: from them leaped forth an architect,
Able to talk of Euclid, and correct
Both him and Archimede; damn Archytas,
The noblest engineer that ever was:
Control Ctesibius, overbearing us
With mistook names, out of Vitruvius;
Drawn Aristotle on us, and thence shown
How much Architectonice is your own;*
Whether the building of the stage, or scene,
Or making of the properties it mean,
Vizors, or antics; or it comprehend
Something your sir-ship doth not yet intend.
By all your titles, and whole style at once,
Of tireman, mountebank, and Justice Jones,
I do salute you: are you fitted yet?
Will any of these express your place, or wit?
Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers,
You'd be an Assinigo by your ears?
Why much good do 't you; be what part you will,
You'll be, as Langley said, 'an Inigo still,'

---

amongst the epigrams; Gifford amongst the masques. They have been inserted in this place in the present edition, because it seems probable that they were written about the date of the preceding poem, 1633. The Masque of *Chloridia*, which brought the long rankling jealousies between Jonson and Jones to an open quarrel, was produced in 1630. Its subsequent publication, with Jonson's name placed before that of Jones, led to the final disruption of their intercourse. The animosity thus kindled seems to have raged for two years, till, in 1633, Jonson poured out his vengeance in these pasquinades, which recoiled upon their author by depriving him of the favor of the court, and leaving Jones in sole possession of the patronage of Whitehall, whose pageants he continued to supply down to 1640.

* These contemptuous lines are unjust to Inigo's qualifications as an architect. It is well, perhaps, to balance them by the criticism of a competent and dispassionate judge. 'In knowledge of design he had merit of a high order. There is a singular strength and elegance of combination in his structures—an unity and harmony of parts such as no English architect has ever surpassed. He was often massive, but seldom heavy; and where his plans were not modified by mingling with other works, he has shown an accuracy of eye, and a happy propriety of taste which Wren alone approaches.' *Life*, by Allan Cunningham.

What makes your wretchedness to bray so loud
In town and court? are you grown rich and proud?
Your trappings will not change you, change your mind;
No velvet suit you wear will alter kind.
A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,
Nor gold, nor ivory haft can make it good.
What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask?
And all men echo, you have made a masque.
I chime that too, and I have met with those
That do cry up the machine, and the shows;
The majesty of Juno in the clouds,
And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds;
The ascent of lady Fame, which none could spy,
Not they that sided her, dame Poetry,
Dame History, dame Architecture too,
And goody Sculpture, brought with much ado
To hold her up: O shows, shows, mighty shows!
The eloquence of masques! what need of prose
Or verse, or prose, t' express immortal you?
You are the spectacles of state, 'tis true,
Court-hieroglyphics, and all arts afford,
In the mere perspective of an inch-board;
You ask no more than certain politic eyes,
Eyes that can pierce into the mysteries
Of many colours, read them, and reveal
Mythology, there painted on slit deal.
Or to make boards to speak! there is a task!
Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.
Pack with your peddling poetry to the stage,
This is the money-got, mechanic age.
To plant the music where no ear can reach,
Attire the persons, as no thought can teach
Sense, what they are; which by a specious, fine
Term of (you) Architects, is called Design;
But in the practised truth, destruction is
Of any art, besides what he calls his.
Whither, O whither will this tireman grow?
His name is Σχηνοποιος, we all know,

The maker of the properties; in sum,
The scene, the engine; but he now is come
To be the music-master; tabler too;
He is, or would be, the main *Dominus Do-All* of the work, and so shall still for Ben,
Be Inigo, the whistle, and his men.
He 's warm on his feet, now, he says; and can
Swim without cork: why, thank the good Queen Anne.*
I am too fat to envy, he too lean
To be worth envy; henceforth I do mean
To pity him, as smiling at his feat
Of lantern-lerry, with fuliginous heat
Whirling his whimsies, by a subtilty
Sucked from the veins of shop-philosophy.
What, would he do now, giving his mind that way,
In presentation of some puppet-play,
Should but the king his justice-hood employ,
In setting forth of such a solemn toy?
How would he firk, like Adam Overdo,
Up and about; dive into cellars too,
Disguised, and thence drag forth Enormity,
Discover Vice, commit Absurdity;
Under the moral, show he had a pate
Moulded or stroked up to survey a state!
O wise surveyor, wiser architect,
But wisest Inigo; who can reflect
On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,
Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts
Of thy dead standards; or with marvel see
Thy twice conceived, thrice paid for imagery;
And not fall down before it, and confess
Almighty Architecture, who no less
A goddess is, than painted cloth, deal board,
Vermilion, lake or crimson can afford
Expression for; with that unbounded line,
Aimed at in thy omnipotent design!

---

* Consort to James I., who appointed Jones to be her architect.

What poesy e'er was painted on a wall,
That might compare with thee? what story shall
Of all the worthies, hope t' outlast thy own,
So the materials be of Purbeck stone?
Live long the feasting room! and ere thou burn
Again, thy architect to ashes turn;
Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament, can,
With all remonstrance, make an honest man.

TO A FRIEND.

AN EPIGRAM OF INIGO JONES.

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
And labours to seem worthy of this fear,
That I should write upon him some sharp verse,
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
The marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain,
Thou 'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:
The Libyan lion hunts no butterflies;
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.
If thou be so desirous to be read,
Seek out some hungry painter, that, for bread,
With rotten chalk or coal, upon the wall,
Will well design thee to be viewed of all
That sit upon the common draught or strand;
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

TO INIGO MARQUIS WOULD-BE.

A COROLLARY.

But 'cause thou hear'st the mighty King of Spain
Hath made his Inigo marquis,* wouldst thou fain
Our Charles should make thee such? 'twill not become
All kings to do the self-same deeds as some:
Besides, his man may merit it, and be
A noble honest soul: what's this to thee?

* This passage refers to a current notion, having its origin in Jones's Christian name, that he had a Spaniard for his god-father.

He may have skill, and judgment to design
Cities and temples, thou a cave for wine,
Or ale;* he build a palace, thou the shop,
With sliding windows, and false lights a-top;
He draw a forum with quadrivial streets;
Thou paint a lane where Tom Thumb Jeffrey meets,†
He some Colossus, to bestride the seas,
From the famed pillars of old Hercules;
Thy canvas giant at some channel aims,
Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames;
And straddling shows the boys' brown paper fleet
Yearly set out there, to sail down the street.
Your works thus differing, much less so your style,
Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while,
An earl of show;‡ for all thy worth is show:
But when thou turn'st a real Inigo,
Or cânst of truth the least entrenchment pitch,
We'll have thee styled the Marquis of Tower-ditch.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF POOR BEN;

TO THE BEST OF MONARCHS, MASTERS, MEN, KING CHARLES.

—— Doth most humbly show it,
To your majesty, your poet:

That whereas your royal father,
James the blessèd, pleased the rather,
Of his special grace to letters,
To make all the Muses debtors
To his bounty, by extension
Of a free poetic pension,

---

* Jones did construct the king's cellar. See *ante*, p. 476.

† That is, just wide enough to allow of the meeting of Tom Thumb and Jeffrey Hudson [the dwarf].—G.

‡ One of the 'worthies' who annually rode to Mile-end, or the Artillery ground, in the procession called Arthur's Show.—G. Jones was said to have aspired to a peerage, but there is no better proof of it than can be found in the scurrilous doggrel of the day,

A large hundred marks annuity,
To be given me in gratuity
For done service, and to come:
And that this so accepted sum,
Or dispensed in books or bread
(For with both the Muse was fed),
Hath drawn on me, from the times,
All the envy of the rhymes,
And the rattling pit-pat noise
Of the less poetic boys,
When their pot-guns aim to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me they judged decayed;
But we last out still unlayed.
Please your majesty to make
Of your grace, for goodness sake,
Those your father's marks, your pounds;
Let their spite, which now abounds,
Then go on, and do its worst;
This would all their envy burst;
And so warm the poet's tongue,
You'd read a snake in his next song.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

AN EPIGRAM.

If to my mind, great lord, I had a state,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of Nuremberg, or Turkey; hang your rooms,
Not with the Arras, but the Persian looms:
I would, if price or prayer could them get,
Send in what or Romano, Tintoret,
Titian, or Raphael, Michael Angelo,
Have left in fame to equal, or out-go

* The king granted the prayer of this petition by increasing the salary of the laureate to £100, with the additional grant of a tierce of his favourite Canary. The warrant is dated in March, 1630.

The old Greek hands in picture, or in stone.
This I would do, could I think Weston one
Catched with these arts, wherein the judge is wise
As far as sense, and only by the eyes.
But you I know, my lord, and know you can
Discern between a statue and a man;
Can do the things that statues do deserve,
And act the business which they paint or carve.
What you have studied are the arts of life:
To compose men and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring subjects; make the nations know
What worlds of blessings to good kings they owe;
And mightiest monarchs feel what large increase
Of sweets and safeties they possess by peace.
These I look up at with a reverent eye,
And strike religion in the standers-by;
Which, though I cannot, as an architect,
In glorious piles or pyramids erect
Unto your honour; I can tune in song
Aloud; and, haply, it may last as long.*

AN EPIGRAM TO MY MUSE, THE LADY DIGBY, ON HER HUSBAND, SIR KENELM DIGBY.†

Though, happy Muse, thou know'st my Digby well,
Yet read him in these lines: he doth excel

---

* We learn from the following contemporary epigram that Jonson received £40 for these verses.

To Ben Jonson, upon his verses to the Earl of Portland, Lord Treasurer.

Your verses are commended, and 'tis true,
That they were very good, I mean to you;
For they returned you, Ben, as I was told,
A certain sum of forty pound in gold;
The verses then being rightly understood,
His lordship, not Ben Jonson, made them good.

† Sir Kenelm Digby was as much distinguished by the eccentricity of his conduct, and the singularity of his opinions, as by the graces of his person, and the variety of his accomplishments. He was a brave

In honour, courtesy, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or man could call his arts.
He's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate;
In him all virtue is beheld in state;
And he is built like some imperial room
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet:
Where nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As other souls, to his, dwelt in a lane:
Witness his action done at Scanderoon,
Upon his birth-day, the eleventh of June;*
When the apostle Barnaby, the bright,
Unto our year doth give the longest light,
In sign the subject, and the song will live,
Which I have vowed posterity to give.
Go, Muse, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busy, or frown at first; when he sees thee

---

soldier, a skilful diplomatist, was master of ten or twelve languages, and had a wide acquaintance with general literature and philosophy. But he is now remembered only as the active supporter of some of the most remarkable scientific delusions of his age, which he illustrated by numerous experiments at the early meetings of the Royal Society. He implicitly believed in the transmutation of metals, and in the agency of sympathetic powder obtained from reptiles. The lady to whom Jonson addressed these verses was the celebrated courtezan, Venetia Stanley, whose extraordinary beauty, before and after she became Lady Digby, was a common theme of admiration. It was said that Sir Kenelm used to feed her upon capons fattened upon the flesh of vipers, as a means of preserving her charms; and Aubrey tells us that, after her death, which occurred suddenly, scarcely any brain was discovered in her head, which Sir Kenelm ascribed to her constant use of viper-wine. Digby was one of Jonson's 'adopted sons.' He died in 1655.

* 'He had a fair reputation in arms,' says Clarendon, 'of which he gave an early testimony in his youth, in some encounters in Spain and Italy, and afterwards in an action in the Mediterranean Sea, where he had the command of a squadron of ships of war set out on his own charge, under the king's commission; with which, upon an injury received or apprehended from the Venetians, he encountered their whole fleet, killed many of their men, and sunk one of their galeasses; which in that drowsy and inactive time was looked upon with a general estimation, though the Crown disavowed it.'

He will clear up his forehead; think thou bring'st
Good omen to him in the note thou sing'st:
For he doth love my verses, and will look
Upon them, next to Spenser's noble book,*
And praise them too. O! what a fame 't will be,
What reputation to my lines and me,
When he shall read them at the Treasurer's board,
The knowing Weston, and that learnèd lord
Allows them! then, what copies shall be had,
What transcripts begged! how cried up, and how glad
Wilt thou be, Muse, when this shall them befall!
Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, SUNG TO KING CHARLES, 1635.

PRELUDE.

New years expect new gifts. Sister, your harp,
Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are called to-day;
Your change of notes, the flat, the mean, the sharp,
To show the rites, and usher forth the way
Of the new year, in a new silken warp,
To fit the softness of your year's-gift, when
We sing the best of monarchs, masters, men;
For had we here said less, we had sung nothing then.

CHORUS OF NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS.

Rector Cho. To-day old Janus opens the new year,
And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all loyal swains,
That know the times and seasons when t' appear,
And offer your just service on these plains;
Best kings expect first-fruits of your glad gains.

1. Pan is the great preserver of our bounds.
2. To him we owe all profits of our grounds.

---

* Sir Kenelm Digby wrote a tract called *Observations on the 22nd stanza in the 9th canto of the 2nd book of Spenser's Fairy Queen.* 1644. This was after Jonson's death.

3. Our milk. 4. Our fells. 5. Our fleeces. 6. And first lambs.
7. Our teeming ewes. 8. And lusty mounting rams.
9. See where he walks with Mira by his side.

Cho. Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his hers divide.
Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unusèd ways,

Shep. And in the chase, more than Sylvanus can;

Cho. Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound his praise.
Of brightest Mira do we raise our song,
Sister of Pan, and glory of the spring;

Nym. Who walks on earth, as May still went along.

Cho. Rivers and valleys, écho what we sing.

Cho. of Shep. Of Pan we sing, the chief of leaders, Pan
That leads our flocks and us, and calls both forth
To better pastures than great Pales can:
Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound his worth.

Cho. of Nym. Of brightest Mira is our song; the grace
Of all that Nature yet to life did bring;
And were she lost, could best supply her place;
Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

1. Where'er they tread the enamoured ground,
The fairest flowers are always found:
2. As if the beauties of the year
Still waited on them where they were.
1. He is the father of our peace;
2. She to the crown hath brought increase.
1. We know no other power than his;
Pan only our great shepherd is,

Cho. Our great, our good. Where one's so dressed
In truth of colours, both are best.

Rect. Chor. Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler swains,
That have a flock or herd upon these plains:
This is the great preserver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your milks, your fells, your fleeces, and first lambs,
Your teeming ewes, as well as mounting rams;
Whose praises let's report unto the woods,
That they may take it echoed by the floods.

Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he; in singing he,
And hunting, Pan, exceedeth thee:
He gives all plenty and increase,
He is the author of our peace.

Rect. Cho. Where'er he goes, upon the ground
The better grass and flowers are found.
To sweeter pastures lead he can,
Than ever Pales could, or Pan;
He drives diseases from our folds,
The thief from spoil his presence holds:
Pan knows no other power than his,
This only the great shepherd is.

Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he, &c.

ON THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY.*

Rouse up thyself, my gentle muse,
Though now our green conceits be gray,
And yet once more do not refuse
To take thy Phrygian harp, and play
In honour of this cheerful day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crowns is such a love.

---

* Gifford conjectures that this was, probably, Jonson's last tribute to the king. A stanza has been apparently lost, or confounded with the opening one.

Make first a song of joy and love,
Which chastely flames in royal eyes,
Then tune it to the spheres above,
When the benignest stars do rise,
And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst diadems invest his head;
Long may he live, whose life doth bound
More than his laws, and better led
By high example, than by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
His roses and his lilies blown:
Long may his only dear and he
Joy in ideas of their own,
And kingdom's hopes so timely sown.
Long may, &c.

TO MY LORD THE KING.

ON THE CHRISTENING HIS SECOND SON, JAMES.*

That thou art loved of God, this work is done,
Great king, thy having of a second son:
And by thy blessing may thy people see
How much they are beloved of God in thee.
Would they would understand it! Princes are
Great aids to empire, as they are great care
To pious parents, who would have their blood
Should take first seisin of the public good,
As hath thy James; cleansed from original dross,
This day, by baptism, and his Saviour's cross.
Grow up, sweet babe, as blessèd in thy name,
As in renewing thy good grandsire's fame;

* Afterwards James II. Born October 15th, 1633.

Methought, Great Britain in her sea, before
Sate safe enough, but now secured more.
At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
Her rose and lily inter-twined have made.

Oceano secura meo, securior umbris.

AN ELEGY ON THE LADY JANE PAWLET, MARCHIONESS OF WINTON.*

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew,†
And beckoning woos me, from the fatal tree
To pluck a garland for herself, of me?
I do obey you, beauty! for in death,
You seem a fair one! O that you had breath
To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I feel
A horror in me; all my blood is steel;
Stiff, stark, my joints 'gainst one another knock!
Whose daughter? Ha! great Savage of the Rock.‡
He's good as great. I am almost a stone,—
And ere I can ask more of her she's gone!

* The Lady Jane Pawlet was the first wife of the fifth Marquis of Winchester, who obtained so much celebrity in the civil wars by his memorable defence of Basing-House, his residence in Hampshire, which he garrisoned at his own cost, and held against the forces of the Parliament for two years. At last it fell before Cromwell, who levelled it to the ground. The plunder of Basing-House was estimated at the value of two hundred thousand pounds. The Marquis survived to participate in the triumph of the restoration, and, dying in 1674, was buried at Englefield in Berkshire, where an inscription by Dryden appears upon his monument.

† What gentle ghost along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade.
POPE—*On an Unfortunate Lady.*

‡ Rock Savage was the name of the seat in Cheshire of the Marchioness of Winchester's family. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Savage, who was created Viscount Savage, of Rock Savage, in November 1626. Her mother was the eldest daughter of Thomas, Lord Darcy, of Chiche, afterwards in succession created Viscount Colchester, and Earl Rivers. Hence, Jonson speaks of her as 'Earl Rivers' grand-child.'

Alas, I am all marble! write the rest
Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon my breast;
It is a large fair table, and a true,
And the disposure will be something new,
When I, who would the poet have become,
At least may bear the inscription to her tomb.
She was the lady Jane, and marchioness
Of Winchester; the heralds can tell this.
Earl Rivers' grandchild—'serve not forms, good Fame,
Sound thou her virtues, give her soul a name.
Had I a thousand mouths, as many tongues,
And voice to raise them from my brazen lungs,
I durst not aim at that; the dotes were such
Thereof, no notion can express how much
Their carat was! I or my trump must break,
But rather I, should I of that part speak;
It is too near of kin to heaven, the soul,
To be described! Fame's fingers are too foul
To touch these mysteries: we may admire
The blaze and splendour, but not handle fire.
What she did here, by great example, well,
T' inlive posterity, her fame may tell;
And, calling truth to witness, make that good
From the inherent graces in her blood!
Else, who doth praise a person by a new,
But a feigned way, doth rob it of the true.
Her sweetness, softness, her fair courtesy,
Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
Were like a ring of virtues 'bout her set,
And piety the centre, where all met.
A reverend state she had, an awful eye,
A dazzling, yet inviting majesty:
What nature, fortune, institution, fact
Could sum to a perfection, was her act!*

* Howell in a letter to the marchioness alludes to her accomplishments, her knowledge of Spanish, which he assisted in teaching her, and her skill in poetry, and says that nature and the graces had ex-

How did she leave the world, with what contempt!
Just as she in it lived, and so exempt
From all affection! when they urged the cure
Of her disease, how did her soul assure
Her sufferings, as the body had been away!
And to the torturers, her doctors, say,
Stick on your cupping-glasses; fear not, put
Your hottest caustics to burn; lance, or cut:
'Tis but a body which you can torment,
And I, into the world all soul was sent!
Then comforted her lord, and blessed her son,*
Cheered her fair sisters in her race to run,
With gladness tempered her sad parents' tears,
Made her friends' joys to get above their fears,
And in her last act taught the standers-by
With admiration and applause to die!†
Let angels sing her glories, who did call
Her spirit home to her original;

---

hausted all their resources in 'framing this exact model of female perfection.'

* Charles, who on his father's death succeeded to the title, and, in 1689, was created Duke of Bolton.

† It appears from Milton's affecting epitaph on this lady, that she died in child-birth, at the early age of three and twenty; and the following passage intimates that the child was still-born:—

Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son;
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes.
But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoiled at once both fruit and tree.
The hapless babe before his birth,
Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
And the languished mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.

'It is remarkable,' says Warton, 'that both husband and wife should have severally received the honor of an epitaph from two such poets as Milton and Dryden.' This statement might have been rendered still more 'remarkable,' if Warton had not forgotten to include the elegy by Jonson.

Who saw the way was made it, and were sent
To carry and conduct the compliment
'Twixt death and life, where her mortality
Became her birthday to eternity!
And now through circumfusèd light she looks
On nature's secrets there, as her own books:
Speaks heaven's language, and discourseth free
To every order, every hierarchy!
Beholds her Maker, and in Him doth see
What the beginnings of all beauties be;
And all beatitudes that thence do flow,
Which they that have the crown are sure to know.
Go now, her happy parents, and be sad
If you not understand what child you had.
If you dare grudge at heaven, and repent
T' have paid again a blessing was but lent,
And trusted so, as it deposited lay
At pleasure, to be called for every day!
If you can envy your own daughter's bliss,
And wish her state less happy than it is;
If you can cast about your either eye,
And see all dead here, or about to die!
The stars, that are the jewels of the night,
And day, deceasing with the prince of light,
The sun, great kings, and mightiest kingdoms fall;
Whole nations, nay, mankind, the world, with all
That ever had beginning there, t' have end!
With what injustice should one soul pretend
T' escape this common known necessity?
When we were all born, we began to die;
And, but for that contention and brave strife,
The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,
He were the wretched'st of the race of men;
But as he soars at that, he bruiseth then
The serpent's head; gets above death, and sin,
And, sure of heaven, rides triùmphing in.

EUPHEME; OR, THE FAIR FAME

Left to posterity of that truly noble lady, the LADY VENETIA DIGBY,* *late wife of* SIR KENELM DIGBY, Knt., *a gentleman absolute in all numbers.*

CONSISTING OF THESE TEN PIECES:—

The Dedication of her Cradle,
The Song of her Descent,
The Picture of her Body,
——————— her Mind,
Her being chosen a Muse,
Her fair offices,
Her happy Match,
Her hopeful Issue,
Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, or, Relation to the Saints,
Her Inscription, or Crowning.

Vivam amare Voluptas, defunctam Religio.—STAT.

I. THE DEDICATION OF HER CRADLE.

Fair Fame, who art ordained to crown,
With ever-green and great renown,
Their heads that Envy would hold down
With her, in shade

Of death and darkness; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By thee and conscience, both who thrive
By the just trade

* See *ante*, p. 516. This lady was a daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, of Tongue Castle, Shropshire. She was exquisitely beautiful, and Aubrey tells us that 'being *matura viro* she was left by her father to live with a tenant and servants at Enston Abbey, in Oxfordshire, but, as private as that place was, it seems her beauty could not lie hid.' The fame of her charms soon reached the ears of the gallant and munificent Earl of Dorset, who made no delay in urging his suit. 'I have now forgot,' continues Aubrey, 'who first brought her to town, but I have heard my uncle Danvers, who was her contemporary, say that she was so commonly courted, and that by grandees, that 'twas written over her lodging one night *in literis uncialibus*,

Pray come not near,
For Dame Venetia Stanley liveth here.

Lord Dorset eventually became her 'greatest gallant,' had several children by her, and settled on her an annuity of £500 a year. It was during this period she was seen by Sir Kenelm Digby, who fell in love with her, and married her, against the will of his mother. What-

Of goodness still: vouchsafe to take
This cradle, and, for goodness sake,
A dedicated ensign make
Thereof to Time;

That all posterity, as we,
Who read what the Crepundia be,
May something by that twilight see
'Bove rattling rhyme.

For though that rattles, timbrels, toys,
Take little infants with their noise,
As properest gifts to girls and boys,
Of light expense;

Their corals, whistles, and prime coats,
Their painted masks, their paper boats,
With sails of silk, as the first notes
Surprise their sense.

Yet here are no such trifles brought,
No cobweb cauls, no surcoats wrought
With gold, or clasps, which might be bought
On every stall:

But here's a song of her descent;
And call to the high parliament
Of heaven; where seraphim take tent
Of ordering all:

This uttered by an ancient bard,
Who claims, of reverence, to be heard,
As coming with his harp prepared
To chant her 'gree,

---

ever may have been the life of Lady Digby before marriage, her conduct afterwards was irreproachable. Her exemplary actions, even more than her beauty, are testified in the elegiac tributes of Jonson, Habington, Randolph, and Feltham. She expired suddenly, and was found dead in her bed, with her head resting on her hand.

Is sung: as als' her getting up,
By Jacob's ladder, to the top
Of that eternal port, kept ope
For such as she.

II. THE SONG OF HER DESCENT.

I sing the just and uncontrolled descent
Of dame Venetia Digby, styled the fair:
For mind and body the most excellent
That ever nature, or the later air,
Gave two such houses as Northumberland
And Stanley, to the which she was co-heir.
Speak it, you bold Penates! you that stand
At either stem, and know the veins of good
Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand
Meeting of Graces, that so swelled the flood
Of virtues in her, as, in short, she grew
The wonder of her sex, and of your blood.
And tell thou, Alde-leyh, none can tell more true,
Thy niece's line, than thou that gav'st thy name
Into the kindred, whence thy Adam drew
Meschine's honour, with the Cestrian fame
Of the first Lupus, to the family
By Ranulph * * *

[*The rest of this song is lost.*]

III. THE PICTURE OF THE BODY.

Sitting, and ready to be drawn,
What make these velvets, silks, and lawn,
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
Where every limb takes like a face?

Send these suspected helps to aid
Some form defective, or decayed;
This beauty, without falsehood fair,
Needs nought to clothe it but the air.

Yet something to the painter's view
Were fitly interposed; so new:
He shall, if he can understand,
Work by my fancy, with his hand.

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
And out of that make day to break;
Till like her face it do appear,
And men may think all light rose there.

Then let the beams of that disperse
The cloud, and show the universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, than spy.

The heaven designed, draw next a spring,
With all that youth, or it can bring:
Four rivers branching forth like seas,
And Paradise confining these.

Last, draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations 'bout her hurled;
And thou hast painted Beauty's world.

But, painter, see thou do not sell
A copy of this piece; nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

IV. THE PICTURE OF THE MIND.

Painter, you're come, but may be gone;
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone;
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse;
But here I may no colours use.

Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towering in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit;
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to express this mind to sense,
Would ask a heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speak yourself, and say,
As you go on, by what brave way
Our sense you do with knowledge fill,
And yet remain our wonder still.

I call you, Muse, now make it true:
Henceforth may every line be you;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine;
And so disdaining any trier,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

"Whose notions when it will express
In speech, it is with that excess
Of grace, and music to the ear,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air;

And though the sound had parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness; there's the how and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And sunk in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some celestial sleight,
Up to her own sublimèd height?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise or palace found,
In all the bounds of beauty, fit
For her t' inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so straight,
So polished, perfect, round and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling, like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oil poured forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, wingèd as the wind;
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by the wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possessed,
Thou, entertaining in thy breast
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.

[*A whole quaternion in the midst of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus:*]

VIII. A FRAGMENT.

—— But for you, growing gentlemen, the happy branches of two so illustrious houses as these, wherefrom your honoured mother is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last legacy of counsel; which, so soon as you arrive at years of mature understanding, open you, sir, that are the eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful servant and client of your family, with his latest breath expiring it. BEN JONSON.

TO KENELM, JOHN, GEORGE.*

Boast not these titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths, they're their possessions, none of yours
When your own virtues equalled have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;
For they are strong supporters; but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds;
Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds
Up to their ancestors: the river's side
By which you're planted, shows your fruit shall bide.
Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree;
'Tis virtue alone is true nobility:
Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall;
Study illustrious him, and you have all.

* The three sons of Lady Digby.

IX. ELEGY ON MY MUSE,

The truly honoured lady, THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY; *who living gave me leave to call her so, being her* 'ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, *or, Relation to the Saints.'*

Sera quidem tanto struitur medicina dolore.

'Twere time that I died too, now she is dead,
Who was my muse, and life of all I said;
The spirit that I wrote with, and conceived,
All that was good, or great with me, she weaved,
And set it forth: the rest were cobwebs fine,
Spun out in name of some of the old Nine,
To hang a window, or make dark a room,
Till swept away, they were cancelled with a broom!
Nothing that could remain, or yet can stir
A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
Oh, had I seen her laid out a fair corse,
By death, on earth, I should have had remorse
On Nature for her; who did let her lie,
And saw that portion of herself to die.
Sleepy or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
With such a rarity, and not rouse Art,
With all her aids, to save her from the seize
Of vulture Death, and those relentless cleis?*
Thou wouldst have lost the Phœnix, had the kind
Been trusted to thee; not to itself assigned.
Look on thy sloth, and give thyself undone,
(For so thou art with me) now she is gone:
My wounded mind cannot sustain this stroke,
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
The world to ruin with it; in her fall,
I sum up my own breaking, and wish all.
Thou hast no more blows, Fate, to drive at one;
What's left a poet when his muse is gone?
Sure I am dead, and know it not! I feel
Nothing I do; but, like a heavy wheel,

* Claws. The old spelling is generally *clees*.

Am turned with another's powers: my passion
Whirls me about, and, to blaspheme in fashion,
I murmur against God, for having ta'en
Her blessèd soul hence, forth this valley vain
Of tears, and dungeon of calamity!
I envy it the angels' amity,
The joy of saints, the crown for which it lives,
The glory and gain of rest, which the place gives.
Dare I profane so irreligious be,
To greet or grieve her soft euthanasy!
So sweetly taken to the court of bliss,
As spirits had stolen her spirit in a kiss,
From off her pillow and deluded bed;
And left her lovely body unthought dead!
Indeed she is not dead! but laid to sleep
In earth, till the last trump awake the sheep
And goats together, whither they must come
To hear their judge, and his eternal doom;
To have that final retribution,
Expected with the flesh's restitution.
For, as there are three natures, schoolmen call
One corporal only, th' other spiritual,
Like single; so there is a third commixed
Of body and spirit together, placed betwixt
Those other two; which must be judged or crowned:
This, as it guilty is, or guiltless found,
Must come to take a sentence, by the sense
Of that great evidence, the Conscience,
Who will be there, against that day prepared,
T' accuse or quit all parties to be heard!
O day of joy, and surety to the just,
Who in that feast of resurrection trust!
That great eternal holy day of rest
To body and soul, where love is all the guest!
And the whole banquet is full sight of God,
Of joy the circle, and sole period!
All other gladness with the thought is barred;
Hope hath her end, and Faith hath her reward!

This being thus, why should my tongue or pen
Presume to interpel that fulness, when
Nothing can more adorn it than the seat
That she is in, or make it more complete?
Better be dumb than superstitious:
Who violates the Godhead, is most vicious
Against the nature he would worship. He
Will honoured be in all simplicity,
Have all his actions wondered at, and viewed
With silence and amazement; not with rude,
Dull and profane, weak and imperfect eyes,
Have busy search made in his mysteries!
He knows what work he hath done, to call this guest
Out of her noble body to this feast:
And give her place according to her blood
Amongst her peers, those princes of all good!
Saints, Martyrs, Prophets, with those Hierarchies,
Angels, Archangels, Principalities,
The Dominations, Virtues, and the Powers,
The Thrones, the Cherubs, and Seraphic bowers,
That, planted round, there sing before the Lamb
A new song to his praise, and great I AM:
And she doth know, out of the shade of death,
What 'tis t' enjoy an everlasting breath!
To have her captived spirit freed from flesh,
And on her innocence, a garment fresh
And white as that put on: and in her hand
With boughs of palm, a crownèd victrice stand!
And will you, worthy son, sir, knowing this,
Put black and mourning on? and say you miss
A wife, a friend, a lady, or a love;
Whom her Redeemer honoured hath above
Her fellows, with the oil of gladness, bright
In heaven's empire, and with a robe of light?
Thither you hope to come; and there to find
That pure, that precious, and exalted mind
You once enjoyed; a short space severs ye,
Compared unto that long eternity,

That shall rejoin ye. Was she, then, so dear,
When she departed? You will meet her there,
Much more desired, and dearer than before,
By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
Accumulated on her, by the Lord
Of life and light, the Son of God, the Word!
There all the happy souls that ever were,
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre;
And each shall know there one another's face,
By beatific virtue of the place.
There shall the brother with the sister walk,
And sons and daughters with their parents talk;
But all of God; they still shall have to say,
But make him All in All, their Theme, that day;
That happy day that never shall see night!
Where he will be all beauty to the sight;
Wine or delicious fruits unto their taste;
A music in the ears will ever last;
Unto the scent, a spicery or balm;
And to the touch, a flower like soft as palm.
He will all glory, all perfection be,
God in the Union, and the Trinity!
That holy, great, and glorious mystery,
Will there revealèd be in majesty!
By light and comfort of spiritual grace;
The vision of our Saviour face to face
In his humanity! to hear him preach
The price of our redemption, and to teach
Through his inherent righteousness, in death,
The safety of our souls, and forfeit breath!
What fulness of beatitude is here!
What love with mercy mixèd doth appear,
To style us friends, who were by nature foes!
Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
Had lost ourselves, and prodigally spent
Our native portions, and possessèd rent!
Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
By imputed right to an inheritance

In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.
Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
He that shall be our supreme judge, shall leave
Himself so uninformed of his elect,
Who knows the hearts of all, and can dissect
The smallest fibre of our flesh; he can
Find all our atoms from a point t' a span;
Our closest creeks and corners, and can trace
Each line, as it were graphic, in the face.
And best he knew her noble character,
For 'twas himself who formed and gave it her.
And to that form lent two such veins of blood,
As nature could not more increase the flood
Of title in her! all nobility
But pride, that schism of incivility,
She had, and it became her! she was fit
T' have known no envy, but by suffering it!
She had a mind as calm as she was fair;
Not tossed or troubled with the light lady-air,
But kept an even gait, as some straight tree
Moved by the wind, so comely moved she.
And by the awful manage of her eye,
She swayed all business in the family.
To one she said, Do this—he did it; so
To another, Move—he went; to a third, Go—
He ran; and all did strive with diligence
T' obey, and serve her sweet commandements.
She was in one a many parts of life;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,
So charitable to a religious end
In all her petite actions, so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety and private holiness.
She spent more time in tears herself to dress
For her devotions, and those sad essays
Of sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy days;

And came forth ever cheerèd with the rod
Of divine comfort, when she had talked with God.
Her broken sighs did never miss whole sense,
Nor can the bruisèd heart want eloquence:
For prayer is the incense most perfumes
The holy altars, when it least presumes.
And hers were all humility! they beat
The door of grace, and found the mercy-seat.
In frequent speaking by the pious psalms
Her solemn hours she spent, or giving alms,
Or doing other deeds of charity,
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry. She
Would sit in an infirmary whole days
Poring, as on a map, to find the ways
To that eternal rest, where now she hath place
By sure election and predestined grace!
She saw her Saviour, by an early light,
Incarnate in the manger, shining bright
On all the world! she saw him on the cross
Suffering and dying to redeem our loss:
She saw him rise triumphing over death,
To justify and quicken us in breath;
She saw him too in glory to ascend
For his designèd work, the perfect end
Of raising, judging and rewarding all
The kind of man, on whom his doom should fall!
All this by faith she saw, and framed a plea
In manner of a daily apostrophe,
To him should be her judge, true God, true Man,
Jesus, the only-gotten Christ! who can,
As being redeemer and repairer too
Of lapsèd nature, best know what to do,
In that great act of judgment, which the Father
Hath given wholly to the Son (the rather
As being the son of man) to show his power,
His wisdom and his justice, in that hour,
The last of hours, and shutter up of all;
Where first his power will appear, by call

Of all are dead to life; his wisdom show
In the discerning of each conscience so;
And most his justice, in the fitting parts,
And giving dues to all mankind's deserts!
In this sweet ecstasy she was rapt hence,
Who reads, will pardon my intelligence,
That thus have ventured these true strains upon,
To publish her a saint. My muse is gone!

In pietatis memoriam
Quam præstas
Venetiæ tuæ illustrissim.
Marit. dign. DIGBEIE
Hanc 'ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, *tibi, tuisque sacro.*

[THE TENTH,
Being her INSCRIPTION, OR CROWN, *is lost.*]

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND ABOVE HIS TITLES ROBERT, EARL OF SOMERSET.*

They are not those are present with their face,
And clothes, and gifts, that only do thee grace

* These lines are here published for the first time in an edition of Jonson's poems. They were discovered in 1852, in the handwriting of the poet, signed 'Ben Jonson,' on a leaf of paper pasted upon the inner cover of a copy of his works, ed. 1640, with the following memorandum by another hand:—'These verses were made by the author of this book, and were delivered to the Earl of Somerset on his wedding-day.' The volume bears on the outside covers the arms of the Earl of Somerset, to whom it evidently belonged. The book afterwards came into the possession of the Hon. Archibald Fraser, of Lovat, and upon the sale of his library, in February, 1852, it was purchased by the British Museum for £14. The occasion to which the verses refer determines the time when they were written—1613. Remembering the notorious circumstances under which the marriage took place, this nuptial tribute is discreditable to Jonson, and contrasts painfully with those noble addresses to the Aubignys, the Sidneys, the Rutlands, and other distinguished persons, in which he again and again reiterates in a hundred varieties of expression that there is 'nothing great but what is good.' Throughout the whole class to whom such panegyrics were inscribed, two worse examples of the worst vices could not have been selected for the prostitution of a poet's pen, than Somerset and Lady Essex. Lady Frances Howard was married at thirteen to the Earl of Essex, who, being only four-

At these thy nuptials; but whose heart and thought
Do wait upon thee; and their love not bought.
Such wear true wedding robes, and are true friends,
That bid, God give thee joy and have no ends!
Which I do, early, virtuous Somerset,
And pray, thy loves as lasting be, as great;
Not only this, but every day of thine
With the same look, or with a better shine;
May she, whom thou for spouse to-day dost take,
Out-be that wife, in worth, thy friend did make;*
And thou to her, that husband, may exalt
Hymen's amends, to make it worth his fault.
So be there never discontent, or sorrow
To rise with either of you on the morrow;
So be your concord still as deep as mute,
And every joy in marriage turn a fruit;
So may thy marriage pledges comforts prove,
And every birth increase the heat of love;
So in their number may you never see
Mortality, till you a mortal be;†
And when your years rise more than would be told,
Yet neither of you seem to the other old,
That all that view you then and late may say,
Sure this glad pair were married but this day.

---

teen, was sent on his travels while the lady remained at court. During this period she formed her connexion with Somerset. Upon her husband's return she sued out a divorce, under a false pretext, to enable her to marry her paramour; and it was for advising Somerset against this marriage she planned the murder of Overbury.—See *ante*, p. 330, note ‡. She and Somerset were afterwards tried on the confessions of their accomplices, and condemned to death, from which just sentence they were spared only to an existence of ignominy and wretchedness. The gross adulation of these lines came with a specially bad grace from Jonson, who wrote his Masque of *Hymen* for the first marriage of Lady Essex, and who should have been admonished by the miserable issue of that union to abstain from further praises of the lady. Gifford, indeed, who never saw these verses, is so confident of Jonson's virtue, that he applauds him for not having taken any part in the second marriage.

* Alluding to Overbury's poem.—See *ante*, p. 412, note †.

† We should, probably, read 'till you immortal be.'

LEGES CONVIVIALES.*

Quod fœlix faustumque convivis in Apolline sit.

1. NEMO ASYMBOLUS, NISI UMBRA, HUC VENITO.
2. IDIOTA, INSULUS, TRISTIS, TURPIS, ABESTO.
3. ERUDITI, URBANI, HILARES, HONESTI, ADSCISCUNTOR.
4. NEC LECTÆ FŒMINÆ REPUDIANTOR.
5. IN APPARATU QUOD CONVIVIS CORRUGET NARES NIL ESTO.
6. EPULÆ DELECTU POTIUS QUAM SUMPTU PARANTOR.
7. OBSONATOR ET COQUUS CONVIVARUM GULÆ PERITI SUNTO.
8. DE DISCUBITU NON CONTENDITOR.
9. MINISTRI A DAPIBUS, OCCULATI ET MUTI, A POCULIS, AURITI ET CELERES SUNTO.

---

* The following is the old translation of these celebrated canons of conviviality.

RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY,
or,
LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

From the Latin of Ben Jonson, engraven in marble over the chimney, in the Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern, at Temple-bar; that being his Club-room.

Non verbum reddere verbo.

I.

1. As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,
   Except some chance friend, whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot;
   For such have the plagues of good company been.

II.

3. Let the learned and witty, the jovial and gay,
   The generous and honest, compose our free state;
4. And the more to exalt our delight while we stay,
   Let none be debarred from his choice female mate.

III.

5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
   And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

IV.

8. Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
   To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
   Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.

10. VINA PURIS FONTIBUS MINISTRENTOR AUT VAPULET HOSPES.
11. MODERATIS POCULIS PROVOCARE SODALES FAS ESTO.
12. AT FABULIS MAGIS QUAM VINO VELITATIO FIAT.
13. CONVIVÆ NEC MUTI* NEC LOQUACES SUNTO.
14. DE SERIIS AC SACRIS POTI ET SATURI NE DISSERUNTO.
15. FIDICEN, NISI ACCERSITUS, NON VENITO.
16. ADMISSO RISU, TRIPUDIIS, CHOREIS, CANTU, CELEBRANTOR.
17. JOCI SINE FELLE SUNTO.
18. INSIPIDA POEMATA NULLA RECITANTOR.
19. VERSUS SCRIBERE NULLUS COGITOR.
20. ARGUMENTATIONIS TOTIUS STREPITUS ABESTO.
21. AMATORIIS QUERELIS, AC SUSPIRIIS LIBER ANGULUS ESTO.

V.

10. Let our wines without mixture or stum, be all fine,
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle.
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

VI.

12. Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.
13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and heart's full, profanely dispute.

VII.

15. Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss.
16. With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing conclude,
To regale every sense, with delight in excess.

VIII.

17. Let raillery be without malice or heat.
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take,
19. Let no poetaster command or entreat
Another extempore verses to make.

IX.

20. Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

---

* Al. CONVIVÆ NON MULTI.—G.

22. LAPITHARUM MORE SCYPHIS PUGNARE, VITREA COLLIDERE,
FENESTRAS EXCUTERE, SUPELLECTILEM DILACERARE NEFAS ESTO.
23. QUI FORAS VEL DICTA, VEL FACTA ELIMINET, ELIMINATOR.
24. NEMINEM REUM POCULA FACIUNTO.

FOCUS PERENNIS ESTO.

VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO.

Welcome all who lead or follow
To the Oracle of Apollo—
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.

X.

22. Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardoned will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.

XI.

23. Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

The Old Devil Tavern, so called to distinguish it from a neighbouring hostelry called the Young Devil Tavern, stood on that spot close to Temple Bar, which is now occupied by Child's Banking House. The Apollo was the great room of the tavern in which, like that of the Will's and Button's of a later day, the wits assembled to hold their convivial meetings, over which, by undisputed authority, Jonson reigned supreme. The rules of the club, as stated in the introduction to the translation, were engraved in marble over the chimney-piece; and the verses by Jonson over the entrance to the room were printed in gold letters on a black ground, surmounted by a bust of Apollo. The bust and the verses are now in the possession of Messrs. Child. The room was furnished with a gallery for music, and was frequently used for balls. The old sign of the tavern, which stood nearly opposite to St. Dunstan's church, represented St. Dunstan pulling the Devil by the nose.

Hang up all the poor hop drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;*
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once the senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.

O RARE BEN JONSON!

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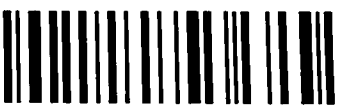
* Simon Wadloe, who then kept the Devil Tavern; and of him, probably, is the old catch, beginning, 'Old Sir Simon the King.'—W.

THE END.



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